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HEAVENLY DESTINY

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HEAVENLY DESTINY



The four Emmas in 1896

HEAVENLY DESTINY

*The Life Story of
Mrs. D. L. Moody*

By Her Granddaughter

EMMA MOODY POWELL

*"And stepping
westward, seemed to be
A kind of heavenly destiny."*

—Wordsworth

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UIC

INTRODUCTION

There have been four generations of Emmas in our family in direct line. In this book I shall refer to them by their maiden names: Emma Manning, Emma Revell, Emma Moody, and Emma Fitt. There are other Emmas in the family. Will Moody's fourth daughter was named Emma Charlotte, after his mother; and Paul Moody has a daughter named Margaret Emma.

The Emma habit became so firmly fixed in the minds of our friends and neighbors over half a century that some of the old-timers still call me "Miss Emma," and when my first child was born they assumed her name must be Emma and call her that now, although she was christened Virginia.

Habit has its handicaps. We once had an ancestor named Christian Crampe and are thankful that name did not become a family tradition. Eleanor Roosevelt in her autobiography refers to the mistaken habit in their family of thinking that all their sons must go to Groton regardless of the boys' wishes. One son demurred, but he was sent just the same. There is a danger, too, in the habit of sending a son to his father's college. I remember hearing Elliott Speer tell about the first corrected test paper he received from an old professor who had once taught his father, Robert E. Speer. Across the top of the paper was written, "Your father did better for me than this."

But when Emma Moody came to the choice of a name for her child, she veered away from the name "Emma," not so much from a fear of becoming habit-bound, but because she was afraid people would think she was naming the baby after herself. However, her husband in-

sisted on Emma; and when the matter was settled, D. L. Moody wrote this letter:

"My dear Emma,

"I must tell you how glad I was to see how happy you are with your little daughter. To see you, my only daughter, with her first child is a very great joy, and I am glad she has got the good name Emma. From the day that I became engaged to Emma Revell I have been a better man. I think she never looked so lovely in my eyes as when she was looking after my mother in her last hours. . . .

"I thank God for mother. [Emma Revell]

"I thank God for three children.

"I thank God for a daughter and son-in-law.

"I thank God for two grandchildren. [Irene and Emma Fourth.]

"I will pray daily that the God of my mother will watch over you all and be to you all that He has been to her for fifty-four years.

"Goodbye,

"Your loving father,

"D. L. Moody"

This book is the life story of the Emma Revell referred to in the above letter. Originally it was started by her daughter, Emma Moody, in her seventies. She felt that her mother's important and unusual life deserved more than the casual references and single chapters allotted to it in the fifty-six or more books written about her father, D. L. Moody. She realized fully that when July 5, 1943, arrived no such notice would be taken of Emma Revell's

centennial as there was of her father's centennial in 1937. In describing the celebration of that occasion, the "New York Tribune" of February 6th reported, "The one hundredth anniversary of the greatest teacher and preacher of the nineteenth century was celebrated in 1400 churches, schools, and colleges on February 5th, not to mention great mass meetings in his memory in Canada and Great Britain."

Emma Moody better than anyone else appreciated what was done for her father at that time; but better than anyone else she realized that, next to the Almighty, her mother had the greatest influence on his life and career. No one would have given Emma Revell more credit for the part she played in his success than Grandfather himself. Back of all the celebrations, the campaigns, the educational work, the fame, and the friendships stood a quiet woman whose centennial we celebrate in 1943.

In a letter from her older son, Will, written on the first February 5th after his father's death, Emma Revell read:

"There is every reason for you to be comforted by the fact that he owed so much to you. He himself often said he owed more to you than to anyone else and how much you had done for him since you first 'took him in hand.' To you he owed such an education as no one else could have given him; and he alone realized fully what we all know in part, how great a part of the success he achieved in God's service was due to your counsel and help. Drummond knew this, and Father often spoke of it to us children. He always held you up as a model wife

and (said) if we children did as well as he did in marriage, how rejoiced he would be.

"How well I remember as little children how we used to observe your devotion to Father and his reliance on you; and hard as it may be to have him go first, in a sense it must be a relief not to have had to leave him to go along without you. That he could never have done, and I shudder to think of the awful result it would have had on him, to have gone on to the end without your counsel and fellowship."

Emma Moody had hoped to complete her mother's story in her own lifetime with the help of her husband, who, when he wrote "Moody Still Lives," said very little about Mrs. Moody for lack of space. He intended that the wealth of material concerning her should be handled by her daughter later.

In May, 1942, Emma Moody was taken seriously ill with heart trouble. Her chief concern seemed to be her mother's book, and her greatest desire was to see the work she had started finished and the book published in time for her mother's centennial. But for a while immediately following her home-going on September 17, 1942, it looked as though nothing further would be done in this undertaking—that the task so dear to my mother's heart must remain half finished.

Then, one evening in October, a cousin said to me, "What is to become of all the work your mother did on the record of your grandmother's life? You know [and I had forgotten temporarily] next year is Mrs. Moody's centennial. What a pity the book cannot be brought out in time for that!"

And so I have undertaken this task; this, my greatest labor of love for the three Emmas who preceded me, just as my father and I last summer tried to meet my mother's every request. She was so uncomplaining and high spirited while she bore great physical suffering that the least I can do for her is to try to put together this record in completed form. Though very inadequately, I have tried to reach the goal on which my mother's loving eyes have rested for years.

All my share of the work has been done here by the south windows of her own blue room in her home, "Green Pastures."

Paraphrasing some lines of Robert Louis Stevenson,

This be the work you left for me,
Here lies the book you longed to see.

While one looks forward to an uncertain future, I have looked back broodingly, but happily, to a vanished era, to a previous century whose faith and vision we so sorely need now.

"Green Pastures,"
East Northfield, Massachusetts,
July, 1943.

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FOREWORD

A few years ago there appeared in "The Atlantic Monthly" an article called "The Lost Art of Jesus." The art referred to was the gift of imagination, its power and use, and our will and our wish to project ourselves into the gay or tragic lives of our fellow men and into the drab or colorful circumstances under which they live.

Most Americans "run the gamut from A to B" [to use an expression of Dorothy Parker's] in the realm of emotion and imagination. We consider ourselves so endowed with horse sense and efficiency that we are too often apt to dwell just on cold facts. There were few, if any, cold facts in Emma Moody's realm of thought. She was a queen of story-tellers, an ace raconteuse, as well as a good listener—both rare qualities in this age of rush and scramble. Every story in her artful hands had a great build-up; and then she rang the bells on reactions, whether the tales centered around Bible scenes, electrifying anecdotes of her own adventures, her famous ghost stories, or a recital of the daily events in the lives of her friends and neighbors.

Emma Moody had this flare for story-telling partly because she was never bored and partly because nothing ever seemed ordinary to her. She was like William Lyon Phelps in her attitude toward each new day. I once heard the professor say, in reference to fifty years of happiness in teaching, reading and making new friends, "Every morning that I got up I was thoroughly excited at the thought of what might happen that day."

Whenever she went out of our yard she returned with something startling and enthralling to relate. Even if she went only a block away on deaconess calls, she came back

with a wealth of stories. People always told her about the things deepest down in their own hearts, because they knew she cared tremendously and would respond sympathetically, whether their news was good or bad.

Not only were other people interesting, but she was always on the verge of an adventure herself. In the early days of autos, if she went to a nearby town to shop, the car was likely to stall on the tracks with a train coming, or, as happened once, the linen-dustered chauffeur left one of his tools inside the tire he had just changed. Once she walked into a building of business offices in a Vermont city, and after the elevator door had closed, she found herself alone with the temporarily released inmate of an insane asylum. He generously gave her several trips from the roof to the cellar before she shook him into a cessation of that indoor sport. Laughingly, she had a *Jonahesque* attitude toward every expedition she went on. One reason she was so popular with her little nieces, Will Moody's daughters, was because of her reputation along this line. When leaving home on any kind of jaunt they would beg,

"Please let Aunt Emma go with us; then something is sure to happen!"

But experiences didn't just happen to her because she was hoodooed, to use her own expression. Quite often she became involved because she was always on the lookout for someone to help. She never took a train ride without the keenest interest in her fellow passengers, especially babies. One of my father's Irish nephews came to live with us when I was nine. Once, when Frank was traveling with mother and me, we noticed, as we entered our car and sat down, that he bowed his head. When my mother asked him if he felt ill, he replied, "No, I am

just praying there will be no babies on this train."

Of course, far more of Emma Moody's experiences, with or without Emma Revell, were happy ones than the hectic and hoodooed ones I have just recalled. A doctor once told me she was a "human dynamo," like her father.

There are three reasons why I have explained Emma Moody's slant on the life she went out to meet more than half way, and on which she laid such enthusiastic hands.

In the first place, this is her book, as I have already explained.

Secondly, in writing of Emma Revell it is hard to separate her life from her daughter's, because they went through so many experiences together. Actually, I believe the former spent more time with her namesake than she did with her husband, because as a mother she was the constant companion and nurse of her children when they were little, knowing she could render no greater service to the man to whom she was wholly devoted than to give his children the most careful, loving attention. When young, the girl and two boys were not strong. Often their welfare meant long separations between their father and mother, a sacrifice the parents gladly and unselfishly made when it seemed best.

Purposely, I have tried to keep away from D. L. Moody's career unless it had direct bearing on his wife's life. Whenever I have detoured into details pertaining to the experiences of other people, I have done so only to add further illumination to our knowledge of her. She was a marvelous woman, regardless of any Moody connections and any religious affiliations, and did not need to stand in the reflected glory of anyone else.

The third reason for saying so much about Emma

Moody is because of the manner in which I have tried to handle the historic events of her mother's life. She could have done justice to this story if she had had the time and strength to reminisce while some amanuensis, like her husband, took down what she said. Fortunately we have some random cases of this procedure, and I have tried to insert her wording in its proper place.

This book is not a Bradford psychograph, nor a clever treatise on the qualities of a rare human soul, nor a chronological statement or report of cold facts. It is a collection of letters, memoranda, diaries, and notations of Emma Revell's, never written with any idea of being printed, and some of my mother's memorable conversations and dictated memoirs, bound together by a careful application of my own imagination.

In Part One of this book I have used a series of scenes to help us block in the picture of Emma Revell's life story. I have done this because my mother so often used to say, "Just picture," and "Imagine, if you can," when prefacing one of her wonderful stories, which, in the case of her grandchildren, would be continued nightly for months. I have tried to take the reader into the heart of the Moody family, with them on Atlantic ships, into the dining room of the Old Home at Northfield as we always call it, along the streets of Chicago eighty years ago, high up into Alpine inns, beneath the desert starlight in Egypt, and elsewhere. Often we have been rude enough to look over Emma Revell's shoulder when she was writing one of her many letters or making an entry in her diary; or, opening her autograph albums and picture collections, we have done some date-sleuthing and been well rewarded for the effort.

In Part Two of this book I have tried to amplify,

analyze, and sum up many things referred to in Part One, for which there was neither time nor space in the swift-moving scenes there described.

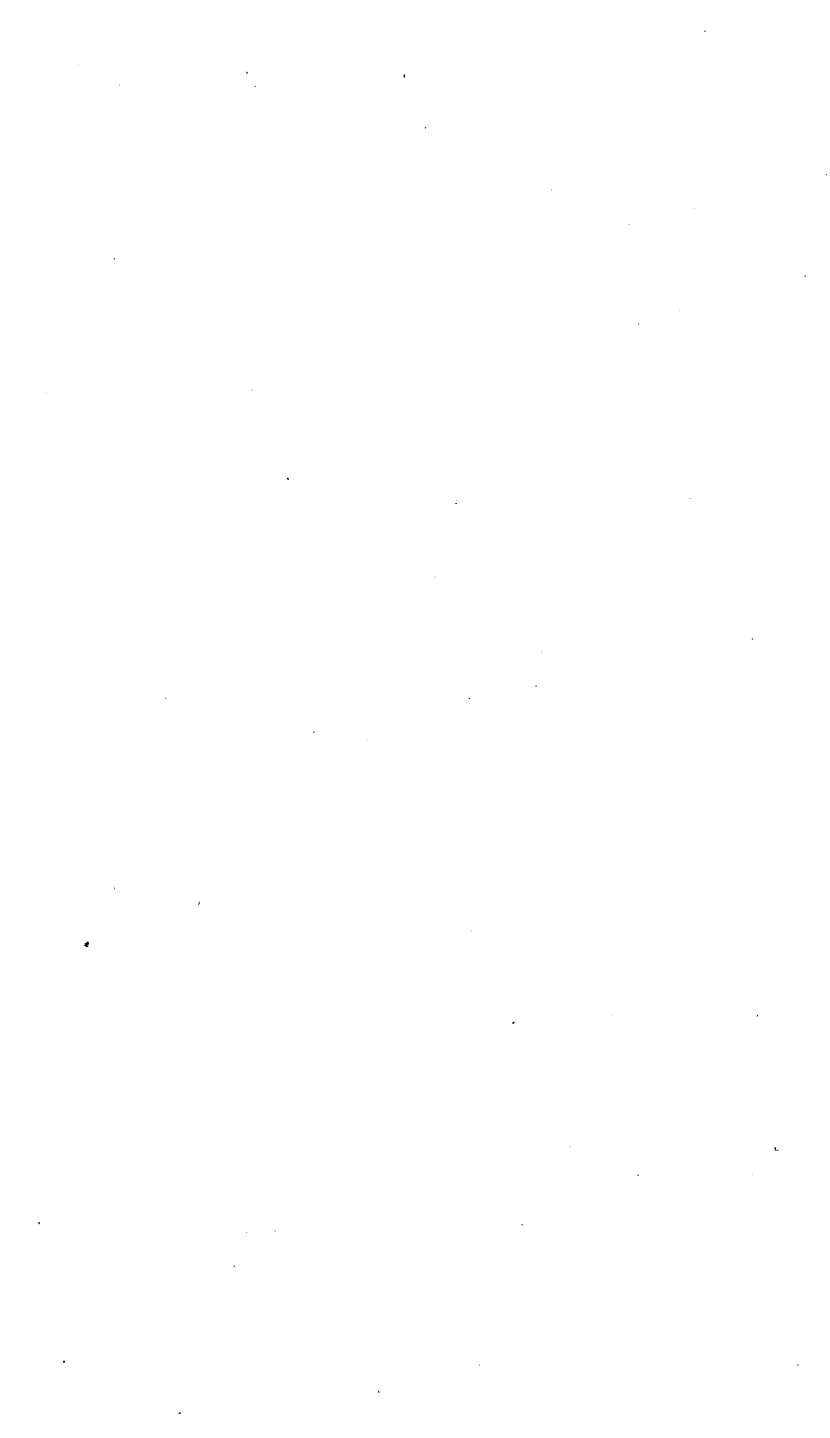
My undying gratitude goes to our friend, George H. Doran, for his expert, frank, and helpful appraisal of what I have done and for his loyalty as "a prejudiced devotee of Emma Revell."*

*The maiden name of each one of the Moody women is used in this book, unless preceded by the title "Mrs." The following is a Table of Emmas:

First Emma	Emma Manning	Mrs. F. H. Revell
Second Emma	Emma Revell	Mrs. D. L. Moody
Third Emma	Emma Moody	Mrs. A. P. Fitt
Fourth Emma	Emma Fitt	Mrs. E. M. Powell

PART ONE

“Just Picture Emma Revell”



LEAVES ENGLAND FOR AMERICA

JUST PICTURE" an English dining room of the year 1849. Around the breakfast table is gathered a family group. At the head and foot of the table sit Mr. Craig and his wife Mary, host and hostess. At their sides are seated members of Fleming Hewitt Revell's family—the father, Emma Manning his wife, and his three oldest daughters, Anna aged eight, Emma six, Sarah four.

Emma Manning, Mary Craig's sister, has named her fourth daughter "Mary," and this youngest child is only two years old.

When we first see this group it is noticeable that Emma Manning seems unable to eat any food; and finally, with a despairing look at her sister, she leaves the room and goes upstairs.

The host looks at his wife opposite him and asks, "What is the matter with Emma? Is she ill?"

Without stopping to answer her husband, Mary Craig also leaves the dining room; and the last we see of the little gathering of relatives around the breakfast table is when the child Emma leaves her chair, goes around to her father's place, climbs into his lap, and throwing her arms around his neck says, "It's about the baby." [This act was typical of her whole life, and one of the many things which made the little girl her father's favorite. Years later a young brother wrote, "We all knew Sister Emma was our father's favorite. We never questioned it, and never once did it make trouble among us, as we took it for granted."]

From the dining room we are taken to an upstairs bedroom, where we see Emma Manning kneeling beside the crib of her baby, still asleep. Her sister stands beside her trying to quiet her sobs and answer the repeated refrain, "Oh, I cannot leave her behind! It will kill me to go away and leave her!"

Mary Craig is heard saying, "But Emma, the voyage will be long and tiresome. Taking three children to a new and strange land is all that your frail health will permit. You must consider yourself and your unborn baby, too.* Mary is better off here until you are well settled in your American home. Then she can go to you, dear."

[Emma Moody wrote in her memoirs, "Knowing everything was uncertain in a new land, and as Grandma Revell was in wretched health, it was thought best to leave the youngest, fourth daughter, in England with an aunt. Little Mary was in good health and had the best of care, but the separation nearly killed my grandmother. Never, as long as she lived, did she ever get over it. Aunt Matie, as we later called the little girl left behind, made several visits to this country, but this was not her home, and Grandma could not get over that."]

Soon we see a four-wheeler drawing up in front of the Craig's London house, the front door thrown open, and the leave-taking of the Revells. Family and baggage stowed away in the vehicle, they move off in an early morning mist as their host and hostess on their door step wave farewell.

Next, out of the clearing of that morning's fog, we see the cobbled streets, the taverns, the wooden wharves, and the forest of masts surrounding the pier from which

* Born December 11, 1849.

the Revell family is to sail. The four-wheeler reappears, the young father and mother (39 and 33, respectively) gather their children and their belongings on the dock, and soon make their way up the gang-plank of the ship that is to carry them overseas to a new land and a new life.

Drawing closer to the deck, we find Sarah, Emma, and Anna clustered about their mother, who sits among their tin trunks and carry-alls. The father, "probably of Huguenot descent and therefore a godly man," while he attends to the last details of his family's new adventure, tries to comfort himself with the thought that this move is really for the best and that it must be God's will. He is a ship-builder who, because of business reverses and a serious fall from the scaffolding of his own shipyard, which impaired his health, is taking his family to Chicago to make a new start in that so-called "wild west prairie land and new frontier of the Indians."

There they are, the five of them, really emigrés to a new and distant country, which could be reached only by weeks of travel on sailing boats, without benefit of steam or wireless.

The father, with his business attended to, stands beside his wife and their household goods, and says, "Everything is here, I think, Emma."

And she replies, "Everything but Mary."

The father turns away and walks to the edge of the boat, which is beginning to pull away from English shores.

The mother looks back and sees with mental eyes a child sleeping in a crib. That is England to her now. The father, raising his head, glances back to the England of 1849, which he is leaving forever; and in our imagination we see the following scenes. There is the

image of the unmistakable Queen Victoria, aged thirty, surrounded by the first of her nine children. Perhaps she is showing them a family album, while nearby their father, Prince Albert, is playing German music on his beloved piano. If we look down the street in front of "The Cheshire Cheese," we see two young men approaching the tavern. Both are in their thirties, about the age of Fleming Revell. As they meet they exchange greetings something like this.

"Why, Dickens, you here?" and, "I say, Ruskin, this is a piece of luck!"

While we have been looking back, lost in adult imagination, the small girl Emma has crossed the deck to the bow of the boat, which is now heading toward the open sea. A look of wonder is in her eyes, as though she is curious about what she will find across the ocean, what the boys and girls will be like in the country called "The United States." Her curiosity goes unanswered, but we know that in her new home she has two contemporaries, William McKinley and Robert Todd Lincoln, both six years old like herself. We know that there is a twelve-year-old boy called Samuel Clemens who lives in a Missouri town called Hannibal.

It is in the year 1849 that a scene like this takes place in the Clemens household:

It is Saturday, and the boy has gone out in the woodshed to look over his fishing rods. Spring is here, and the fisherman intends to be ready for his first trip upstream into the country.

Suddenly a man's voice is heard calling, "Samuel, come here!"

Impatiently the boy answers, "What for?"

Coming to the woodshed door, Mr. Clemens says,

"Put away your fishing rods! Today you start as a printer's apprentice. Come with me, young man. You're old enough to go to work now. And no nonsense about being a pilot on the Mississippi. You're going to be a printer."

Another scene in 1849 takes us to Concord, Massachusetts; and we pause in a little brown house in an alcove in the hills, the Alcott home. A girl of seventeen is sitting at an upstairs window writing at a little hinged, circular board table between two of the windows in her front bedroom. She is scribbling in a lined notebook.

From below is heard the cry of, "Louisa, Louisa, come down!" The young authoress shuts her scrap book and leaves her room; and the last we see of the Alcotts is when Louisa is descending the dining room stairs to the room where her sisters are preparing to stage another one of their plays.

Lastly our mental camera picks out a barren-looking little red school house on the west side of one of the few roads in a town called Northfield, in Massachusetts. Behind the tiny building one can see a great frozen winding river that stretches northward toward a range of rolling hills that form a scalloped sky line.

A bell rings, the school door flies open, and out tumble "a mess of boys." One is tall and dark and swift of foot and wearing neither shoes nor stockings. His name is Dwight Lyman Ryther Moody (the Ryther being used because it was the name of a neighbor who was supposed to give his namesake a lamb. When this custom was ignored by the neighbor, "Ryther" was dropped).

The boys call to Dwight to "come sledding," for the last snow of winter is piled high around the little school house. Dwight tells them he will join them after he has sawed and stacked some wood for his mother.

Leaving his playmates, the thirteen-year-old boy crosses the road, Northfield's Main Street, climbs Moody Hill which rises eastward, and enters his mother's yard. After sawing some wood he carries it into the house and stacks it behind the kitchen stove. Then he sits down on the floor, "to dig the snow and ice out of the cracks in his feet." [Shoes were reserved for the Sabbath, which extended from 6 p. m. Saturday to 6 p. m. Sunday.]

Betsy Holton, Dwight's mother, enters the kitchen, and says, looking at the wood and then at the boy, "You're a good son, Dwight. Whatever would I have done without you children when your father died."

[Betsy Holton and her husband, Edwin Moody, were both descended from pure English stock, as well as being descendants of the Pilgrims. The couple had been married in 1828; and though the brick-maker and mason had started from nothing, still by his skill and industry he had been able to provide for the immediate support of his family. After twelve years together, with seven children born, Edwin died leaving a young widow with a mortgaged home, some debts, and an unborn child, which turned out to be a twin boy and girl. But in spite of every bitter act of fate, this young woman, "born when Napoleon was fighting his greatest battles," kept her family together and lived to be almost ninety-one years old.]

In D. L. Moody's eyes his mother was an amazing woman not only because of what she did for her own children, but also because of what she did for outsiders. She had the reputation of never turning a tramp away from their door and used to take a vote among her meagerly fed children as to what they were willing to share with the man who had come to their door.

Her son used to say, "There was another remarkable thing about mother. If she loved one child more than another, no one ever found out. Isaiah, he was her first boy; she could not get along without Isaiah. And Cornelia, she was her first girl. She could not get along without Cornelia, for she had to take care of the twins. And George, she couldn't live without George. What could she ever have done without George? He stayed right by her through thick and thin. She couldn't live without George. And Edwin, he bore the name of her husband. And Dwight, I don't know what she thought of him. And Luther, he was the dearest of all because he had to go away to live. He was always homesick to get back to mother. And Warren, he was the youngest when father died; it seemed as though he was dearer than all the rest. And Sam and Lizzie, the twins, they were the light of her great sorrow."]

Returning to the kitchen scene, we hear Betsy Holton say to her son, "Run along now, Dwight; you have done your share, but be back for supper by five."

The boy goes out the kitchen door, gets a pung from the back yard, and starts coasting down the hill in front of their home.

Two or three hours later we see the widow at a kitchen table surrounded by her nine children. Milk, bread, and apple sauce are their meal.

After supper is over, one of the children begs, "Mother, read to us!"

And she replies, "As soon as the dishes are out of the way and the floor swept and Dwight puts some of his wood on the fire for us."

Soon the family is gathered around the glowing stove; and an inquisitive youngster asks, "What can you read

to us? The only books we have in the house are up there."

As the child is talking he looks up at a shelf on which three books have been placed. They are "The Holy Bible," "The Book of Devotions," and "The Catechism."

The mother answers, "Oh, I have something you will enjoy! Fetch me a little book you will find by my bedside, Dwight. I always keep a book from the Sunday school library on hand to read to you children." [She did not add that she often could not sleep and read to herself late at night. Nor did she tell anyone that for many years from that day she cried herself to sleep every night of the year following her husband's death.]

The evening reading over, we see all the younger children being tucked away into bed to save on the light and heat at night, with the advice for the next morning "to stay in bed until school time, to keep warm."

* * *

At that time, one hundred years ago, neither the six-year-old child on a boat crossing the Atlantic nor the widow in the house on a New England hill could, by the most extreme stretch of the imagination, have guessed what the future held in store for them.

Destiny did not intimate to the widow, as she blew out the lamp in her farm house, that some day thousands of dollars would be spent on its interior and exterior because her boy Dwight had once lived there. She did not dream that her husband's old tool shed "out back" would one day become a memorial and shrine for all the precious belongings of the bare-footed thirteen-year-old Yankee child, as well as a depository for paintings and photographs and souvenirs, Currier and Ives Prints,

Rogers and Staffordshire models, and a thousand interesting Moodyana.

If Destiny had a hand in moving the small girl Emma Revell from London to Chicago, so that nine years later she would meet a young man named Dwight Moody, there was nothing about her life thus far to suggest that one day she would be drawn into the limelight as the wife of "the most conspicuous man of his generation."

CHICAGO DAYS, 1858 - 66

NINE YEARS have passed since we last saw Emma Revell on a sailing ship crossing the Atlantic Ocean, westward bound. It is now 1858, and we have come to Chicago to follow the English family through some of their American experiences.

We join the Revells in their Washington Street home on a Sabbath morning when Emma Manning is rallying her three daughters (now aged 17, 15, and 13) and their nine-year-old brother Fleming, preparatory to their departure for church and Sunday school.

Finally, dressed and ready, the four children rush down stairs pell-mell, stopping on the way to the front door to kiss their devoted father goodbye.

Into the Chicago streets they pass, the girls daintily picking their way with care through thoroughfares described by a young Yankee in letters to his mother, Betsy Holton, thus:

"I suppose you would like to know what kind of place Chicago is. Well, you will see on the map that Lake Michigan is almost as high as Chicago itself. I believe the land is about three feet the higher. As there are but two or three months in the year that water stands in the streets, we have plank sidewalks. The streets are very dirty, but nevertheless it is very healthy."

Horse cars rumbling over cobbled streets pass the quartette on their way to the Baptist church which the Revells attend.

Once inside the church hallway, the girls notice their pastor talking to a young stranger, whose appearance at that time was recorded by an old daguerreotype and was later described in this way by his son, Will:

"The daguerreotype pictures an ingenuous youth. His eyes are wide apart, clear and frank; the jaw firm and not large; the lips full. The ears are small and close set; the head rests upon broad sloping shoulders and is surmounted with heavy locks of hair. The face is pleasing and handsome; the expression, genial and alert. It is the likeness of a youth who has lived cleanly and challenges life unafraid."

The stranger and the pastor are talking very earnestly; and the former is heard saying, "Yes, Sunday is a busy day for me. During the week I am out of town as a commercial traveler, selling boots and shoes; but I always manage to get back to Chicago by Saturday night. No matter how late it is when I get back to my room, I always have to be up by six o'clock Sunday morning, for I have to get our Sunday school hall ready. Each Saturday night a German society holds a dance there; and so I have to roll out the beer kegs, sweep up the sawdust, and clean up generally the next morning before arranging the chairs for our service."

"But how did you start this work?" the minister queries.

"Oh, I had to drum up my own scholars," the young New Englander replies. "I went out into the highways and byways and gathered them in. I have one group of fourteen boys who call themselves my 'Bodyguard.' They are a very different class of young people from what you have here, and how strange their names would sound to your pupils! There is 'Red Eye,' 'Smikes,' 'Madden the

Butcher,' 'Jackey Candles,' 'Giberick,' 'Billy Blucannon,' 'Darby the Cobbler,' 'Butcher Lilray,' 'Greenhorn,' 'Indian,' 'Black Stove Pipe,' 'Old Man,' and 'Rag-Breeches Cadet.'"

The two men laugh and turn away as a warning bell announces that church is about to begin.

About two hours later we see all the children of this Baptist church gathered in the Sunday school assembly room. Young Fleming is on the front row with a class of little boys. Farther back in the room are his sisters clustered about their young lady teacher. As the pastor and the stranger mount the platform facing this gathering, all the children begin whispering to each other or their teachers, saying, "Who is he?" "What's his name?" They are referring to the young man they do not know.

The minister comes to the front of the platform and begins, "Boys and girls, I have with me here this morning a young man from New England. Until he was seventeen he grew up on a hillside farm, helping with the work around his widowed mother's home, doing all kinds of chores. One day when he was out cutting and hauling logs with his brother Ed, suddenly he exclaimed, 'I am not going to stay around here any longer. I am going to the city.' Another brother, George, tried in every way he could to persuade his younger brother, Dwight Moody, to abandon his plan. But when the boy insisted on leaving home, George gave him five dollars of his own hard-earned money and wished him God-speed. All that happened only four years ago, and since that time he has been in business in Boston and more recently here in Chicago. Dwight Moody has made a great success of business in his brief city career; but as important as that seems to him, still he finds there is

something of even greater interest, and that is work among young people. There is nothing in this city today that he cares more about than his Sunday school, which is held in North Market Hall. I have asked him to come here and tell you about his work."

The minister sits down, and the stranger rises and comes to the front of the platform. He looks out over the faces of all the boys and girls, and then says quietly, "Some day I hope to have hundreds of children in my Sunday school." (He did, for, in his own words later, "When attendance ran below 1000, it troubled me; and when it went to 1200 and 1500, it elated me." His was the second largest Sunday school in America exceeded only by John Wanamaker's in Philadelphia.) "If I do, I wish some of you boys and girls would grow up with the idea of becoming good teachers yourselves, and then come down to North Market Hall and help us out. We need you."

D. L. Moody said he first saw Emma Revell in a Baptist Sunday school; and she, looking backward, wrote in her diary of 1873, "1858. Meeting of D. L. Moody and Emma C. Revell, who went in the spring to take a little class in a mission Sunday school where he was working and gathering recruits. School on Chicago Avenue and Wells Street." From these two references we know that the couple saw each other before 1858 but did not meet until she accepted his challenge to "come down and help out."

Following the advent of Emma Revell as a teacher in the Moody organization many changes began to take place in the young man's plans and dreams for the future. We can picture him accompanying Miss Revell to her home, which already had a reputation as a gathering

place for young people. "The gracious hospitality of the Washington Street home made a natural meeting place for young people," it was said; and to Emma Manning went boys and girls alike with their most romantic confidences. Often as the pair returned from the afternoon service, they would find Fleming Revell "watching at the window for his favorite child."

1860

Two years pass; and it is now 1860, the year in which many eventful experiences touched the lives of Dwight Moody and Emma Revell.

The first picture that we have any record of, a daguerreotype, was taken of the seventeen-year-old English girl in that year. "Three Little Girls from School Are We" might have been the title of it. I have a photograph of the daguerreotype before me as I write, and this is the way the trio appears. Emma and Anna are seated; Sarah is standing between and a little behind them. Each has on a large bonnet, whose baglike crown and wide-brimmed front are pushed back from the girlish foreheads, showing three heads of dark brown hair. Each head of hair is parted in the middle; the tresses of hair, firmly drawn down on each side of the oval faces, terminate in a knot or loop of braids that disappear under folds of bonnet silk. Each hat has enormous wide ribbons that hang down over the girls' shoulders, cascading to their laps below in the case of Anna and Emma. One girl is wearing a plaid gown, one a dotted dress, and the third, something that looks like an Indian print.

About three years after this daguerreotype was made someone painted in oils a picture of Emma Revell at

the time of her marriage. In this almost-life-sized likeness, which was surrounded by a colossal gold frame, and which always hung above the fireplace in my mother's room, the hair and the eyes seem to be very black, and the form very feminine and quaint.

Suddenly, in 1860, without much warning we find Dwight Moody rising one night in a church service to announce that he has just "become engaged to Miss Emma Revell, and therefore cannot be depended upon to see the other girls home from meeting." Equally surprisingly he writes to his mother that he is engaged; and in the following letter, written June 1861, he explains how it happened:

"I shall also send the daguerreotype of myself and Miss Emma Revell, whom I shall bring down East with me the next time I come—when that will be, I do not know. Miss Revell I have known ever since I came West, or at least I got acquainted with her in May (1858). I came here in September. I think, dear Mother, you would love her if you could get acquainted with her. I do not know of anyone that knows her but that does. She is a good Christian girl."

Although Emma was a city girl and Dwight was a country boy, some of their experiences had been similar. Both had known what courage was demanded in a home of financial reverses. Both had had a Christian upbringing, and yet Betsy Holton was skeptical of this fiancée of her son Dwight.

In Will Moody's biography of 1930 he wrote, "The announcement of Dwight's engagement to a girl of English parentage had not been received with any enthusiasm by the widow Moody, for there still lingered within her smouldering embers of the 'ancient grudge.' She recalled

the stories of the domineering Britishers of Revolutionary days, and within her own memory neighbors' sons had been recruited for the War of 1812."

Emma Revell's lifetime tact and consideration were evidenced in a letter she wrote to her future mother-in-law soon after her engagement was announced. Dwight Moody had a short illness and was taken care of by Emma Manning and her family in their home on Washington Street. While ill, Dwight told Emma of his mother's letter in which she pointed out the differences in their religious training, etc. To this objection the girl then wrote:

"Dear Mrs. Moody:

"Your last letter was received by Mr. Moody about three weeks ago; and as he was then sick at our house he requested me to read it to him, which I am glad I did, as by it I learned the false impression you had in regard to me because of our different views on religion.

"I thought by what you wrote that you had the idea I was a Baptist and you were of a different sect, that I would not esteem you, but please do not think so for a moment longer, for I assure you it makes very little difference to what sect we belong as long as our hearts are right in the sight of God.

"I thought also that you might have thought that because Mr. Moody was of a different denomination to what I had been trained in youth his love and his respect for his mother had abated, but I know such is not the case.

"It seemed strange to me when I first thought of

writing to one I had never seen as it is something I have never done before, but I have heard Mr. Moody speak of you so often that it seemed as though I too knew you and felt that I loved you.

"When your letter was received Mr. Moody was quite unwell; but don't be alarmed about him now, as he has entirely recovered and is now enjoying good health. While he was sick he was at our house; and though I did what I could for him, I know it was very little compared to a mother's tender care. I think he must have missed you very much as he spoke of you often then.

"Believe me to be truly yours, in much esteem and love,

"Emma C. Revell"

1860—an eventful year, for not only did Emma Revell become engaged to the Yankee from "Down East," but also she discovered that he had some revolutionary plans for his own life as well as for hers.

Instead of marrying a successful young business man whose dream was to "amass \$100,000" and who had already saved \$7,000, with special commissions in one year amounting to \$5,000, she was to become the wife of a man who had a vision of what his duty was to God and his fellow men. Of this decision, Moody said himself, "The hardest struggle I ever had in my life was when I gave up business."

The thrill of competition, the knowledge that he could "sell his goods," the companionship of other young merchant princes-to-be with whom he lived (such as Marshall Field) must be abandoned in the change he was about to make. [Many friends have said that Dwight

Moody had the mark of a general upon him, and had he remained in the commercial world he would undoubtedly have become one of America's richest men. Henry Drummond, in an article he wrote for McClure's Magazine, said, "One of the merchant princes of Great Britain, the well-known director of one of the largest steamship companies in the world, assured the writer recently that in the course of a life-long commercial experience he had never met a man with more business capacity and sheer executive ability than D. L. Moody."]

It was a strange situation. Just as the devoted young lover wanted much for the girl who had promised to marry him, he decided to renounce everything and live by faith and the savings of the past five years. He began to live as cheaply as he could, and the strain of this trying and testing period is shown in a conversation he had years later when talking to a man named Hitchcock. To his friend Moody said, "I was determined after 1860 not to wait but to marry Emma Revell at once. I saw her first when she was in a Sunday school class with her two sisters, and I learned to love her then. Later when we became engaged, I was involved in my first real efforts in evangelism, had little means, and hesitated to tell the girl of my financial condition. A minister down in Illinois wrote to me about coming to conduct meetings in his church; and I did not wait for a positive engagement, but hurried right down to that town. Partly religious zeal and partly the hope that I could marry sooner if I had definite work sent me down there. I worked for ten days, and then the people began to ask how much money I expected." Drawing a common silver watch from his pocket, worth about \$5.00, Moody showed it to Mr. Hitchcock adding, "When they sounded me out about

finances, my courage failed me; and I said I was working for souls and not for money, and they need not pay me anything. They gave me this watch and I came home."

1860, and Emma Revell, through with her own school days, took a position as a teacher in one of Chicago's public schools. While she went to and from her classes her fiancé could be found down along the water front, among saloons and in Chicago's "Little Hell of incipient criminals," reaching out the hand of a rescuer. Often the people of the street would see the energetic, determined young man riding on his Indian pony gathering in the children, some of them mounted before and aft on his animal and others following in his wake. In 1937 the "Chicago American" printed "an hitherto unpublished drawing of Dwight L. Moody riding down Wells Street," enacting the very scene I have just described above.

Everyone grew to love this "Simon Peter sort of man" because he was humble, strong, and unafraid. His weight in later years gave a false impression of his height and agility. In 1860 he was a tall, slender young man of five feet ten, of tremendous physical strength. After he gave up business he worked in the slums during week days, but on holidays he took poor children out to the country for picnics. Often dressing and washing them himself, he would rally a band of youngsters, and off he would start. Out among green fields, away from people, he had been known to amuse the children by picking up a barrel of apples; and running ahead he would spill the apples as he ran, playing a sort of follow-the-leader apple-gathering contest.

But Emma Revell's fiancé did not remain unnoticed by men of authority and importance. Will Moody writes of a scene that took place on Sunday, November 25,

1860, when "Lincoln came to Chicago, shortly after his election to the presidency, to meet Vice President-elect Hamlin and other political advisors. Mr. Lincoln attended service in Bishop Cheney's church in the morning and in the afternoon visited Moody's Sunday school."

As Emma Revell sat with her class of children that Sunday afternoon she must have felt a great sense of pride as she witnessed the recognition of "D. L.'s" work. A child, present at that meeting, later described what happened in these words, "Mr. Lincoln had been assured that he would not be asked to make an address, but as he was leaving and was already half way down the hall, Mr. Moody said, 'We promised not to ask Mr. Lincoln to speak, but this does not prevent his saying a word to us if he wishes.' And Lincoln, stopping where he was in the aisle on the way out, in the midst of the boys and girls, briefly expressed his pleasure in being with them and admonished them to govern their lives according to the precepts they learned from their study of the Bible."

On that Sabbath afternoon no one knew what Destiny had in store for them [the Moodys], nor did the young engaged couple realize how closely their joint lives were to be involved in the great cause for which Abraham Lincoln gave his very life.

1861

Among Emma Revell's papers, written a year later, we find these notes:

"The Civil War broke out in the spring of 1861. To one who had always taken an intense interest in the questions of the day, and especially those that

concerned his own country, it stirred his (D. L.'s) whole soul. He had lived in Boston and had heard stirring speeches in Faneuil Hall and had imbibed much of the spirit of the times. Many of his friends enlisted, and more and more his heart went out to the front with them.

"At this time he was having conversions in his daily meetings, and his friends in Chicago begged him not to join the army as a chaplain, as some of the soldiers urged, feeling that he could do more for the soldiers by being free rather than by confining himself to one regiment. He visited the soldiers at the front, sometimes taking stores for the wounded as representing the citizens of Chicago. Sometimes for the Christian Commission. The first two were generally right after the battle in the southwest division. In all he went to the front nine times; but though he went at these special times to visit the army at the front, he was constantly, between times, trying in different ways to help them by supplying Bibles, hymn books, and other reading. While the soldiers were in Camp Douglas near Chicago, he was constant in either holding meetings with them nightly or getting someone else to go."

There is another description of what Emma Revell's fiancé was doing while she daily attended to her school children. This friend says, in writing of the Battle of Pittsburgh Landing, "The battle was fought on Sunday and Monday, the 6th and 7th of April, 1862. The news reached Chicago on Tuesday, and on Wednesday a call came for nurses and physicians. The Y. M. C. A. [with which Moody was connected] was called upon to send

as many nurses as possible. A special train was made up by the Illinois Central Railway, and by six o'clock Wednesday evening we were off. Our train was a heavy one, carrying about 60 to 75 physicians and about 300 nurses besides supplies. In the forward end of the car Mr. Moody was conducting a service, while at the rear a company of men were playing cards."

There must have been little chance or time for home or family ties during war days, for much of Dwight Moody's time was spent away from Chicago on trains, on boats, beside camp fires, in hospitals and prisons, and on the battlefields.

Down through the years come recurring similarities in experience. In 1860 Dwight Lyman Moody headed the Army and Navy Commission which chose Y. M. C. A. workers to send out to the front to work among the soldiers. And in 1940 Paul Dwight Moody assisted in the choice of 1200 chaplains for the army and navy of another war.

1862

In 1862 Emma Revell became a war bride in every sense of the word. The conspicuous dearth of any information regarding her marriage on August 28 of that year must have been largely due to the chaotic state in which this country found itself.

The only written notation regarding the serious step which she took appears in these words written in the bride's handwriting, "D. L. Moody and Emma C. Revell married on August 28, 1862. D. L. busy with his work among the soldiers." On September 13 of that autumn, the groom wrote to Betsy Holton, "I was married on the 28th of last month." And the only answer I received,

after writing to one of the two living relatives in Chicago [Anna Revell's daughters, Mary and Anna Reese] who would know the historic facts if anyone did, was this, "I do not remember either mother or grandmother ever saying anything about your grandmother's wedding. I do not imagine it was a very large affair."

Of that first year of married life we know these facts: that the daily press followed Moody's activities with increasing interest; that the first home established by the bride and groom was burned, since there is this passing allusion, in a letter written to Betsy Holton by her son, "We have got settled again after the fire"; and that casually he appended to another note of his the plan to "go to Tennessee, Kentucky, and Alabama in a few days. If I go I shall take Emma, and she will write to you while we are gone."

There is one more reminiscence of the 1860's. Will Moody writes, "One who saw Emma Revell shortly after her marriage related how impressed he was with her youthful appearance. While visiting the North Market Sunday school his attention was arrested by a class of fully forty middle-aged men being taught by a young girl. Turning to Moody who was showing him about, the guest expressed surprise that one so immature should be given such a responsibility. Moody replied casually that she seemed competent. Later, however, the visitor reverted to the subject and with evident signs of disapproval said, 'Mr. Moody, I cannot but feel that that lady must be altogether too young to instruct such a large company of men. Will you, sir, please to inform me who she is?' 'Certainly,' answered Moody, 'she is my wife.'"

At the end of 1862, on the first day of December, Emma Revell wrote to Betsy Holton:

"Dear Mother,

"I thank you very much for your kind letter, which I received a few weeks ago. I feel condemned for not writing before but will try to be more faithful hereafter. My dear husband arrived safely home last Tuesday [from the front]. It was the first time we had been separated since our marriage, and I was glad to see him home again.

"I have missed Sam [D. L.'s youngest brother] since he has gone, as he was in the kitchen with me a great deal of the time. I think it afforded him some sport, as I could sometimes see a smile on his face.

"We are all hoping and praying for a revival in our city this winter. There seems to be much interest in the mission schools. I feel that God will answer our prayers, for we do need our Saviour's blessing.

"I have often thought of you; and though I have never seen you, I feel quite well acquainted. I hope that we will become still better acquainted. Pray for us.

"Your affectionate daughter,

"Emma"

The reference in the above letter to a visit from Dwight's brother Sam brings up two things—Sam's welfare, and the guests the young couple entertained in their Chicago home.

Will Moody's references to Sam, in this period of his life, are these, "It was at this time that Moody (D. L.) experienced his first real sorrow. He had been too young

(aged 4) to sense the loss of his father. He was now called upon to suffer keenly in the affliction of another, his youngest brother Samuel, who held a peculiar place in his affections. He had long anticipated welcoming Samuel as a guest to his home. The brother gave promise of being a good business man, and Moody hoped to help in the fulfilment of his ambition to make a start in Chicago. But shortly after his arrival, Moody learned that he had epilepsy, a tragic secret that the mother had never betrayed. It was a severe shock to Moody to have all his fond hopes shattered."

Another kind of guest Emma Revell entertained was a member of the Plymouth Brethren. Will Moody writes, "Moody would invite to his home any visitor to Chicago belonging to the Brethren in order to learn from him any new Bible truth or exposition. An amusing incident is connected with such a visit from a distinguished Plymouth brother. At the end of a very busy day of preaching, visiting, and ministering through long hours, Moody returned home late at night; and at his request evening prayers were led by the guest. Apparently the brother 'enjoyed great liberty' in expounding the Word. In prayer he was no less fulsome; and when at last the worship ended, Moody remained on his knees. Mrs. Moody was at first impressed by his devout spirit; but as he continued, her first sense of admiration gave away to alarm lest Moody, like his father, had suddenly suffered a stroke. At last she tried to rouse him and was immediately successful, his sheepish expression betraying the fact that he had been sound asleep. Moody described his deep chagrin when the visitor remarked, 'The spirit is willing, but the flesh is weak.' 'It was nothing of the kind,' Moody would say in relating the incident. 'He

was to blame for going on so long after a hard day's work. At the time I thought it was because I wasn't spiritual. It was because I was a fool. The Lord isn't a hard taskmaster, and I was nearly killing myself by foolishly working day and night and going without meals. I have learned since then that if I am to do my best for God I must use sense. Since then I've had prayers only in the morning when I'm wide awake.' "

1864

1864 was a red letter year for the struggling young couple in two ways. Their first child and only daughter was born on October 24th of that year, and D. L. Moody had the first church that was really his own.

After the city mission worker's marriage he turned over most of his correspondence to his wife, but occasionally he wrote home. The brevity of his comments at this time may have been partly influenced by his war work. Of the new child he wrote to Betsy Holton, "The baby is cunning. I love it dearly. I used to think a wife and child would make us love others less, but they don't. I love them more."

The original Moody Church in Chicago was made up of his Sunday school children and their families. Today, 1943, the Moody Church has passed into the fourth generation, each outgrown predecessor being supplanted by a bigger and more valuable edifice. The current Moody Memorial Church property is valued at about one and a half million dollars.

1866

The only record we have of any happenings in the Moody family during 1865 was a trip East, when the

proud young husband and father took his wife and child for the household on the Northfield hill to inspect and learn to love.

A Civil War historian has noted that "in 1866 Moody had ministered to the wounded after the battles of Pittsburgh Landing, Shiloh, and Murfreesboro, and was with the army at Chattanooga, and was among the first to enter Richmond."

We have three letters from Emma Revell written in the summer and early fall of '66 which tell what she was doing while her husband was still tied down by his work in and near Chicago.

"Hyde Park, Ill., July 31, 1866

"Dear Brother Sam,

"I thought before this I should have written to you, but delayed doing so. I thank you for your kind letter and sympathy. [In another chapter in Part Two of this book are included her letters about her father's death.] I am glad you were better when you wrote and hope you will still continue to improve.

"I have been staying with my mother since my return home; until a little while ago I came to Hyde Park with my baby. We are only 7½ miles from Chicago, so Mr. Moody can come down every night and return every morning. The trains run often through the day. I have a very pleasant boarding place. It is a building used for a young ladies' seminary but open through the warm weather for a boarding house. My room looks out on the lake, and it is always pleasant. The baby is much better here than in Chicago. It is much cooler also. Emma

is enjoying it here very much and is beginning to talk quite plainly. . . . Remember me in much love to mother, Ed, Lizzie, George, and Hattie [George's wife]. Also a kiss for Ambert [George's child]. Write me soon.

"Sister Emma"

"Woodstock, Ill., August 30, 1866

"My dear Mother [Betsy Holton],

"You see I am here in Woodstock with Warren [a brother-in-law] and his wife. I have been here for two weeks with little Emma. Nellie and I made up our minds this evening that it would be a good time to write you while Warren was at the store and Emma asleep.

"Since I brought the baby back (West) she has been sick most of the time. But since she came here she has been improving all the time, so that to look at her now you would not think that she had been sick for a year. She is outdoors most of the time playing in the dirt, and I think it agrees with her. She tries very hard to talk and can say quite a number of words very plainly. She is always in such a hurry that she cannot wait to talk much that is intelligible, but jabbars away very fast and earnestly. I cannot help noticing continually the change in her the last two weeks. She is growing so fast I think you would scarcely know her.

"Emma and I went last week to see Uncle Calvin and stayed a few days. I am very much pleased with my visit. I never saw a happier family, one better regulated. I did not hear one unpleasant word be-

tween the children while there. They were kind to one another and their parents.

"I am enjoying my visit here very much. I like the place and also like Nellie very much. Warren and she seem perfectly happy. I think he feels more settled than before. I wish you could come and see us. I wish you were so near you could come and visit us as you do your other children. Warren and I were talking of you and the folks at home this evening and concluded we would like to go to Northfield for a visit. I think often of my visit in the spring and felt sorry it was cut off so suddenly.

"This summer has seemed like a dream. I cannot realize the many things that have happened, and especially my father's death. . . .

"I expect Anna will be married next week. Mother will miss her sadly, but I hope she will be happy.

"Mr. Moody has been busy all summer. I expect him here in a few days. He is quite well. . . ."

"Chicago, Ill., Oct. 25, 1866

"Dear Brother:

"I have the impression that you owe me a letter; but yielding to a generous impulse, I just feel that I will not stop to argue that, but will write. However, I do not object to hearing from you. I hope you are well.

"Little Emma is very well and has been since I took her to Woodstock. [Turned 2 the day before this letter was written.] She is growing so fast that you would scarcely know her and so full of mischief. You would certainly think she was a second edition

of D. L. Moody in his childhood. She is trying to talk, and I can understand most everything she says. She can speak her name quite plainly. She is a good deal of care now; but she pays as she goes, for she is so loving and so cunning. I suppose by the time she pays you another visit, she will be a big girl, for she grows so fast.

"Anna was married about three weeks ago. She went East as far as Buffalo and Niagara and then returned to live in Evanston, 12 miles from Chicago, where she seems happy. She is going to board until spring. I suppose you received her wedding cards which were sent to you."

There follows a paragraph about her father's death, which I have used elsewhere. The letter ends,

"Give my love to mother, sisters, and brothers and yourself. Also kiss Ambert and baby for me."

"Your sister,

"Emma"

"We are not keeping house but are stopping with mother. I have been to Elgin and Milwaukee since leaving Woodstock."

Before the close of Emma Revell's Chicago days her sister Mary came to America, perhaps for the wedding of Anna or Sarah. Behind her in England, she left a man who wanted to marry her; but she crossed the ocean heart and fancy free. In Chicago she met a splendid business man, of excellent reputation, who fell in love with her. Except for an unpleasant detail, she might have made her future home in this country and thus satisfied the longing of Emma Manning.

Mary returned to England with an ardent admirer on both sides of the Atlantic. She wrote home to the family in Chicago, and in one letter enclosed a sample of cloth. A so-called friend happened to be in the house one day when Mary's American lover was calling. Handing him the sample of cloth, she said,

"How do you like the material for Mary's wedding gown?"

In those far-away days both men and women went to their graves with secret unquestioned and unanswered tragedies, which affected their whole lives. Today, I think young people are much franker and generally curious enough to ascertain the truth of such a trying situation.

Mary married the Englishman. Her American friend never married as long as he lived.

* * *

In 1860 Emma Revell became the magnificent gambler and ran the most superb risk of her life. She, to whom nothing exciting had happened except the birth of a small brother since the Revells' arrival in America, suddenly gave free rein to Destiny and stepped out to accept what it had to offer. She fell in love with an energetic young layman-evangelist and promised to marry him. She had never seen his family, she knew that he had thrown away every chance for a successful business career, and that he was fast consuming all his savings; that he had no definite job, and temporarily refused to take any salary.

Destiny stood by and gave no hint of what her life was to be. Very likely she thought her own family would spend its days around Chicago, where D. L. was becoming an outstanding figure in philanthropic and church

work. Occasionally they would go as far as the hillside "Down East" to visit the family of her husband.

Without any thought of Destiny perhaps, she did have such faith in the man she married that had you been able to tell her then whither their road was leading she would have been a bit surprised, but not incredulous.

In the road of friendship that lay ahead of this trusting pair they were to meet distinguished men such as these: Sir Alexander Simpson of Edinburgh [of a world-famous medical family], Lord Kinnaird, Lord Cairns, then Lord Chancellor of England; renowned painters such as Sir Noel Paton; college presidents; business princes, such as John Wanamaker, Marshall Field, John V. Farwell, Cleveland Dodge, Cyrus H. McCormick, D. Willis James, Morris K. Jessup; Weir Mitchell, and other professional men of distinction and achievement. They not only met them, but were to know the warm backing of their sympathetic support.

How could Emma Revell dream in the 1860's that some day President McKinley would have the following conversation with a son of hers?

McKinley to Will Moody, "Do you realize your father was a very great man?"

To which Will Moody replied modestly, "I am sure he was a good one."

"But," persisted the President of the United States, "he was a great man too. When greatness and goodness are combined, you have a rare character."

The same son wrote later, "Moody found in his wife what he termed his balance wheel. With advice, sympathy, and faith this girl labored with him; and by her judgment, tact, and sacrifice she contributed to his every effort."

ENGLAND AGAIN, 1867

NOW IMAGINE, if you can [as Emma Moody would say] the office of D. L. Moody's church in Chicago. He has just finished an explanation to some of his supporters who are with him, as to why he feels he should go to England and Scotland and sit at the feet of the great religious leaders of the British Isles. He acknowledges the fact that his work in Chicago is growing admirably; but he is thirsty for the learning that he, an uneducated preacher and teacher, has never acquired. He longs to draw on the reservoirs of religious thought, overseas.

The group of Moody backers disbands with willing words as to his leave of absence, and all wish him well on his new adventure.

We see Moody take his hat, leave the building, and head for the office of the Revells' family doctor. There he discusses his wife's persistent cough, her "suffering from childhood with valvular heart trouble and asthma." Together they agree that the best thing for Emma Revell is a change from the "Windy City," and a sea voyage.

Next we see the young man in the Revell household. Three-year-old Emma is in bed asleep. After the evening meal is over, the family gathers in the sitting room. When there is a lull in the conversation and the news of the day has been adequately discussed, D. L. turns to his wife, who is sitting beside him, and says:

"There is something I wish to talk over with you and your family, Emma. I think that I should go to England, for three reasons."

We can imagine the young mother's shocked surprise and reaction to another separation from her husband.

D. L. continues: "I had a talk this afternoon with the men who back me at the church, and they agreed it would be a good idea for me to get in direct touch with the great religious leaders across the water."

Emma Manning probably then said, "That will be splendid, Dwight, and you can leave the two Emmas with me."

"No," replied the young father, "my second reason for going at this time is Emma's cough. I saw our doctor this afternoon. He is worried because her cough has hung on as long as it has. She does not seem to respond to his treatment, and he believes it would do her good to accompany me to England. My third reason for going is to give her a chance to have a reunion with Sister Mary."

"But what about the baby?" asks his wife.

"We will leave her behind with your mother, if she is so willing to keep the child. This catarrhal condition is bad for you and for the child when she is with you; but when you come home again, God willing, you will be a much healthier woman."

Then Emma Manning would say, "I am sure the little girl can be happy with us, Emma. We all love her; and we need something to keep us busy and bright, now that Father is gone."

D. L. adds: "I have no fears about her keeping you busy, Mother. What do you say, Emma? Will you go? You see how easily it can be arranged."

And the young woman, bravely stifling another one of her long, tiresome coughing spells, nods her head in assent, and answers: "I will do whatever you think best."

D. L. Moody, who had traveled only on the Great Lakes steamers, looked forward to the water voyage with keen anticipation; but Emma Revell's letters home revealed the bitter facts. On March 16, 1867, she wrote to Brother Sam, "Mr. Moody was sick more or less from the time we started till the time we landed in Liverpool, which was two weeks."

Their first Sunday on shore was not a day to cherish in their memories forever. They left their boat too late for a morning service; and a Sunday school they visited was "rather a dull, formal one, and the room was very gloomy and dark."

D. L.'s first reactions, written to his mother, were, "I do not like the old country as well as our own. I cannot tell you how glad I am that I was born and brought up in America. I shall be glad when I get back. I am not sorry I came, for I very much value the information I am gaining here. But it is a horrible place to live in."

English hospitality was soon extended to them, and Emma Revell wrote home,

"London, May 3, 1867

"Dear Anna,

"I am staying home this morning to get rested for this afternoon and evening. I was out all day yesterday and did not get home until after eleven p. m. I am generally very moderate and home earlier but dissipate once in a while.

"I hope to hear from you again soon. Do write to me often, dear Anna, for I do enjoy getting a letter from home so much. It is real hard work for me to keep from getting homesick sometimes, and espe-

cially when I do not feel very well. There is no place like home.

"I cannot tell you that I am really better yet but hope to show you by the time that I return that I have improved. I have not felt so well for a long time as I did on the ocean. I expect it will do me much good on my return. I think I shall see a good doctor soon and get his advice. I am thinking now that my own little girl would do me as much good as a doctor at present. I do so long to see her. Just think! It was eleven weeks last Tuesday that I left her. I suppose she will forget us, but she will soon know us again if toys or candy can make us at all attractive to her. I believe Mr. Moody thinks as much of meeting her as I do. He says he has to keep jumping to keep from being homesick and whistles to keep up his courage.

"If it is not too late tonight, after the meeting, we are going to see Mr. Kinnaird, a member of Parliament. We are invited there for the evening. Tomorrow we are going to Mr. Morgan's [of Morgan and Scott, publishers] to stay over Sunday. I expect a pleasant time. We have invitations nearly two weeks ahead to take teas, dinners, etc. A gentleman by the name of Moody has something to do with the Arsenal and has been urging Mr. Moody to come out there, and last night he would not let us go without saying we would come. He will show us around the arsenal. [Word had preceded D. L. to England of his successful work in Chicago. When he went to listen to other men, he in turn was asked for a report of his work and methods in the United States.]

"We have an order, or permit, to go through the Bank of England. I think we will go next week. It will be worth going to see. We have also an invitation to go through Newgate Prison, of which you must have heard.

"My letter this time has not so much in, for I have not been sightseeing so much. The anniversaries are taking up our time now. All the anniversaries of different societies are held in April, May, and June, most of them in May. They are held now every day and five or six meetings the same day in different places. We are anxious to attend, for we have an opportunity of hearing the first men of Great Britain. I was delighted last night with hearing Mr. Arthur Mursell. He was grandly eloquent. I think he is from Manchester. I hope to hear some good speakers tonight.

"I anticipate much pleasure in going to France but expect to go away somewhere else first, perhaps to Scotland.

"Uncle is still able to be in the store and sometimes goes out to walk but has a great weakness. Poor man, I feel so sorry for him! Aunt frets about him, but the worst of it is she does not know how to keep it from him. [The Craigs, perhaps.]

"I think I like the English better than when I first came. I do not think them as reserved as I expected to find them but do not think them as free and as open as Americans.

"London in some parts is most beautiful, I think; and the best feature of the city, in my idea, is the number of beautiful parks and squares. They have blocks of houses built around a square, and then the

people living in these houses have the privilege of using the squares. It is very pleasant for them. I do not like Poplar; but it does not make much difference, as when I go out I take the cars, or the omnibus, and go to the other end of the city. The West End is where the nobility lives. There are some very fine houses; but I have seen none to exceed some we have in Chicago, even though they may not be surrounded by a high brick wall, and the gate kept locked, as they are here. I like our style of houses best.

"I have a headache and cannot write any more this morning.

"Your affectionate sister,

"Emma"

Ten days later Emma Revell's husband was to start a noon prayer meeting in the Aldersgate Street Y.M.C.A., in the heart of London, which is still being held daily.

Several weeks later the half-American, half-English lady was to write enthusiastic letters from Scotland. "You see I am in Scotland in the quaint city of Edinburgh." After a description of the peculiar arrangement of the city, where several flights of stairs lead you not to an attic but to another street level, and descending down several flights of stairs you find yourself not in a cellar, but on another street level, she adds, "but with all, I think Edinburgh a beautiful city."

How little she realized then that later she was to spend much time in that city!

Referring to some sightseeing that she did with D. L. in John Knox' old home, she says, "The only thing left in the house at present that used to belong to him is an old chair in which Mr. M. and I both rested for a few

minutes. . . . We had a very pleasant time in London and met many valuable acquaintances. I think Mr. M. will regret to leave it. We have had some delightful times."

Next, crossing the English Channel, the couple visited France.

Will Moody says that "In a certain journal, under the date of July 4, 1867, there is a report that daily prayer meetings have spread to Paris and are held at the Salle Evangélique."

So, mixed with the sights of the Paris Exhibition were the daily round of religious services—a combination which was to be repeated at future American fairs.

After ten days in Paris the couple returned to England preparatory to sailing home. It may have been during those last days, when again Emma Revell made flying visits to see her sister Mary between meetings, that she had a strange experience, the recital of which helped to save her daughter's life twenty years later.

On one of her trips to the country to visit her English relatives, she entered what she thought was an empty railway carriage. After the train had started she realized that a strange bundle of clothing, propped up against one corner of the car, was really a most queer acting man. The guard had locked the door of her compartment, and there was no outer hallway in which she could have made her escape. There was no way of attracting an official's attention, and she could do absolutely nothing until the train stopped at the next depot.

The man suddenly sat up, slid across the seat next to the young woman, who was huddled in her corner next to the car door, saying, "Do you know what I would have done with my wives if I had been Henry the Eighth?"

"No," said the frail little lady. "Do tell me."

There followed insane ravings about how he would have gotten rid of them by drowning them, beheading them, etc. Finally he stopped to see the effect of his words and found that his companion had her own ideas. As though scornful of the trifling ways in which he would have inflicted punishment, she outdid him on every score, meanwhile holding a sort of spell over his insanity until the train came to a standstill.

Unmolested and free again, she quickly withdrew from the car and in whispers informed the guard of the condition of the man she had left behind her in the carriage.

It was the memory of this scene, and her mother's advice, "always to humor a crazy person if you are trapped," that no doubt saved Emma Moody's life. The latter and an English girl friend once stopped, unexpectedly, over night in the town house of a London family. We will call the friend T. T. knew that the residence would be closed for the season and occupied only by the caretaker and his wife.

When the two girls entered the front hall of this house, they found a great deal of baggage and heard from an upstairs floor the screams of an insane person. T. had time enough to tell my mother that the poor creature had apparently stopped over with her nurses, unexpectedly too, and to remind Emma Moody of her life story, previously explained. Before rushing upstairs to interview nurses, T. suggested that my mother wait in the dining room before an open fire until her return.

Soon the big house became very silent. All screaming ceased. Both the nurses and T. upstairs thought that the maniac in the next room had fallen asleep as a result of a sleeping potion just given to her. On the contrary, she

had feigned sleep; and as soon as she heard the attendants talking in the adjoining room, she jumped from her bed, fled down the long flight of stairs, hair flying, shoeless, and swift as a deer.

Emma Moody, sitting before a huge open fire, suddenly felt eyes staring at her from the hall door. When the eyes of the two girls met, the maniac darted over to my mother's chair and began tugging and pulling, hoping to drag her into the fire. After a terrible struggle, in which Emma Moody's hands, clasped tightly behind the rocker in which she sat, were torn and bleeding, there came to the victim's memory the scene between her mother and the insane man in the railway carriage. She looked down into the face of her assailant saying: "Oh you poor, poor thing!"

A few minutes later, when friend and nurses appeared breathless and distraught, they found Emma Moody sitting quietly. On the floor beside her was the maniac, from whom all wildness had gone with the word of sympathy. The girl's head lay on my mother's lap, where she had sobbed herself to sleep.

CHICAGO FIRE, 1871

DESTINY WAS kind to Emma Revell in placing her so near to Emma Manning after her marriage. Circumstances granted her only a comparatively short amount of time to preside over her own household in Chicago.

On March 25, 1869, William Revell Moody was born. In 1872 D. L. Moody again made a flying trip to the British Isles, in spite of a letter he had written to Northfield during his first visit across the Atlantic. At that time he wrote, "I know you will be glad to hear from us. We are well and having a good time. We had a long voyage, but very rough. I was seasick most of the way. I do not expect to visit this country again. One trip across the water is enough for me." In amusement over this letter, Will Moody referred to his father as "he who was to become such an ardent lover of Old England."

Whenever the young husband was away Emma Revell and her two children stayed with her mother. Before his second trip overseas the family had moved into a fine new house, lent and furnished by sympathetic supporters of D. L. Moody.

We will go to this home on the Sunday afternoon of October 8, 1871.

Emma Revell is sitting with her friends in her drawing-room on the second floor. Behind the group drinking tea we see large French windows which look out on the "Windy City" that fall afternoon. Several children are playing with Emma and Willie. Their mother says:

"Emma, take your little friends into the nursery to see your rocking horse, dear!"

The youngsters troop out of the drawing room, and next we see the small guests standing speechless and wide-eyed with wonder at the object before them. It is a rocking horse life-size. [According to Emma Moody's memoirs, "Mother told me that some one Father helped made the rocking horse life-size and gave it to me; that it was perfectly made, and very lifelike."]

The last we see of the nursery scene is when the children are swarming all over the wooden animal. While some are trying to climb up the sides of the horse, Troy-like, others who have already lodged themselves firmly on the creature's back are rocking "like mad."

In rapid succession we then see the women and children leave the house, the four Moodys at supper, and D. L. getting ready to leave for the evening meeting.

In the nursery Emma Revell is putting her boy and girl to bed; and before the father leaves the house he comes to kiss them all goodbye, a custom he never forgot. Together the young couple hear prayers, answer last questions, and tuck the children into bed for a long unbroken nap—they suppose.

Three hours later, as Mr. Moody leaves his church, he sees a great flare in one section of the city, which must mean a good-sized fire. He looks back at his church, [which was destroyed soon after midnight], and then starts running in the direction of his home and family.

Meanwhile, in the semi-darkness Emma Revell has been leaning over the bed of her daughter saying, in her brave, calm voice: "If you will not scream or cry, I will show you a sight you will never forget."

Then taking the baby boy and his sister from their warm bedcovers, she put two of everything on them; suits, dresses, underwear, and stockings, for she knew in

her heart then that many hours would elapse before they again resumed normal living. Somehow she sensed that nothing could be saved from the ruins of the disaster they were to pass through that night. Taking each child by the hand, she went to the drawing room French windows and there showed them the most breath-taking sight of their lives: a whole city on fire, an inferno which was creeping closer and closer to their door!

There was no way in which she could spare the infants from that horror. If there had been, Emma Revell would have been the first to think of it. No one could predict what the next half hour would mean for them all. There was only one alternative to personal disaster and death, and that was flight at midnight.

In Emma Moody's memoirs she wrote, "Later that night, when the fire had come almost to our door, a neighbor took my brother and me with his children out north to the suburb Buena Park, to the Spafford's house. They were friends of mother who had the tragic experience, a few years later, of losing their four little girls in the sinking of "The Ville de Havre." It went down in mid-Atlantic. Only the mother was saved. . . . My mother did not know for twenty-four hours whether or not we had been trapped by the flames. Her hair began to turn white that terrible night.

"Mother and father remained on the north side as long as possible, helping others. Then they found refuge on the west side of the city with her sister Sarah, now Mrs. William H. Holden."

Of this exodus, Will Moody wrote later on, "Any effort to save household goods was futile. No conveyances could be obtained, the roads were crowded, and all that could be rescued was a few cherished tokens, valued

chiefly for their sentiment. The Moodys filled a baby carriage with such clothing and articles as there was room for and started away."

Before the adults had really left the State Street dwelling this scene occurred, quoting from my mother's memoirs, "The story of the oil painting has been told before but will bear repeating here. When mother and father were thinking what was the one thing each prized most and wanted to save, mother chose a painting of father, which had been done by a well-known artist of the time. He was a Roman Catholic named Healy and usually received about \$2000 for his portraits. He had given this painting to mother a few years before, when we moved into our home on State Street. It was his gift toward furnishing the house, which was entirely done by friends."

Emma Moody continues, "I often heard mother tell how she saved it. First she asked Father to carry it for her. 'Well,' he said, 'wouldn't it look nice if any one of my friends met me carrying away a painting of myself instead of some other valuables!'" "However," the story goes on, "robbers had entered the house to plunder and steal. One of them turned to mother and asked her if there was anything he could do for her. She asked him to kick the heavy gilt frame from the painting, so that she could carry the canvas more easily, which he did. Mother walked miles that night carrying that painting. We still have it in our family. In later years I felt that that home in Chicago meant more to Mother than any other she ever had. I was about seven years old the year of the fire, and my brother Willie, two and a half."

Will Moody, in a book published in 1930, gives these interesting details about the city of Chicago, which explains the utter destruction of the fire. He says, "To the

generation who lived in Chicago then, the Great Fire was an historic event. All incidents in life were related to it as 'Before the Fire' and 'After the Fire'. Everything conspired to further its rapid spread over a large area. There had been a season of protracted drought followed by high wind. . . . Few fire-proof buildings . . . The irregular basement line necessitated differences in the elevation of the sidewalk in a single block. These varying levels created currents of air, converting the sidewalks into roaring chimneys. Glowing embers falling into the cracks between the boards found dry and combustible material, so that in an incredibly short time the very avenues of escape became fiery furnaces."

Another time, when referring to the fire, my mother recalled, "All the children in our neighborhood knew Father as their friend. When the Great Fire came, one little girl called out to him, 'Mr. Moody, save my doll!' She knew so well he would help her if he could."

Putting together the scraps of information concerning that tragic night is like picking up pieces of a jigsaw puzzle that represent blue sky. Two other details that came out at odd times were these—in Emma Moody's own reminiscences:

"When I was about twenty I had an attack that resembled palsy. Mother took me at once to one of the finest nerve specialists in New York. He asked me if I remembered having an awful shock in my childhood. Finally he traced what he was looking for back to the night of the Chicago Fire. I remember I was so terrified that when Mother had put my dress on I started to rush out of the front door into the street. There was an old woman who beckoned to me to follow her. But my dress caught in the door on my way out."

Again, "Two weeks after it was all over I remember Father's driving Mother and Willie and me back to the ruins of our house. Father got down in the ruins, going over everything with a cane. The only thing of value that he found was a little toy iron stove of mine, in perfect condition. I have it yet [now in the Moody Memorial Museum]. This was the only thing saved from the conflagration except his well-worn Bible, which he carried away in his hand, and the painting Mother carried away under her arm."

As for the rest of that harrowing winter, Will Moody writes, "Though Mrs. Moody and the children stayed with relatives during the winter months, Moody slept in the tabernacle with a corps of fellow workers (a temporary building known as the North Side Tabernacle, built with three thousand dollars he had raised on a flying trip East and a building which served as a center for his relief work). The winds from Lake Michigan searched through the cracks and crevices and made it difficult to keep warm. He often told with amusement how, on retiring, shoes were carefully placed over knot holes to protect the sleepers from the chilling draughts that penetrated the floor."

The Moodys had experienced other smaller fires in Chicago, but it may have been partly due to the results of the Great Fire of 1871 that they made their next and only home in Northfield, Massachusetts.

With his church destroyed, his home and its cherished belongings lost, and nothing to build on but charred ruins, even a man of the faith and vision of D. L. Moody must have wondered what the future held for him in the city of his choice. Time and Destiny were to reveal and work out the answers to his anxious concern. We know

now that not only was he to help maintain two enterprises already started—namely, the publishing company of his brother-in-law, Fleming H. Revell, celebrating its 75th anniversary in 1943; and what was later to be called the Moody Memorial Church, erected in 1924, fourth in line from the original Illinois Street Church, dedicated in 1864—but also to start in 1886 the school now called The Moody Bible Institute of Chicago. Established by Mr. Moody as the Chicago Evangelization Society, it was given his name after his death. Built on the solid foundation of a vision and purpose which was God-given, the Institute has carried on through the intervening years an educational ministry which has trained not only Christian workers for this country but also missionaries preaching the gospel around the world. He planned well, and God has kept the Institute true to that plan and purpose.

The student personnel of the Institute consisted in its early years of men and women who wished to devote their lives to forms of Christian work outside the regular ministry. Of this large group Mr. Moody wrote a friend in 1890, "I am thankful to tell you that I have some splendid men and women in the field. My school work will not tell much until the century closes, but when I am gone I shall leave some grand men and women behind." As time went on the former students found places as pastors and full-time workers, who have been blessed of God to serve with distinction and faithfulness in places both great and small. So pleased was the founder with the results of the Institute in Chicago that while he was in Scotland in 1892 he organized a similar school, which is still functioning.

After the Chicago Fire Mr. Moody did a far greater piece of constructive work than he had ever done before,

reaching uncounted thousands, if not millions, through his co-workers in the Church and Institute, and through the books published by his wife's brother and his own Colportage Association founded in 1894. This organization served as a publishing and distributing agency for popular-priced editions of Mr. Moody's sermons. It also established free book funds, still operating, which have through the intervening years given literature without cost to underprivileged groups, missionary enterprises, soldiers, and sailors. It has provided a dependable source of supply for orthodox Christian literature.

Surely the results of Mr. Moody's experiences in this field after the Great Fire should be symbolic for us in this era of devastation and uncertain outlook. It is a time which calls for vision and courage.

PROLONGED VISIT TO THE
BRITISH ISLES, 1873 - 75

OF ALL the extended trips made by D. L. Moody to Great Britain, the one in which Emma Revell shared most and about which she kept the only detailed diary, was that started in June, 1873.

Among preliminary arrangements for that expedition, the following scene took place between D. L. Moody and a close business friend of his. We see them sitting in one of the reception rooms of a New York hotel, deep in conversation. The preacher is saying, "I cannot understand it. No word has come from England yet. Three days ago when you came here to see me, I gave you four hundred and fifty dollars to invest for me, I was so certain that I would hear from my English friends any moment. Friends in London, Newcastle-on-Tyne, and Dublin urged me to make this trip, saying that they would pay all the expenses for traveling and entertainment of the Sankeys and myself. Sankey, you know, is America's foremost gospel singer; and the friends abroad wanted him to come over and help in my meetings. A check for our expenses should have come long ago, but it hasn't. All arrangements for steamship reservations have been made, and now the time for sailing is at hand."

The friend said, "Tell me how I can help you."

And Mr. Moody went on, "I am afraid I will have to ask you to give me back every cent of the money I asked you to invest. For three days my wife and I have watched

every mail. We have even inquired for cables, feeling sure that some word from Mr. Pennyfather, the chief backer of this tour, would reach us before the date of sailing was due. I must either cancel our reservations and give up the trip or raise the necessary funds today."

* * *

Next we see the S. S. "City of Paris" as it glides into the docks at Liverpool, the Moodys and Sankeys disembarking, and their transportation to a Liverpool hotel. After the American party has registered, they are shown to their bedrooms, all except Dwight Moody, who remains at the desk inquiring for mail.

Of this emergency, Will Moody has written, "On reaching Liverpool, June 17, 1873, the cause of the non-receipt of the promised funds was at once apparent. All three of the cordial friends on whose invitation Mr. Moody had depended for moral and financial support had been called to be with their Lord."

A Scottish friend commenting on this predicament, in later years, said, "They had come in 1873 invited by Rev. William Pennyfather of Mildmay and Mr. Bainbridge of Newcastle. The men were both taken away before Mr. Moody's arrival in England. It must have been trying, but I have no doubt they were thereby taught to cast themselves more directly on God for all that they required."

* * *

After inquiring for letters from the above-mentioned gentlemen, as well as from Henry Bewley of Dublin, Ireland, Dwight Moody goes up to the hotel rooms where Emma Revell and the rest of the party await him. With a heavy heart he tells them exactly what he has learned in the office below. We can imagine Mrs. Moody, with

her calm and serene manner, diverting the children's attention while the older men are discussing ways and means and are questioning what steps they will take next and where to begin with their new plans. Knowing her husband's ingenuity, already famous in his early Chicago days, the wife's continued faith assures her that if anyone can "find a way," he can.

But while she is relying on her husband's wits, she is wasting no thoughts herself. With her usual habit of lending a helping hand, presently she says, "Are you sure you opened all the mail you received just before we left New York? Those last days were confusing. In the rush of paying for our reservations at the last minute, and with the hours confined to our cabins with seasickness on the way over, perhaps you overlooked some last letter, my dear."

Then Mr. Moody starts hunting through the pockets of his suits and in one of them finds an unopened letter. He tears it open, reads it hurriedly, and then, with great relief, says to the little group, "Only a few minutes ago I said to Sankey, 'God seems to have closed the doors. We will not open them ourselves. If He opens the door, we will go in; otherwise we will return to America.' And now by this forgotten letter we have every indication to believe that He sent us a sign in our discouragement and disappointment."

No doubt the adults in that hotel room ask, "Whom is the letter from?"

The reply is, "It is from a Mr. Bennet of the York Y.M.C.A. saying that if I ever come to England again, he hopes I will speak for his association. The door is only ajar; but we will consider the letter as God's hand leading us to York, and we will go there."

Next we see the Moody family in a London railway station where D. L. is putting Emma Revell and Emma and Willie on a train for Leytonstone, home of the married sister Matie, now Mrs. Alfred Sharpe; and then, with Mr. Sankey, he takes a train for York.

After the first hours of establishing themselves in the Leytonstone household are over, we see the two Revell sisters taking their children on many excursions—to the Zoological Gardens one day and another time to Regent's Park; and upon another occasion we see the little flock with some of their neighbors making their way to the West India Dock.

There the little boys and girls line up behind the ropes holding back the public from the royal spectacle they are about to witness. Above the heads of the youngsters may be seen Emma Revell, Sister Matie, and other fond mothers. According to the family diary started at this time, Emma Revell writes, "Between great throngs of people we saw the Shah of Persia pass, then the Prince and Princess of Wales, next the Czarina and Czarovitch of Russia, followed by many other members of the royal family."

The days with the Sharpe cousins pass quickly, and soon we see Emma Revell clutching the hands of her two children as they descend from a train that has just pulled into a station called York. Her husband and his friends meet her, and soon she is to know that the uncertainty of their future plans has, for the time being, passed.

From my mother's memoirs, this—"Although I was a small child at that time, when I saw the name 'York' in my mother's diary, a certain scene came to mind.

"We must have been entertained there by the doctor of the insane asylum. His house joined the retreat, if I

remember correctly, by a bridge or a long hallway. My brother Willie and I were allowed to play on the grounds with the harmless inmates. Years later mother told me of her uneasiness as she watched us play ball with those poor souls.

"One night Father and Mother were roused at midnight by a cry from Willie. They rushed into his room to find his bed empty. After thoroughly searching the doctor's house, where we were staying, the doctors and nurses were awakened and every room examined. It seems that after every patient was accounted for, they finally discovered that the little fellow—he was only about four years old—had fallen out of bed, uttered the cry that aroused my parents, rolled under the bed, and then fallen fast asleep."

Another scene indelibly written on my mother's memory was this, in her own words, "While we were in York we were taken to the railway station to see Queen Victoria and the Princess Beatrice pass through on their way to Balmoral. It was their custom to stop over at York and have luncheon in the station. Great preparations were planned for this. I can remember quite plainly the red carpet laid down for Her Majesty to walk on and how it was all roped off. The crowds were kept outside the ropes, and through the kindness of one of father's friends we had splendid positions. At that time my mother was dressing Willie as a little Scottish boy, and such a handsome little lad he was. Just as the train was ready to start North, the Queen and Princess Beatrice were standing at the carriage window, receiving the people's homage, when suddenly Willie made one dive under the ropes; and then, pausing directly in front of the royal carriage, he stood looking straight up at the Queen. Some of the officials rushed up to take him away; but the Queen put

a stop to that, smiling down at the little fellow. He was allowed to stand there until the train pulled out.

"I remember I felt we were disgraced forever, but ended by envying my brother who had received the smiles of the Queen of England."

* * *

In describing the high lights of the experiences that followed, I shall quote, here and there, from Emma Revell's little brown diary.

"July 5—30 years old today. Took the children to see York Minster. A beautiful cathedral.

"July 12—Went with Dr. Kitching, D. L., children and party to visit Castle Howard, the residence of the Earl of Carlisle.

"August 25—Came to Newcastle-on-Tyne after a stay of five weeks in Sunderland."

From Newcastle Emma Revell wrote to her family in Chicago:

"A meeting was arranged for mothers whose home duties did not permit them to attend the regular services. The ladies themselves [of Newcastle] went to the poorest, meanest streets and told the women to come and bring their babies with them. Such a squealing! First a bass voice, then a shrill tenor, then a go-between. I could not help thinking of the Pied Piper of Hamelin town when he charmed the rats from the houses. Their squeals were in fifty different sharps and flats, and I thought it was a good deal so with the babies. But the poor women listened while the tears ran down their faces, and Mr. Sankey and Mr. Moody were both able to continue their talks remarkably well."

Other towns are mentioned, and then she writes:

"Oct. 29—Took a long ramble through the Bishop of Durham's park—a most lovely place of natural and varied scenery.

"Nov. 2—Emma was so much interested in the evening with the account of the crucifixion of Jesus and said she would love Him and serve Him. May she be one of His lambs!" [As I copy these words a stone marker is being placed over the grave of Emma Moody. The inscription reads: "A Devoted Follower of Christ." So the young mother's dream for her child came true.]

From Gateshead, one of the towns visited, she had written to Emma Manning:

"I am back here again for a few days while Mr. Moody is making a flying trip this week. He goes to four different places to preach this week. I had an urgent invitation from Mrs. Clapham to stay with her, and I thought it best on the children's account to do so. Monday Mr. Moody was in Middleton in Teesdale; and as he would be there only one day, he had three meetings arranged, preaching morning, afternoon, and evening. In the morning the church was packed. In the afternoon, more than full. In the evening the meeting was to commence at seven; but by six o'clock two churches were full—one had become full to overflowing, and they opened another, which filled immediately, and Mr. Moody spoke in both. He is working pretty hard, but has so much change with it and is so well that I hope it won't hurt him. . . . Sister Mary had quite a sick time, though the last I heard she was better. She

had a cramp in her toe for three months, but it has gone. I have written her to be very careful, and I think she will. . . . Emma and Willie are quite well, and I am getting along better with them than I thought I could."

"Dec. 23—Arrived in Edinburgh and came to Dr. Blaikie's. D. L. very hoarse. Prof. Simpson [of the family famed for the discovery of the use of chloroform] sent for.

"Dec. 25—Christmas at Dr. Blaikie's. Had a nice present of a writing case from the Blaikie family. D. L. dined with the Jubilee Singers. I took the children to the Glass Works." [My mother adds, "We were presented with a number of gifts. One of mine was a Jacob's ladder, and then there were pieces of glass with our names, 'Emma' and 'Willie,' on them." E. P.]

1874

The New Year of 1874 ushered in, among many other blessings, a new and wonderful friendship for the entire Moody family, that of the Peter Mackinnons, whom they first met in Edinburgh. Often throughout the following pages their names will appear. The last gift of Mrs. Mackinnon to Emma Revell was a leather volume called "Recollections of 1874. Part I, Work in Scotland; Part II, Work in Ireland." The book's inscription is "To Mrs. D. L. Moody with much love and tender memories from Mrs. Peter Mackinnon, Ronachan, Feb. 5 [underlined], 1900." It was a sweet and thoughtful gift to the widow of D. L. Moody on the first anniversary of his birthday after his death. It is also an invaluable record of all the details of the Moodys' sojourn in the British Isles during

this period, many of which were not recorded in Emma Revell's brief diary.

Mrs. Mackinnon's opening words are, "It is full time now, if ever it is to be done, that I should note down my memories, ere they quite fade, of that memorable and special 'Time of Blessing' our land was favored with during the past two years of 1874 and 1875." She goes on to say that she and her husband had been on the Continent when they had received word of the two American evangelists. But as soon as they came North, "it was well on in January—the first thing I did was to run in to Edinburgh to see for myself what the work of the two Americans, Moody and Sankey, was like."

At first she watched the crowds cautiously, but was able to report that coming to the meetings "the people gathered like snowflakes, noiselessly and quickly."

Again Mrs. Peter Mackinnon comments on the crowds when she adds this, "What quiet joy and decorum there was among the crowds coming and going! While hundreds or thousands listened [to Mr. Moody] with intense interest to his words, he himself seemed to be forgotten. The subject—which was the gospel always—quite covered up the speaker." Yet the writer of these words admits that a friend said to her, "The magnetic influence is so strong in him, I was in danger of being moved by the human more than the divine."

Feb. 5 is the next date mentioned in Emma Revell's diary, and the notation is this:

"At Mrs. Mackie's in Dundee. D. L. just 37 years old today."

"The name of Mackie has always brought a flood of memories to my brother and myself," my mother

wrote in her half-finished memoirs. "We have reminiscences never to be forgotten of that lovely home in the Highlands, Glenrich. Mrs. Mackie became very fond of Mother, and a warm friendship sprang up between them. The house at Glenrich had one main floor. It was a large rambling house. I can remember tea being served just after we arrived there and Mother's great delight over the exquisite china, white with maiden-hair fern design on it.

"Mrs. Mackie must have wanted Mother to have a good rest, and so a nurse was engaged to look after my brother and myself. It was such a happy time there, and we loved the place. Mr. Grimmond, Mrs. Mackie's brother, taught us how to fish; and we had long walks with him. One plan was to get out of their carriage at the lodge and walk to the house. Just one mile."

The names of the following towns come in rapid succession in Emma Revell's diary—Glasgow, Helensburgh, Greenock, Paisley, and then back to Edinburgh, where her husband preached on Arthur's Seat to ten thousand people. Emma Moody says they were detained in Edinburgh "because Willie had a slight attack of diphtheria."

"July 13 (diary)—Went to call on the Laird of Culloden, Mr. Forbes and wife, nice people. Saw Prince Charlie's bed, on which he slept before the battle of Culloden; also the dungeon in which were kept seven prisoners three days without food. The battle was fought near the house, which was then a castle.

"July 30—D. L. preached in Elgin. A large number listened on Lady Hill.

"Aug. 9—D. L. preached on the lawn in front of Craig Castle to a large crowd of people gathered from miles around.

"Aug. 11—Left last night for Wick, but had such a stormy passage that the boat could not land. We were obliged to pass it and go on to Thurso, making the voyage six hours longer than we expected and very rough. D. L. very sick. Children and I very uncomfortable. Took train from Thurso to Wick. D. L. not well enough to speak, as he had expected to.

"Aug. 13—Went to John O'Groat's. On the way visited an old castle built on the rocks and formerly inhabited by pirates. From John O'Groat's house went on farther north to the very most northern point of land in Scotland, called Duncansby Head. The great fissures in the rocks and their formation filled us with wonder. On our return, as we came in sight of John O'Groat's, we found a company of one hundred people, who, having heard that D. L. Moody had passed that way, waited, hoping for a few words from him. He addressed them on John 1:12. Many of the old people were in tears. [This more than almost any other scene recorded in the small diary has a New Testament flavor—E.P.]

"Aug. 14—Went this morning to the wharf to see the fishing boats come in. A large haul of herring last night. The night had been stormy; and with the loss of fifteen nets, no further injury sustained. It was computed that 1000 boats, with 15 krans of herring each, had come, worth \$75,000 altogether. Some fine faces among the fishermen. Many of them Highlanders. The season of the herring lasting

two months makes this town a busy place just now. 4000 Highlanders, fishermen, are here just now.

"Aug. 23—The Duke and Duchess of Sutherland drove over, with party, to hear D. L.

"Aug. 25—D. L. preached at the Duchess' request at Goldspie at noon, and afterwards lunched at the castle.

"Aug. 29—Started from Oban by steamer . . . until at last we reached the Firth of Clyde. Mr. Mackinnon met us at Ardrishaig and had arranged carriages for our party at Tarbert. We drove 11 miles to Mr. William Mackinnon's for tea and then took the rest of the drive to Campbeltown, making in all a drive of 40 miles, but a most delightful drive in spite of our fatigue."

In Emma Revell's little brown diary some notations are so brief that one gets the impression that all she hoped to do, in her itinerant life of almost "one-night stands," was just to keep a record of the places visited with the corresponding dates. Thanks to the devoted Scottish friend, who considered it one of the great privileges of her life to entertain the Moody family, we find a more detailed account of this period in the Mackinnon "Recollections." From her journal I quote now.

"On Friday, Peter [her husband] went to Balinakil, and the next day to Ardrishaig, to meet them all. Our expectations and excitement at home were great. A carriage and a wagonette were to go to Tarbert for them. On Saturday night, at last, at ten o'clock our travelers arrived, very, very tired, as they well might be, Willie fast asleep, Emma nearly so."

She tells of the difficulties in organizing the mission about to be held.

“Dear Helen [her sister] had, all unknown to me, great trouble and care about the choir. What universally found troubles are choirs and beadles! But all our fatigues were forgotten in the joy of really having amongst us the man whom God had so wonderfully owned, of having him in our home, to know him and talk to him in ordinary daily life.”

One scene of leisure hours she describes thus,

“Mr. Moody lay on the dining room sofa after he came in from a long talk and walk with a Scottish friend, Willie was on him, Emma beside him, and Mrs. Moody at his feet. It was a pretty picture, none the less so to me that my dear one’s portrait hung right above them—she herself truly above us all; and far better, for with Christ.* I remember I took Emma beside me to see her size and learn her age. I asked her if she liked Scotland, to which she answered decidedly, ‘No.’ I liked her for that. It reminded me of my own one’s straight-forward utterances of her real opinion, sometimes to my discomfiture. And now Mrs. Moody was a little troubled about Emma’s answer.

“Monday [following] we spent pleasantly. As far as I can remember, Mr. Moody played with the children, who were very happy there, especially Emma, who had Isabella Love and Jenny Johnson as companions. How happy they all were catching crabs at the little quays. Willie did not seem so fond of the sea as Emma.

*More is said of her only child at the end of this chapter.

"On Tuesday we drove to Davaar, where Mr. Moody insisted that he must play some croquet and see the greenhouses. After I introduced some Paisley friends and Aunt Brunton, we drove about a little. The gentlemen got out and walked up the hill. Mr. Moody put Miss Cotton [a wonderful Bible teacher] in the carriage with Mrs. Moody and me. We three ladies got interested talking and forgot all about the poor pedestrians. However, we did hear their cries at last and stopped. I was sorry. Mr. Moody kept saying 'Another cousin,' as one after another was introduced. We had a delightful little time, race, scramble, lunch, fun till Mr. Moody thought he would like to get back and rest. He was supposed to be resting here! We stopped by the way at Matheson's to order some clothes, with which, when he got them, he was so well pleased, he thought he must send to Campbeltown when he wanted a coat. . . . Willie and Emma seem fine children, very well trained in the essential things, obedience to a parent's law and obedience to God's law."

Once more the beadle was obnoxious when he tried to cross swords with Mr. Moody. Mrs. Mackinnon gives this amusing account.

"We all thought it was a good joke that D—, the beadle, would not obey Mr. Moody, who at the after-work meeting kept shutting a door through which a dreadful draft was blowing. The beadle would open it in spite of Mr. Moody's orders. So at last Mr. Moody locked it and put the key in his pocket."

Later the Scottish lady writes:

“And so the time for parting came. It was decided that Mr. Moody should go to Rothesay and preach at Clachan on the way, and this involved a very early start. It was necessary to leave the house a quarter before seven, to get to Balinakill in time for breakfast. I gave Mrs. Moody the Athole Tartan shawl I had taken from Inverness [We still have it—E. P.] We saw them go off at the gate, as they came, quietly as other people do; to them only one more place visited and a new friendship formed—to us, a great event had happened, and a much-thought-of and a much-desired time come and gone.

“The next day, Saturday, September 4th, saw Mr. Moody leave Scotland, where he had labored unsparingly for nine months. He had endeared himself to all who had had the privilege of knowing him personally. He went as he came, quietly, unobtrusively, then unknown and cautiously received, now beloved by most, and followed hard by the prayers of the people.”

If Emma Revell had any doubts in her mind when she landed in Liverpool in 1873 as to what the destiny of her family was to be, by the time they left Scotland in the fall of 1874 “the writing on the wall” must have been clear enough for anyone to read. Perhaps, when they had landed and found themselves without funds, without friends, and without any plans for the future, her reaction may have been—“We belong in America, and it is God’s will that D. L. should find his life work in Chicago where his roots are deep and his supporters loyal and enthusiastic.” But from the moment that her husband found

"the door ajar" and went in, there was no question in her mind about God's plans for them. To be called to Edinburgh, one of the world's great seats of learning, and to be accepted by all classes of men and minds must have convinced her that her husband did not belong to any one town or city, or any one country, but that he belonged to the world.

There is neither time nor space here to follow the Moody quartette into the places in Ireland where they "stayed put" for a few days or weeks, or on their many short journeys in that island. Among all Mrs. Mackinnon's notes on D. L. Moody in Ireland, we catch occasional glimpses of Emma Revell and her children. There are references to them such as these: "It was a pleasure to see a little more of Mrs. Moody and the children. Willie and Emma were not very well. Willie's eyes were very weak, and he needed great attention." Again, "The Bible Readings were at two o'clock, so of course a great many people kept their seats from one o'clock and went out only for a few minutes. Going home from the noon meeting, Mrs. Moody said she saw a sight quite new to her—the streets well filled with ladies running, with a Bible in one hand and a bun in the other."

The Mackinnons, like several other families, followed Mr. Moody from town to town on his tours. Of one of their personal reunions she writes thus:

"Mr. Moody with his wife and Emma came up to the hotel in the evening on their way home from their Saturday in the country. They looked so bright and happy, and he seemed rested, and with his seal-skin cap he looked the old friend of Glasgow days again, and the Murray plaid was thrown over his shoulders."

Now to go back to other versions of the trip to Ireland, beginning with Emma Revell's diary.

"Sept. 3—Left Campbeltown at 7 a. m. en route for Rothesay. Drove to Mr. Mackinnon's [a brother of Peter] 27 miles, for breakfast. D. L. then preached in the church nearby from 'What Christ Is to Us.' Then we proceeded to Tarbert to take the steamer 'Iona' for Rothesay. When we arrived about 4 p. m. D. L. preached outdoors, as the church could not contain near all who wished to hear. Rothesay is a most beautiful place; it is thought the bay is much like the Bay of Naples.

"Sept. 4—Left Rothesay early in the morning, I taking the children to Kirn, and then to Hafton House, D. L. going to Greenock. . . . D. L. came for us in the afternoon, and we all went to Greenock to take the steamer for Belfast.

"Sept. 5—Arrived in Belfast early in the morning and were taken to Mr. Workman's 'Ceara House.'"

From Emma Moody's memoirs:

"It was at the Workman's my brother Willie and I had such fun with a pet monkey. Mother had a horror of it; and the monkey seemed to realize she was afraid of it, so it took great pleasure in teasing her.

"One time stands out in my mind more than any other. We were all at the table just before the Workmans, father and mother, were going to the evening service. Mother had her bonnet on. Over the dining room table was a chandelier; and, unknown to everyone, the monkey was hiding in it.

Suddenly, without warning, the monkey made a leap on to mother's head. It was one of the few times I ever heard her scream.

"The Workmans must have lived on the outskirts of Belfast, for I remember the beautiful lawns surrounding the house. . . . Mrs. Workman, out of the kindness of her heart, got a nurse for us children so that mother could attend some of the meetings."

To resume the diary:

"Oct. 26—Dublin. Nearly a month since I wrote last. Have been much occupied. Arrived here October 17th, the first meeting being on the 18th in Exhibition Hall. An immense crowd present, estimated at from ten to fifteen thousand."

Re Dublin, Will Moody wrote in 1930,

"Dublin was no less cordial to Moody than Ulster. Priests and many of the Roman Catholic faith, whom he never attacked, attended his mission. To such an extent had Moody won the heart of Dublin that in the theatres an effort to burlesque the meetings was promptly met with marked disfavor. During a pantomime at one of the Dublin theatres a clown entered and said, 'I feel rather Moody.' His companion rejoined, 'I feel rather Sankeymonious.' Upon this the gallery hissed them; and then, not content with a negative form of expressing respect, someone started, 'Hold the fort, for I am coming,' [a Moody and Sankey hymn], and according to an English journal the whole assembly in the higher story joined in the chorus, and the curtain fell until the hymn was concluded."

On November 23 Emma Revell wrote,

“Beginning to get ready to leave Dublin.

“Nov. 26—Arrived in London. D. L. to Manchester. The children and I to Hampstead.”

Apparently, from Mrs. Mackinnon’s “Recollections,” the Moodys spent their second Christmas away from their native land in Manchester, England, for she notes,

“Peter went to see Mr. Moody in Manchester and stayed a couple of days—spent Christmas with him, indeed.”

While Mr. Moody and Mr. Sankey were busy in some of the big industrial towns Emma Revell felt it her duty to take her children southward for their health. From Manchester the evangelists went to Sheffield and finally came to Liverpool again. Happily, for the peace of mind of the young wife and mother in the south of England, she did not know of a serious danger that confronted D. L. until after the experience was over. It occurred in Liverpool.

Regarding this Will Moody wrote,

“The incident made a deep impression on him. It seemed a supernatural intervention, and for that reason he never referred to it in public. During the Civil War in America, sympathy with the cause of the South had been predominant in Liverpool, due largely to the close association through the cotton interests. Because of this, the press in Liverpool had been outspoken in its criticism of the [Moody] mission. At this time Moody was alone, his family being with friends in the country. Naturally a fear-

less man, he could not account for a peculiar sense of dread which came upon him suddenly. If anyone approached him rapidly from behind, he would draw aside to let him pass or would cross the road. On returning to his hotel after service, he locked his door, looked under the bed, and examined his closet. This continued for several days until his anxiety about himself was greatly aroused. He questioned if the strain of continuous work for more than a year might possibly have affected his mind. He told no one of the cloud under which he was working.

"At the close of a service one day he was detained by his committee, who formed a circle about him. They engaged in conversation which to Moody seemed trifling and unusual. Surely they knew that he was tired and anxious to get rest. After a little while an officer of the police force came up, and, touching his cap, reported that they 'had the man.' It was then explained to Moody that for a week the police had been trying to locate a maniac who had escaped from a local asylum. He had divulged to somebody that he felt himself commissioned by the Almighty to assassinate the Yankee preacher, and he had been seeking an opportunity to achieve this end. Unwittingly Moody had protected himself."

1875

On January 6 Emma Revell made another entry in her diary which was, "Emma, Willie, and I came to Bournemouth for the sake of a warmer and drier climate for Willie."

About this town Emma Moody wrote,

"I have always associated Bournemouth with one person. Though only a child I can still remember Lady Cairns. In Mrs. Mackinnon's book she says that Lord Cairns, who was then the Lord Chancellor of England, and Lady Cairns constantly attended the meetings in London . . . Many of Lady Cairns' letters to Mother are still preserved.* During our stay in Bournemouth she meant so much to mother. Those separations from Father were never easy, and there must have been some very lonely days for her in Bournemouth.

"March 8 (diary)—Came from Bournemouth with the children. Staying here in the north of London with Mr. Sands. Meetings held nightly in Agricultural Hall. D. L. preaching to fifteen to twenty thousand."

Emma Moody adds this detail,

"Mr. Sands was a bachelor, who lived with his sister. While staying with him we were taken to his country home. I do not know the name of the town, but I think it was 40 or 50 miles out of London. The house itself was an old manor house. I can remember only the dining room. Years later I asked mother if it was true that the walls of the dining room were carved from floor to ceiling in wood that looked black, beautifully done. The whole life of Christ was pictured out in this carved wood. Another thing that lingers in my memory is that attar of roses was in the water in the finger bowls at dinner.

*Appear in Part Two.

"One scene comes to my mind while we were guests in Mr. Sands' London home. My brother Willie wanted to take a cork out of a bottle; and in trying to get it out, he broke the bottle and swallowed a bit of glass. Mother quietly filled the child's mouth with bread [a scene re-enacted by Emma Moody years later with one of her grandchildren] and made him swallow any amount of it. When the doctor arrived, he told mother it was exactly what he would have done had he been there. There were no bad effects, I am thankful to say."

Though the record of this prolonged visit to the British Isles ends abruptly in Emma Revell's diary with—

"Aug. 4—Sailed from Liverpool to New York.

"Aug. 14—Reached New York.

"Aug. 16—Arrived in Northfield, where we stayed until Oct. 2,"

still its memories lingered on till the last week of my mother's life.

"Hafton Days" and "Campbeltown Days" were relived over and over again, especially when reviewing the past with her brother Will. Before his death in 1933 we noticed that they talked more often of their childhood than of the present decade or of the near future.

Going back to Campbeltown days, my mother said of the Mackinnons,

"Their only child died of diphtheria on a dahabeyeh on the Nile. I have no idea how long before we came to Campbeltown they had gone through this tragedy, but Mrs. Mackinnon took me to a cer-

tain room and gave me many lovely toys that had belonged to the little girl. From the first time that I met Mrs. Mackinnon I was showered with gifts. I have always felt it was because I was so near the age of her daughter at the time of her death. Mother also felt that was the reason."

There is a letter from Emma Revell to Mrs. Mackinnon regarding this child's death.

"Victoria House, St. John's Wood Road,
"Bournemouth, January 23, 1875

"My dear Mrs. Mackinnon,

"Your kind letter, which I think was the second since mine, I have received. I do not think your looking back into the past can be wrong if it only causes you more to look to Jesus. I am sure the void must have been dreadful and unbearable if you had not a Comforter more than an earthly one when you lost your dear child. Did you ever notice in Job that when God restored to him his possessions twofold, He gave him only the same number of children that he had at first? So God did not count Job's children lost to him, I think. Perhaps you have already noticed this."

Thus ends the first paragraph of the letter from one mother to another.

When the Emma and Willie of this book grew up, I recall Emma saying to her brother,

"Will, do you remember that it was at Hafton that we had such an exciting experience? Burglars entered the house at midnight. I called out to the nurse that I heard some one. Her answer was,

“Tush! tush! keep still, child, or you’ll wake Miss Janey!”

“Great was the excitement the next morning when they discovered that most of the silver was gone, also two boats which the burglars used to catch the Glasgow steamer. Later we heard that as the steamer neared Glasgow the burglars became suspicious that they were being watched, and they threw the silver overboard. The burglars were met at the pier by the police.

“For nights after that, in fact until we returned to Glasgow, Mrs. Smith had the servants stand pokers and tongs against all the doors downstairs, until everyone in the house was unnerved by the noise each night of pokers and tongs falling down. As the hallway was all made of stone—floors, walls, and ceiling—each fall would sound like a cannon going off.

“I have never forgotten that wonderful house. Many of my happiest memories of childhood were connected with Hafton. Will, do you remember hide-and-seek all over the place, even hiding in the dungeons [there were 25 under the place] until the Allen boys* thought it was a lark to lock us in one? After some of the awful tales they told us of what had gone on in this house in olden days, we were quite willing to give up the dungeon.

“In the hallway stood many figures in full armor.

“And, Will, can’t you remember that it was at Hafton we had the grand games with a kangaroo, a great pet, which Harry Allen had brought back from Australia?”

*Of the Allen Steamship Line.

But Willie was only five years old when all these things happened; and although he could not recall all his sister's memories, still he loved to hear her relate episodes of their exciting childhood. Always interested in the life of David Livingstone, he tried to remember the day in the Allen's home, Park Gardens, Glasgow, when Livingstone's daughter called on them. She brought a photograph of herself and her father taken when she was a child when he was home on his last furlough to Great Britain.

The photograph is now among the relics of that two-year visit in Great Britain, preserved in the Moody Memorial Museum in Northfield.

* * *

Certain scenes and periods of a life history often recall familiar music. As I have written this chapter about the growing interest and human hunger for what Moody had to give, it has seemed as though the underlying musical theme was, "Oh that I knew where I might find Him!"

THE OLD HOME, 1875

It is 1875, and we are standing on the deck of a steamer coming up the New York Harbor. Beside us is a family of four: a brown-haired man with dark eyes and a full beard; a slender, genteel-looking mother of thirty-two, whose dark hairs are shot through with premature gray caused by the Chicago Fire; a round-faced little girl of eleven with green-gray eyes and long brown hair held back from her forehead by a circular ribbon, tied around her head in Alice-in-Wonderland fashion; and, lastly, the fourth member of the party, a boy of seven, the Willie of this story.

The brother is full of questions about what they will do in New York. The sister listens attentively as she hears her mother say, "Children, as soon as our boat docks in New York we will find our luggage, then drive right over to the train that will take us to Northfield."

"But where is Northfield? Have I ever been there?" the boy questions.

"Oh, it's up in the hills north of here," answers Emma Moody. "No, you have never been there; but I have," teasingly.

"Maybe you have," blurts out Willie, "but you can't remember a thing about it, can she, Mother? You said Emma was a tiny baby when you took her there, didn't you?"

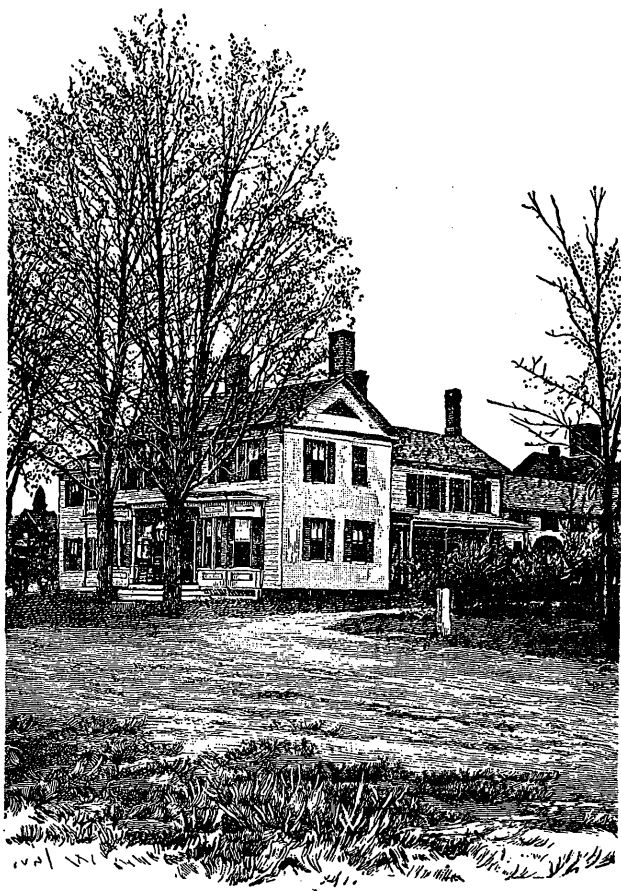
But by now the boat has reached its goal, and no one has time to answer any more questions in the hustle and bustle of unloading passengers and trunks.

We must hurry ahead of the four Moodys in order to be in Massachusetts in time for their home-coming.

On the east side of the Connecticut River the railroad station nearest to Northfield is nine miles southward, a place called Groat's Corners—now Millers Falls. But the station used most frequently by the largest number of travelers is South Vernon, two miles distant on the west side of the river. There, in 1875, stood a small rural structure, inconspicuous and cramped by diverging tracks, giving no hint of the importance of some of its clientele, nor of the significance of the route on which it is located. The tracks that passed the tiny station are a main artery, the only direct line through New England connecting New York City with Montreal, Canada. Twice in Christmas week of 1941 Winston Churchill passed over this route, and on his return trip from Canada his train paused for a few moments on New Year's Eve just north of Vernon to welcome the challenging year of 1942.

On the August day of the Moody's home-coming we see two of D. L.'s brothers waiting at South Vernon with horses and wagons prepared to transport family and baggage back to their mother's homestead across the river. [At the time of the Massachusetts Tercentennial some of those early vehicles were exhibited. One is in our barn now.]

A cloud of smoke to the south of the station and the shrill shriek of a locomotive announce the arrival of the train that soon puffs into the depot. Then Dwight, Emma, and their two children leave the New York train; and after welcomes and greetings have been exchanged, Brother George stows passengers in the first wagon and baggage in the second, and the perilous journey home is commenced.



The Old Home in 1875

I say "perilous journey," because in the first quarter mile of their drive they have to pass over two railroad crossings, minus any signals or attendants. That feat accomplished, ahead of them lies a mile of road bearing in a southeasterly direction toward a covered bridge. Except for a ferry at Northfield Farms, this is the only means the public had of crossing the Connecticut River for a distance of about twenty-two miles. There are many legends about this old bridge. One story I heard as a child described how a female sleep-walker in our town one night put on a fur cape over her long flowing night gown, walked down Main Street, and crossed the bridge without waking. Indeed she did not "come to" until she found herself in a graveyard in West Northfield.

But to get back to the Moody caravan. Upon reaching the east bank, the party has to climb a hill to Main Street, turn northward until they reach the road where we first encountered D. L. and there climbing Moody Hill, their drive terminates in Betsy Holton's front yard. Once before in our imagination we have seen this farmhouse; and the view, the trees, the wood pile, and the tool shed look familiar.

As soon as George's passengers arrive, they greet Betsy Holton, who has come out on her front door step to welcome her wandering son. After a hasty salutation to their Spartan grandmother, Emma and Willie rush off with their young cousins to explore the barns, orchards, live stock, and especially the chickens, which are to play so important a role in the near future of the Moodys' lives.

Soon after their return to Northfield Mr. Moody learned from his mother that her neighbor, Elisha Alexander, was making an issue of the boundary line which

ran between their adjoining properties; her hens crossed over into his cornfield. Paul Moody writes, "Disputes of this sort always distressed my father, and his solution was short and direct. He made an offer to the neighbor for his farm, impulsively and over generously."

The annoyance of Mr. Alexander must have turned to amazement when he heard the sum. \$3500 was accepted as his price for the farm. Yankees, used to dickering weeks, months, and sometimes years over a boundary line dispute or a sale of property, were not used to the whirlwind methods employed by the man who had once been a successful Chicago shoe salesman.

But if the neighbor was astonished by the speed of the business transaction and the financial agreement between D. L. and himself, we may be sure that Betsy Holton's household was all but paralyzed by the news when it reached their ears. Money had always been scarce with them, and the old mother must have had serious misgivings when she realized that her tale of woe about the hens had prompted this action.

At the end of that momentous day, when brothers and sisters, nieces and nephews, and his own children were sound asleep, Dwight may have gone to his mother's corner room to say goodnight and have a word of prayer and Scripture reading with her. If the practical shrewd Betsy Holton showed concern for the rash act of her son, and if she went so far as questioning his wild extravagance, he was able to set her mind at rest. For he must have told her that he had received a gift from a friend in England, a gentleman whose name was Edward Studd, "a retired East India merchant who had amassed a fortune and returned to England." Twice the Britisher had sent the check for five hundred pounds to D. L.

Moody as a thank-offering for all that the evangelist had meant to him, his wife, and their sons, England's famous cricketers. Twice Moody returned the check, but after the gift's third appearance he kept it and invested it in his new real estate venture.

Although Widow Moody's home was full to overflowing with her children and her children's children, still Emma Revell and her family did not attempt to move down to their new acquisition in that brief Northfield visit that lasted only from August 16 to October 2. We can imagine, though, D. L.'s delight at owning home soil so near to his mother's place and the interest with which Emma Revell must have investigated the interior of the farmhouse. It is easy to picture, too, the eagerness with which Emma and Willie must have rushed around the grounds of their new home, wondering if their orchards were as fine as their cousins' on the hill and their barns as big. In later years their farm, at one time or another, was to become a veritable menagerie with pheasants, bees, deer, swans, peacocks, a donkey, sheep, dogs, and fourteen horses.

But if Emma Revell thought they had found a harbor of rest in coming to Northfield and living the simple country life, it was one of the few major mistakes she ever made. As soon as it was bruited about that D. L. Moody was back in his native land, all his old friends and many new ones wanted to see him and hear him and ask all about the success of his British campaigns. To Northfield came men like Dr. Theodore L. Cuyler of Brooklyn, who said he wanted "to hear from Mr. Moody's own lips the thrilling story of what God had wrought in Great Britain." Major D. W. Whittle also came, a man whom D. L. had met in Civil War days,

and who one day was to become the father-in-law of his son Will.

The following are extracts from Major Whittle's diary about his visit to Northfield that summer of 1875:

"I received a letter from dear Moody to come to Northfield at once to confer with him about work for the coming winter. I left Chicago Monday evening, September 6, and reached Northfield Wednesday noon. . . . Dear Moody was at the station to meet us and received us with much joy. . . . Two weeks we passed in this beautiful mountain home of our brother. We met his widowed mother, his three brothers, his wife, and children. We were made part of the family and taken over all the haunts of Moody's childhood—up the mountains where he used to pasture the cows and pick berries and gather chestnuts, and where he passed his last Sunday alone with God before he sailed for England upon his last memorable visit. . . . We went across the river with him to take dinner with Uncle Cyrus; and as we were crossing the beautiful stream, the valley sloping down on either side and the blue hills and mountains beyond, Bliss and Sankey sang, 'There is a land of pure delight' . . . One beautiful day we took luncheon in baskets and driving out four or five miles climbed the highest of the hills and had a picnic on its top. We could see for miles up and down the Connecticut Valley. Northfield was at our feet. Mount Monadnock, the largest of the surrounding mountains, was at our right."

Major Whittle's diary adds this illuminating touch: "During our stay with Moody, services were held in the Congregational Church every night. The whole population attended, and hundreds came from surrounding towns."

Indeed, not only was the too-brief summer rest of Emma Revell's husband to be broken by constant interviews with fellow workers and visitors, but also he could not refrain from holding more services and "starting a campaign in his own community."

He was supposed to be in seclusion, gathering ammunition for an American fall campaign, but there appeared an advertisement in the "Greenfield Recorder-Gazette" that D. L. Moody would preach in the Northfield church (later destroyed by fire) at 5 p. m., September 5. Eight hundred people attended, which was too large a mass for the church; and so D. L. preached outdoors on the front steps of the building. "Audiences came out of curiosity and went away in a noticeably solemn mood."

At five p. m. on the following Sunday 2000 people came for another service; and from then on meetings were held daily, with special trains bringing people who lived too far away to drive to Northfield at night. Even the "New York Herald" reported these meetings in the remote little country village.

Before leaving the events of the summer of 1875, I want to mention briefly two more details. One has to do with Emma Moody, aged eleven.

In her reminiscences I find, "Mr. T. A. Denny of London came to Liverpool to see us off for America and found me with a doll in my arms. He remarked, 'Emma, had I any idea that you were fond of dolls, I would have given you one.'

"Father and Mother were greatly mortified when I replied, 'It's not too late. You can send me one.'

"Just before he left the boat he promised me a doll saying, 'Emma, be on the lookout!'

"At last a tin box arrived in Northfield from London

with a huge Paris doll. What excitement there was! Father took us to the tinshop, which stood where Revell Hall now stands, the box was opened, and the beautifully dressed doll taken out."

The second detail, which seemed of minor importance then but which has grown to mean a great deal in the traditions of Northfield, had to do with a drive that D. L. and his brother Sam took that summer. Because of a family they saw on that drive into the hills back of the village, four years later the Northfield Seminary was founded. But that story belongs with the happenings of 1879. It was the true setting for the growth and development of the educational work Moody was to initiate for the youth of this and other lands.

* * *

Before passing on to other Moody experiences I want to take the time to describe the Old Home and its setting. It was the family backdrop and family heaven through all the succeeding years.

Elsewhere I have tried to picture our geographical status thus: "Through the middle of our lovely valley flows the Connecticut River. To the north of us, with a few flaps of the wing as the crow flies, lie the states of Vermont and New Hampshire, separated only by the river which 'proudly flows along,' in fact and in song. From my own bedroom windows I can watch the winter snows silently covering the hills of three states. 'In summer, quite the other way,' as Robert Louis Stevenson would say."

Geologically speaking, our town landscape falls into a series of terraces arranged thus: first come the willowed east banks along the river's edge, skirted by lush green meadows, plowed fields, and orchards. On a higher

level, is Main Street, on which the Old Home stands. Parallel to this thoroughfare and above it, now runs a street called Highland Avenue, at whose junction with Moody Hill D. L.'s birthplace is located. Three hundred yards north of the latter house is a knoll called "Round Top," one spot of earth to which people come from all over the world. There, in this century, they stand quietly before the two graves of Emma Revell and her husband, Dwight Moody, filled with loving memories and grateful hearts.

"Round Top" is actually due east of the Old Home and so commands an open view of the Moody grounds and the whole valley beyond. There, during the summer conferences, vesper services are held. In groups and singly a strange mixture of men and women come to remember and to pray.

In the spring of 1942 a member of the family went daily to "Round Top" to pray for our servicemen scattered all over the face of the world. At that time of the year much more of the river and the woods can be seen than later on in the summer months. Part of a poem, written on one of those pilgrimages, describes the scene spread out as far as the eye can see:

The rising river gleamed among green fields.
White arms of birches, bending in the breeze,
Waved last farewells before the summer sun,
Disguised them with the leaves of other trees.
The scarflike smoke of valley farms rose high
To meet the gold and purple shafts of light.
The peace and calm of one sweet hour, all mine,
Brought faith and hope, while day held back the night.

Turning from the valley view seen from "Round Top"

and looking east and higher up, our eyes sweep across the soft, comforting, peaceful hills, so unlike the menacing mountains of the West. These are hills similar to those of the English Lake region, hills from whence cometh the help of the Moodys, generation after generation.

So much for the location of Northfield. What it is really like now has been well described by Emma Revell's son-in-law in his book, "Moody Still Lives." He writes, "Northfield is one of the beauty spots of New England. There is a quiet charm that captivates the visitor. . . . The eye and the mind can feast on beautiful landscape in any direction all the year around. Winter sports attract hundreds of enthusiasts, while thousands of summer residents, vacationists, and conference delegates find plenteous opportunities for all kinds of outdoor life and diversions. . . . Main Street, nearly two miles long, is perhaps the finest old avenue of its kind in New England. It is a grand town to live in. The people make fine neighbors." These superlatives are not prompted by blind devotion. As a school child in a geography class in Illinois, I once turned a page in my text book; and there, confronting a very homesick little girl, was a picture of our beloved Main Street, whose caption was, "A Typical New England Main Street." This statement meant to imply that here was the beauty that abounds in New England; but as for our street being typical, that is not true. Many of our villages have greens and squares, but few can boast of an avenue two miles long flanked by double rows of elms and maples and stately white houses.

I have been carried into the present; but I want to return to Northfield of the past, long before I was born, when Henry Drummond was writing this for "McClure's Magazine":

"Take the train to the wayside depot in Massachusetts, to South Vernon. Northfield is distant about two miles. At certain seasons of the year you will find awaiting trains a two-horse buggy, not conspicuous for varnish but famous for pace, driven by a stout farmerlike person in a slouch hat. As he drives you to the spacious hotel—a creation of Mr. Moody's—he will answer your questions about the place in a brusque, businesslike way. . . . Presently, on the other side of the river, on one of those luscious grassy slopes, framed in with forest and bounded with the blue receding hills which give the Connecticut Valley its dreamlike quality, the great halls and colleges of the new Northfield which Mr. Moody has built begin to appear. Your astonishment is great, not so much to find a New England hamlet possessing a dozen of the finest educational buildings in America,—but to discover that these owe their existence to a man whose name is, perhaps, associated in the minds of three-fourths of his countrymen, not with education, but with the want of it.

"But presently, when you are deposited at the door of the hotel, a more astounding discovery greets you. For when you ask the clerk whether the great man himself is at home and where you can see him, he will point to your coachman, now disappearing like lightning down the drive, and—too much accustomed to Mr. Moody's humor to smile at his latest jest—whispers, "That's him!"

In a footnote to his paragraph Drummond adds, "If this does not actually happen in your case, it is certain that it has happened. At the beginning of each term hundreds of students, many of them strangers, arrive to attend the seminaries. At such times Mr. Moody literally haunts the depot to meet them the moment they most need a friend."

Before I let myself go into prolonged ecstasies over Northfield, I meant to describe the Old Home. So without further delay I must try to picture its appearance in the nineteenth century.

When I was a child my grandfather's house was the most thrilling place in the world to me. Actually, outside it looked like one of the typical farmhouses my mother used to draw in church to keep me from wriggling and whispering. But its simple front section, more than one hundred years old, gave no hint of its rambling rear and the adjoining barns and sheds which extended eastward for a distance three or four times the depth of the west front facing on the Main Street. It was, indeed, a major adventure to go from the front north parlor to the hen-house without once being unroofed.

If I were showing you the house as it was then, we would start at the front door. Once inside the narrow hall we would find at our right the entrance to D. L. Moody's library, whose walls were lined with books from ceiling to floor, and at our left the north parlor. Along the right wall of the hallway extended, or climbed, the stairway, almost perpendicular, as was the custom of so many New England stairways.

Going eastward from the front of the house we would enter the big square dining room, with windows across its south and north sides. In one corner stood the much becarved Estey organ used at family prayers; in another, the steepled clock with the beautiful chimes.

Behind this room lay the huge kitchen. If anyone was present when I entered it as a child, I would pass quickly on, demurely inquiring for the churning of the butter or the making of bread; but if I found the room empty, I must confess I would detour into the pantry long enough

to pick up a handful of cookies from an old crockery jar stationed there.

Laundry wing, harness rooms, carriage sheds, and carpenter's shop came next; and over this section of the house was a half-story series of rooms known as Penny Alley. It got its name from the low ceilinged little cubicles, "about as big as pennies," where the first students of Northfield Seminary found their living quarters. By the time that I was a bare-footed, freckle-faced child, poking into all the alluring corners, these cubicles had become storerooms filled with fascinating treasures gathered from all over the world, some gifts, some objects collected by the Moodys. Now, only one of those rooms remains, a half forgotten attic space above a modern garage.

Returning below, we next enter the barn, where I spent much of my leisure time as a little girl. I remember the dizzy, dusky heights of the three-story hay loft. From sweet-smelling heights I jumped for hours at a time. Nothing stopped me but the serious inroads the horses and cows made when they ate up my amusement center.

When blizzards raged outside, instead of a spring whirlwind of apple blossoms, the hired men and the family were thankful enough to pass under cover from the stall of the larger animals to the sheep barn, and last but not least, to the henhouses. Those abodes of temptation formed two sides of the barnyard, the other two being encircled by a stone wall and high fence. Often, after throwing sticks at Paul Moody's rams, I have hurried up the sides of the enclosure as fast as any commando ever moved.

Now the house and the barns are divorced. City architects separated them. The house ends abruptly with the

laundry wing. "Out back" there is only a row of regimented garages. Men, whose training did not dwell on the fact that Nature deals with us, and not we with Nature, especially in a northern climate of wind, rain, sleet, and snow, might prefer the previous arrangement if they lived in the Old Home themselves.

NORTH AND SOUTH

WE SHALL pass swiftly over the months between October, 1875, and October, 1878, because of the paucity of information relating to Emma Revell and her children during that period. Extensive hunting has produced only a few of her letters, no diaries, no memoranda, only a few scraps of disconnected memoirs among Emma Moody's papers.

Those three years were not only a contrast to the years in England, but also a great many changes had taken place in the ten years following the Civil War in America. For parts of the nation and certain individuals there had been the amassing of wealth, and eager, successful merchant princes were willing to back Moody to the limit because of his reception in the British Isles. During those brief but crowded ten years the family had made an extended visit overseas, Emma Revell had been back to her fatherland twice and D. L. three times. A girl and a boy and a lovely country home had been added to the Moody assets. And at the end of those ten years there was no longer any doubt in Mrs. Moody's mind as to what their destiny was to be.

The first American campaign, started on October 2, 1875, was organized with the intention of reaching the largest Eastern cities. It began in Brooklyn and was accompanied by the most heartening reports in the New York papers. Here is an example from the "New York Tribune" of October 25:

"All calculations with regard to the evangelists Moody and Sankey have been at fault. The numbers interested, the assistants at hand, the religious feeling awakened have all been underestimated . . . (there has been) a misconception of the depth and earnestness of the religious feeling which awaited the coming of the evangelists and stood ready at once to aid and respond to their efforts."

There is no record of the place in which Emma Revell, young Emma and Willie stayed during the Brooklyn sojourn; but when they went to Philadelphia on November 21, we know that the Moodys were the guests of John Wanamaker, perhaps in both his city house and in the beautiful mansion at Jenkintown. It was in the latter home that the merchant had a wing full of world-famous paintings, many of which were saved when fire destroyed the building in later years. During this visit Emma and Willie became friends of the Wanamaker children—Rod, Minnie [the future Mrs. Warburton], and Ferdinanda. Mrs. Wanamaker became one of their mother's most devoted American friends. I believe it was in 1875 that Emma and Rod were sent to bed early after a bread and milk supper because of a misappropriation of funds. John Wanamaker gave them money to attend a concert; but his gift was invested in circus tickets, which in that era was an evil act.

There was grave uncertainty as to the success of the Philadelphia venture because of the typically inclement weather of the season in that region, because of the "Christmas rush" about to begin, and because the city was girding its loins for its centennial, which was to be the greatest show America had ever seen. But the same

success which Moody met in Great Britain, in rural Massachusetts, and in Brooklyn awaited him in the Quaker City. The meetings were held in the renovated freight depot of the Pennsylvania Railroad, which had some of its tracks removed for the occasion. Trolley car lines revised their schedules, and the Christmas crowds came to hear Emma Revell's husband rain or shine or slush.

Before leaving Philadelphia prominent men from Washington came to attend the Moody mission. "The North American" of December 22 reports the visit of the President of the United States, his Cabinet, and members of the Supreme Court. "Among the distinguished persons present were the Honorable George Bancroft, the historian, and Judge Strong of the Supreme Court. President Grant with Mrs. Grant, and Col. Fred Grant and his wife attended the evening meeting, also ex-Speaker Blaine, Postmaster-General Jewell, General Hartranft, General Garfield, and Col. Thomas A. Scott."

Students of Princeton University had come to Philadelphia to attend the Moody Mission, and so, at the urgent request of faculty and undergraduates, D. L. made a brief detour or stop-over in New Jersey on his way to New York City. Emma Moody spent the winter of 1936 in Princeton and there found many old and devoted friends of her father, some of them people who had attended the Princeton meetings, which were so happily successful.

The New York meetings opened on February 7, 1876; and I imagine Emma Revell had already flown South with her two children by this time, because in Will Moody's book he says, "At the conclusion of the meetings in New York Moody made a hurried trip South to

join his family, who, owing to the illness of one of the children, had been obliged to avoid the rigor of the North." He met the trio in Augusta, Ga. I wonder if he told his wife that just before leaving the North, Dom Pedro, Emperor of Brazil, came to hear him; that he preached from the text, "What shall I do then with Jesus which is called Christ?" D. L. probably never mentioned his distinguished visitor, for he was unimpressed by titles—unless he saw what an eye-witness saw that day. The latter, in recounting the stirring details of that scene, says, "Dom Pedro paid the strictest attention, bowing his head in assent to Moody's remark, 'Even a great emperor cannot save his soul, with all his wealth and power, unless he bows himself at Christ's feet and accepts Him.'"

The Moody family were back in Northfield by August of 1876, after the termination of the New York mission and D. L.'s hurried trip to Chicago and other large towns. There he was to enjoy the first real holiday he had had for years, or for that matter, had ever known. But it was simply impossible for Emma Revell's husband to stay still. The rooms and the porches of the Old Home were overflowing in the summer evenings with neighbors who drove into Northfield in all kinds of nondescript vehicles to hear the great man talk. Of these days his son later wrote, "While seated at the table under an old-fashioned kerosene lamp Moody would put forth the same efforts in behalf of his neighbors that he expended before the greatest audiences in the metropolises." Furthermore, he drove one hundred miles that season into the hill country of Vermont, New Hampshire, and Massachusetts telling the story he so dearly loved to tell.

Every Sunday while he was home he preached in some small parish. His older son wrote, "Not infrequently in

some little church in a town far removed from the turmoil of the outside world, with which it would not even have railroad communication, Moody was really heard at his best. His phaeton and old gray mare, Nellie Gray, were a familiar sight for twenty miles in the country round about."

From October, 1876, to January 16, 1877, the Moodys were in Chicago. Boston followed Chicago, and in that so-called city of intellectuals the sympathy and support of men like Phillips Brooks and Henry Durant (founder of Wellesley College) were a tremendous help to the Moodys' morale. Emma Revell and her family were guests in the home of the Durants, and again one of the children was ill. Young Emma was hustled off to Winchester, Massachusetts, while Willie indulged in scarlet fever.

The winter of 1877-1878 marked a decided change in the campaign plans of D. L. Turning away from the crowds of the largest cities, he now invaded places like Burlington and Montpelier, Vermont; Concord, New Hampshire; Providence and Newport, Rhode Island; Springfield, Massachusetts; and Hartford and New Haven, Connecticut.

While in New Hampshire the Moodys left Emma in school in Amherst, Massachusetts, at the home of Mrs. Stearns; and they themselves took rooms in a Manchester hotel. One letter of Emma Revell's describes her daughter's boarding school arrangements, their own daily existence, and adds this about her little son, "Willie had a terrible fright last Sunday night. There was a shanty burned down about a mile from the hotel; and we could see it from our window, and Willie thought the whole town had to go. It was the first fire he had seen since the

Chicago Fire. The fright so unnerved him that it made him sick. He is so afraid now every evening that there will be a fire. The poor little fellow suffered in spite of all that I could say to him."

* * *

Everywhere the Moodys went they seemed to receive a welcome, which must have been a source of great pride and happiness to Emma Revell. In Philadelphia alone \$127,000.00 poured into the mission as a thank-offering, every cent of which was given to the Y.M.C.A. Not only individuals benefited by contact with the evangelists, but the churches, philanthropic societies, and all constructive works were expanded and improved in cities which had received a visitation of a Moody mission.

BALTIMORE DAYS, 1878, 79

NOW "IMAGINE, if you can," the gas-lit parlor of the Moodys' Baltimore home at 168 Lanvale Street. It is the winter evening of December 8th, 1878; and Emma Revell sits by an open fire, knitting, while her husband and their guest don their outdoor wraps. The two men are on the way to the evening service, which was part of the layman-preacher's daily routine.

Dwight Moody kisses his wife goodbye, as she says to their guest: "People think he came here just to study and rest! Recently he preached thirteen sermons in one week." [The "Baltimore American," November 16, "In the present week he has preached thirteen sermons, each full of thoughts that must have been the result of patient study and reflection."]

She continues: "I thought when we came to Baltimore I would see something of my husband; but most of the time, when he is not in his study, he is away on one mission after another. But that is all right. When I am alone, I get time to answer some of his voluminous mail. While you are gone this evening, I think I shall do some more writing."

The two men leave the Lanvale Street house and start down a street lightly covered with new fallen snow. Against a moonlit sky, black lacy branches of bare trees are silhouetted.

Alone again, Emma Revell goes to her desk and gets out her writing material. Rudely looking over her shoul-

der, we watch her as she writes the following letter to her dear Scottish friend, Mrs. Peter Mackinnon:

“If I do not write soon I am afraid I shall delay so much longer than I mean to. I find the days and weeks slip by so quickly that I am always surprised in looking back. We have been here in our home for the winter just two months and are quite settled, Mr. Moody at study and work in the meetings, the children in school, and I in all sorts of work, writing for my husband, attending to some of his calls, and helping him where I can, besides a variety of other things which don't amount to much and yet make me tired by night.

“Mr. Moody has made quite a rigid rule whereby he takes six hours each day for study. Besides this he has daily, except Monday and Saturday, Bible Readings in the afternoons and preaching services in the evenings, with their enquiry meetings. Sundays he preaches four times besides enquiry meetings, so you see he did not come to Baltimore for rest, as some say, but for study.

“Mr. Scott from Glasgow arrived in Baltimore today and is our guest. He has been telling us about our Scottish friends and really gave me a longing to go and see them. It is just delightful to see anyone that we knew when in Scotland. I do so wish that you and your husband might come to America. Are you not really coming some time?

“Mr. Moody has got right into work here and is meeting with much encouragement in the enquiry room. I hear about the meetings from him but do not get there myself, as Mr. Moody tells me he

wants the room I would take; and besides this, the air Mr. Moody thinks is too bad for me. I am not ill, as I hear the report has gone to England. I never was better in my life except one little trouble, and that is occasioned by a little difficulty in the heart making me short-breathed in going up an incline. I never knew it until two years ago. But the doctor says it is of no long standing, so I suppose little difficulties that I attributed to asthma may have been the heart. It is not a serious difficulty, but an inconvenience; and the doctor thinks that it need make no serious trouble if I take life rather easy.

"Private—I suppose one thing that has taken such a report to England is that Mr. Sankey may have told someone over there that we are expecting a new arrival in our family next spring. When Mr. Sankey urged Mr. Moody to go to Europe somewhere and study instead of staying here, Mr. Moody told him the reason why we must remain here. I thought I must be in my own hired house.

"As usual my letter is all about ourselves; and yet I know you are interested in us, and so I write egotistically. I suppose you have heard of the death of Mr. John Sands, our host while in London. We were very sorry to hear of it. He was such a very good man, and it will be a dreadful loss to his family and friends. He was very kind to us.

"We are very sorry for the hard times in Scotland and especially what Glasgow is seeing just now. We have been very anxious fearing our friends might be losers by the bank trouble but hear of none yet who have suffered that we are acquainted with. We feel

so very sorry for the many who are in such trouble through it.

"I must close my letter as it is late, and I must not risk wearying you with a tedious and prolonged letter that is devoid of interest.

"The children are well and busy with their lessons, though we need to be very careful of Willie, as he is not strong.

"Mr. Moody, I know, would join me in sending love to yourself and your husband if he knew I was writing; but he is at a late enquiry meeting and has not come home yet. Hoping to hear from you soon, I am,

"Affectionately yours,

"Emma C. Moody"

Regarding Emma Revell's reference to her husband "preaching four times on Sundays," a copy of the "Baltimore American" of that period, says this:

"On Sunday morning he made a stirring appeal to over six hundred convicts in the penitentiary. An hour later he was speaking to colored Methodists. At three o'clock in the afternoon he addressed a large congregation of colored Baptists, and at eight o'clock he addressed about a thousand colored Presbyterians."

Prisons, inside and out, were familiar grounds to Dwight Moody from the early days in Chicago when he was a frequent visitor both at war prisons and the usual convict prisons. The reason that he had his Colportage Association in Chicago bring out ten-cent books, later on, was partly to compete with the dime novel and partly to provide reading matter for the prisons, where he found that by 1895 there were three-quarters of a million men

and women convicts without any form of reading matter.

* * *

Four and a half months later we again see the Moody family in Baltimore. It is April 11th; and Willie and Emma are just finishing breakfast with their father, whom we hear saying:

"Now before you rush off to school, I want to say something. You must let us know where you will be this afternoon as soon as Friends School lets out. Baltimore is not like the country, you know. Because you roam around Northfield freely, it doesn't mean that you can do the same in a city like Baltimore. Besides, a grand surprise may come while you are away today. Come home quickly if you want to see what it is."

To which Willie replies: "All right, we will; and we will bring the Carrolls with us. They will want to see our surprise."

Emma, with a knowing, superior air, says: "No, Willie, not today. We may go over to their house to play this afternoon; but we will come home first, to see the surprise."

"What surprise?" begs the boy. "Do Norman and May know what it is?"

Then Mr. Moody terminates the mysterious conversation by promising, "No, the Carroll children don't know; but if you are a good boy in school today, you shall be the one to tell them when the surprise comes. You can show it to them."

At the end of the school day we see Willie rush up to his teacher's desk and ask:

"Have I been a good boy today?"

And the teacher, mystified by the unusual question, but

relieved with the day's results prompted by what she could not guess, answered:

"Why, yes you have Willie. You have been unusually good today."

Without waiting for further flattering comments, the boy is off on the run and soon catches up with Emma, who has started for the house on Lanvale Street.

The two children burst into their front hall calling: "Has it come?"

Simultaneously a nurse appears at an upstairs door saying, "Shush!" while a baby's cry is accompanied by the opening of D. L. Moody's study door.

Emma looks excitedly at her father, saying: "Did I get a sister?"

And her father answers: "No, children, but you have a dear little brother. Later on, perhaps the nurse will let you see your mother and the baby; but right now we must keep the house very quiet, so you can both go over to the Carrolls till supper time."

The baby Paul was so tiny that they were afraid he would not live. My grandmother used to tell about putting his head in a cup and a ring over his wrist.

* * *

Here I want to pause long enough in "Baltimore Days" to sketch a description of the Carroll family. Emma Revell and her husband had literally scores of contemporaries with children about the ages of Emma and Willie, families whose lives ran along parallel to theirs in home relationships, friends at home and abroad. In Great Britain there were the Studds, the Beauchamps and the Kinnairds; and in America, the Wanamakers, the Sankeys, the Woods, and Pentecosts. But the Carrolls shared

in more intimate family experiences than any other family as a whole, and there were no friends to whom the five Moodys were more deeply and personally devoted.

William S. Carroll, of the famous Carrolls of Carrollton, Maryland, was a "typical Southern gentleman." His wife, Nancy Rose Carroll, was not only beautiful and charming, but had a glorious voice. In their Dresden days, when Mr. Carroll was Consul General at that German post, Kaiser William Hohenzollern used to love to hear the lovely Southerner sing; and in return for the gracious hospitality received in the Carroll home, he did many kind things for the family. My children have a small rocker, which is now handed down from generation to generation, a chair in which the small Carrolls used to sit when the Kaiser paid a visit to the home of the Americans.

The oldest daughter, May, was two years younger than Emma Moody, as she was born in 1866. She died in 1881. Norman was born in 1868 and therefore was one year older than Willie. Of all the younger boys my mother knew, she was fonder of this handsome, lame playmate of her brother than any other. He died in 1892. Rose was born in 1881 and died in 1897. She was an artist and worked on tapestries during her brief years in Germany. At the time of her death in Dresden the Kaiser had her coffin wrapped in the German as well as in the American flag, and sent great masses of flowers to the funeral service.

Grace Carroll was born on September 17, 1883; and about her most of my Carroll memories cluster. At the time of Emma Moody's death on September 17, 1942, Grace wrote to me recalling the first time she and my mother met in London, where she was born. "Your

mother came to the hotel in London, to see the new Carroll baby; and before anyone could stop her she practically sat down on me, on a sofa, thinking I was a pillow."

Down through the years since those Baltimore days unbroken ties of an unusually beautiful and satisfying friendship have been maintained, for the two families have shared in every joy and sorrow that has touched the lives of each individual in the two family groups.

At the time of May Carroll's death her parents made a request of Emma Revell and her husband, a request that was granted and kept. Because their oldest daughter had been such a "bosom friend" of Emma Moody in school days, and because the whole family felt that she was like one of their own, the Carrolls asked that the younger Emma should spend a part of every year with them.

Even after my mother's marriage, when my father was engaged in work in Chicago and we spent winters there and summers in Northfield, Emma Moody still included in her annual plans a visit to Washington, where the Carrolls were then settled.

No wonder that Washington has always been my favorite city of beauty and enchantment, for it brings back memories such as these—DuPont Circle ablaze with spring tulips; the pictures on my bedroom wall (especially those of Maude Adams, not released for publication); the colored servants' quarters "below stairs," where sometimes on Sunday evenings they sang their spirituals. I was fascinated by the thought that a few blocks away lived Admiral Dewey's wife, with her hair dyed greenish; and by the reception we received upon our arrival one spring, when a new colored maid cake-walked the length of an upstairs hall while showing us to our bedrooms. I never hear certain Chopin strains without being suddenly

dropped down into the Carrolls' music room. While Grace played with a touch I have seldom heard in another musician, I would tiptoe around the dangerously slippery floors in my cloth-topped, buttoned, patent leather shoes, peering into great glass cases where Dresden china shepherds and shepherdesses looked on furniture and surrounding objects they had once seen in their native land. I never hear the klop, klop of horses' shoes on street pavements that I do not feel my nose pressed against the windows of the house on Massachusetts Avenue, as I watched the street below, especially about the time our friend, the hand-organ man, came around for his vesper serenade.

This book is not a history of the Carroll family, nor an appreciative treatise on their share in our memories; but their paths and ours so often crossed that they very much belong among these scenes of the late nineteenth century.

SCHOOL FOUNDING, 1879 - 81

MANY OF the most thrilling experiences the Moodys had during the early years of their adoption of Northfield as their permanent home were connected with drives.

Nothing rested or delighted D. L. more than to go off on a short driving trip with Emma, his wife. Sometimes the horses led them up to Lover's Retreat, along a cool and shady brook, out of the summer sun. Sometimes they found themselves on the road to Brattleboro, Vermont, nearest shopping metropolis, where they would often see Rudyard Kipling out driving, too, near his American home, "Naulahka." If a trip was made across the Connecticut River to see Cousin Lucy Holton (sister of Fanny—Emma's and Willie's future governess), the ferry had to be used, as there was no Mount Hermon bridge in those days—in fact, no Mount Hermon!

On one occasion D. L. jumped out of his carriage and offered to help the ferryman pull his load across the stream, co-operation which surprised and shocked the ferryman when he discovered that for every pull he made forward, Moody silently convulsed with laughter, pulled back.

It was on that same ferry that Emma Moody almost met her death in her twenties. Always used to horses, like her father and brothers, she often drove across the countryside behind her own horse, or rode it. Once, on the brow of the steep incline on the west bank of the river, her carriage horse took fright, plunged downward, jumped aboard the ferry so hard that the float was shoved off into

midstream, and finally was stopped only when the back wheels of the carriage caught on the protection wire across the other end of the ferry.

The special event with which we are concerned in this chapter had its inception on a drive in 1875. We can imagine Dwight and Sam as they left Betsy Holton's home and turned southward toward the Gulf Road and Ice Cave, on the hill road to Boston.

That summer day the two men probably talked about pasturing sheep, as it was done then and in their youth. It was in this same direction I once went with a bevy of cousins to help drive the sheep to hill pastures for the summer months. One wagon went along, in which the tired feet of lambs and children could rest occasionally in turn. It was an experience reminiscent of the words in the poem, "All in the April Evening," which runs:

Up in the blue, blue mountains,
Dewy pastures are sweet;
Rest for the little lambs,
Rest for the tired feet!

Uphill the brothers drove that summer of long ago; and just beyond the road that turns toward a cave where ice may be found on the hottest day in summer, they came upon a small farmhouse. The cabin was owned by a paralytic named Sykes, a man of some education and ambition. In the doorway sat the mother and three daughters, braiding straw hats for a living. Sam and D. L. stopped long enough to have some conversation with the cripple and his family and long enough to appreciate their fine intelligence and faith, which was living under strained conditions.

Sam, who had once read law and had started a debating

society in Northfield, and who was a promising young man, died in 1876, but not before he had had many conversations with Dwight about the schooling and outlook for young people in their teens who lived in rural and remote districts.

From the reaction to that drive and conversations with Henry F. Durant in Boston in 1878, came the definite desire and will to found a school for under-privileged girls.

Jokingly to a niece D. L. once said there were too many old maids and widows in New England. He began to wish that he could do something to enlarge the mental and spiritual horizons of rural girls before they fell into either class, and he started by turning his own home into what was to become the Northfield Seminary.

So much has already been written about the actual founding of this school that I shall refer to it only briefly here.

One morning in the summer of 1879 while Emma Revell was busy with her household cares, her flowers, and her usual gifts for neighbors in want or sickness, her husband and a Boston man named Marshall stood at the end of the driveway which led to the Old Home. As the two men stood there talking, the owner of an adjoining sixteen acres passed them. Moody called to the man to wait a moment, and soon the three were in the study of the Old Home carrying on a business transaction. Briefly and bluntly D. L. asked if the neighbor wanted to sell; "and before he could recover from his surprise the land, which he himself considered only 'pasturage with a good view,' had passed out of his hands."

On the heels of the sale came carpenters to make ready the cubicle rooms in the ell of the Old Home as dormi-

tory space for the first students of the Northfield Seminary-to-be.

Unfortunately for us and the Moodys, they had to go to St. Louis before the opening day of school. Some old-timers report that when the girls arrived on November 3 they had to be brought to the Old Home in pungs and sleighs as there were sixteen inches of snow on the ground.

The eager suspense which the Moodys had to endure as regards the opening of the school was understood by Mr. Marshall, who soon joined them in St. Louis.

In a letter written by Emma Revell early in January, 1880, she says:

"3412 Franklin Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

"January 2, 1880

"Dear Mother [probably Betsy Holton]:

"I find this evening a letter that Willie wrote to you several days ago and which I should have sent sooner, but mislaid it and it was overlooked.

"Mr. Marshall came here on Saturday, and of course we had a great deal to ask him about Northfield. The children have been homesick to get there.

"January 5. I was interrupted in my attempt to write you even a short letter and will only write a little more tonight before closing it. I have been busy all day with Paul [age 9 months], for it was wash day and I had to let Nellie stay down stairs. He is harder for me to take care of, for he wants me to carry him about as though he was searching for her. He is getting so interesting and plays 'peep' with a handkerchief so nicely.

"It is very warm here now and rainy and muddy and smoky. I think we shall appreciate the clean air of Northfield when we get back there. D. L. is well and very busy. Willie is pretty well, as are the rest of us.

"With love to all,

"Your affectionate daughter,

"Emma"

Thus the Seminary started, and was so successful in filling a great educational need that immediately inquiries were made about boys and the possibility of starting a similar school for them.

Will Moody writes: "At this juncture Mr. Hiram Camp of New Haven, who had become acquainted with his mission there two years before, came to visit Moody in Northfield to consult him about making his will. After explaining that he had been successful in business, had provided for his family amply, he said he wanted to make bequests that would be helpful to a Christian community."

The upshot of this visit was that D. L. Moody asked Mr. Camp why he didn't "become his own executor, as he had had all the work of acquiring his means, and have the fun of seeing his money do good."

After some discussion as to what Mr. Camp should do with his money and his statement that he wanted "to do something specific that he could see," his friend said, "All right, here is the very thing! People have been after me to take boys into the Northfield School. I am not going to increase my trouble that way. Then they want me to start a school for boys on the same lines as Northfield Seminary, and I want some one else to do it. Now, Mr. Camp, there is something for you to do!"

But the seventy-year-old Mr. Camp tossed the challenge back into Moody's ears by saying he was too old for such a youth adventure, but if Moody would start such a school he would give the initial gift of \$25,000.00.

The discussion was finally settled when Mr. Camp named the 275-acre boys' school "Mount Hermon," after the ancient school for the prophets.

Since the founding of the Seminary in 1879 and Mount Hermon in 1881, thousands of boys and girls have passed through the two institutions, representing every country in the world. Their combined annual enrolment averages 1,100 students. Property and equipment are valued at \$4,000,000, and the endowment at \$4,000,000.

* * *

In reading the description of Mr. Camp and his financial backing of the boys' school, the reader may have questioned the source of funds which kept the girls' school running. Two great currents of financial help were constantly pouring into the treasury of the Northfield Seminary. One was the personal gifts given to D. L. Moody, which he quite often handed right over to the Seminary; and the other source was the royalty on the Moody and Sankey hymn books.

In their British Campaign of 1873-5 the two evangelists had introduced into the British Isles a new kind of music and singing; and when the demand for copies of the hymns they used became great, Mr. Moody went to publisher after publisher trying to make an arrangement for the publication of their songs. Publishers—and even Mr. Sankey—thought the risk too great, so "with the knowledge and concurrence of Mrs. Moody, who had faith in her husband's judgment, D. L. guaranteed to Morgan and Scott of London a sum not to exceed \$1,600, if any

loss was incurred." Before many years had passed a fortune was realized on the sale of hymn books, not one cent of which went into the pockets of Moody or Sankey.

After the founding of the Moody schools, a New York committee, appointed to handle royalties from the sale of hymn books, used some of this money to finance the maintenance of the two institutions in Massachusetts. In September, 1885, the trustees reported the total sum received by them was \$357,388.64.

It was no new thing for Emma Revell's husband to back institutions of education. In the 1870's D. L. not only worked for the "resorts of shelter, food, and good cheer" for the twenty thousand dockmen of Liverpool, but through him thousands of pounds were raised in aid of the William Quarrier Schools in Scotland.

* * *

Stories are legion of what Emma Revell and D. L. Moody did for their boys and girls, and many of them have already been published. Here I want to use two hitherto unpublished accounts, one by a student of Mount Hermon in its infancy and the other Emma Moody's version of some Scottish contacts which had to do with Mount Hermon also.

The family calendar of historic Moody dates shows that the winter of 1880-81 was spent in San Francisco. The story of the embryonic Hermon boy is laid in the spring of 1881. His name was Tommy Coyle.

Tommy attended a public school in Brooklyn, N. Y., and at the end of one day's session his teacher asked him to remain after class. When the other children had left the room, the teacher said to him something like this:

"Tommy, you have been a good student, you are a bright boy, and you should go on with your education."

To which the pupil replied: "Yes, sir, I'd like to more than anything I can say; but there isn't any money for me to go on with. I am afraid my school days are over."

The teacher: "Tommy, have you ever heard your parents speak of a man from New England named D. L. Moody?"

The boy: "Oh yes, sir! He has often preached here in Brooklyn."

Then the adult said, "Well, here is a clipping from a newspaper that I cut out with you in mind. It says that up at a place called Mount Hermon, across the river from Mr. Moody's home and the girls' school he started two years ago, he is planning for a boys' school. He wants boys like you, Tommy, I know."

"But I haven't any money, sir."

The teacher: "I know, I know. Just because you haven't any money may be one reason why D. L. Moody will want you. Do you think I would have called you here to my desk this afternoon if I had not found a way to make this dream come true?"

Puzzled Tommy must have said: "But I don't understand what you mean, sir."

"I'll tell you what I mean. I have already raised fifty dollars among friends, and I have the faith to believe that before your first year is completed up at Mount Hermon I will be able to find the other fifty dollars that is required."

Next, we see the teacher with Tommy and his "parcel" standing in line outside a railroad gate marked "New Haven—Springfield—Greenfield—South Vernon."

The waiting line passes through the gate, and as the small boy mounts the train steps the teacher says to an honest-looking stranger:

"If you are going as far as Springfield, would you be willing to see that this boy makes proper connections for the train going north, to South Vernon?"

The stranger follows the boy into the car, shares a seat with him, and watches the youngster as he tries to hide his homesick qualms by looking for something of interest in the landscape that seems to fly past their window. At Bridgeport the stranger announces:

"My silk hat is up on the rack above you next to my valise. I am going to leave them in your care while I get off for a bite of lunch in the station. I see you have some sandwiches with you."

The man leaves the car, and that is the last we see of him. Soon after the train has continued northward, the conductor comes down the aisle with a telegram in his hand, muttering to himself, "Valise—top hat." He stops beside Tommy as he beams with relief upon the articles lodged in the rack above the little boy's seat.

Bewildered, lonely, and missing the stranger who had promised to take care of him, Tommy makes the change of cars in the Springfield station.

In his own words, "The only vacant place I could find was one side of a double seat. The other side was occupied by a lady. As I looked into her lovely face I felt assured, shyly ventured in, and sat down."

When he is all settled with his "parcel" on his lap, the lady, who has been watching him [probably because of her own sons], notices the obvious address on his parcel, which read, "Mr. Moody's Boys' School, Northfield, Mass.," smiles and remarks:

"So you are going to Mr. Moody's school, are you? Well, Mr. Moody is on this train. He will be here in a moment."

As she spoke, the familiar figure of D. L. Moody was seen coming down the aisle toward them. "In his hearty whole-souled way he made me feel at once that somehow I had fallen among friends," writes Mr. Coyle, and thus describes his introduction to the lady, who was Emma Revell.

"Though I did not know it, of all the millions of people on earth I had been strangely led to the two I most needed on that day. They were returning from the American mission of 1881. I have been assured that they often wondered at the strange coincidence, and I later had many evidences that they then and there had taken me into their affections."

Again we see Tommy Coyle questioning his future education. It is 1888, and the boy has received not only his diploma as a member of the first class to get all its preparation at Mount Hermon, but also the first Cambridge prize of \$25 for general excellence.

On that commencement day Mr. and Mrs. Moody are sitting in their carriage outside the assembly hall. Exercises over, a group of boys comes toward them; and one is Tommy Coyle.

D. L. Moody calls Coyle over to his carriage and in his brusque way says: "Tommy, would you like to go to college?"

"Yes, Mr. Moody, I would; but all the money I have in the world is the twenty-five dollars you just gave me."

Moody persists: "Go ahead to Amherst College, and I'll see that you get through! You can count on me for \$300 a year toward the cost of college."

There was an Eliot Shepard Fund given to Moody for the needs of worthy boys, and in becoming a recipient of some of that money Coyle adds:

"So here is where Mrs. Moody continued her friendship toward me, for not only did she send me the money, but also wrote a friendly letter several times each of my four college years."

Heron and Amherst days passed, and Coyle studied to become a minister. Of Emma Revell he then writes: "The last time I saw her was after my theological course. . . . During her lifetime she had sown beside all waters, and many rise up to call her blessed. I cherish the wish that she felt that the influence of her friendship and her Christian faith and hope and love had been justified in my case, in part."

Again he writes: "Another side to Mrs. Moody's kindness to that small boy might illustrate, 'Cast thy bread upon the waters, for thou shalt find it after many days.' I owed much to the schools, and I wished I could somehow repay. Mrs. Moody's son and my friend, Will Moody, preached from my pulpit in this Cottage Colony [on Long Island] many times. I hoped he would make contacts of value to the schools. One Sunday afternoon I took him to call on one of my parishioners, a blind lady, one of the Wendell sisters. The following Friday I received a letter from Mr. Moody saying that he had received a letter from her containing a check for ten thousand dollars for the schools. This lady and the other Wendells, shortly after our visit, made their wills, which brought to the schools a legacy of three quarters of a million dollars."

* * *

The scene described by Emma Moody was in the late '80s. Her father had returned early one morning from another American tour. He was delighted to be home, but was weary and longing for relaxation.

We can imagine the morning spent in and out of the Old Home. While his two Emmas are busy with their flower gardens on the south lawn, he and little Paul survey their domain, visiting all the animals, including Nellie Gray, a gift of Colonel Julius Estey of Brattleboro, Vermont, and the pair of English mastiffs, a present from John Wanamaker.

Dinner time comes, and the family gathers in the square dining room for the midday meal. Emma Revell notices how quiet her husband is and asks if he feels well, to which he replies that he is all right, but just very, very tired.

Then comes the sound of carriage wheels and the klop, klop, of horses' hoofs on the driveway. The door bell rings, the maid answers it, and we hear the sound of women's voices in the hall. When the maid returns to the dining room Emma Revell looks at her expectantly, wondering if some neighbor is in need. But the maid pauses by Mr. Moody's chair and quietly says:

"Two little boys and a lady have come a long distance to see you. They are waiting for you in the parlor."

Mr. Moody asks: "Who are they? Have you ever seen them before?"

"No sir, they are strangers. They don't seem to be Americans."

Dead tired and reluctant to be disturbed in the first meal he has eaten with his family for weeks, the man says to the maid:

"I am expecting no one. Tell them I will have to be excused. Later I will see them, but not today."

The maid leaves the room and the family continues with their dinner, the children speculating as to who the little boys could be. Back comes the maid saying:

"Mr. Moody, it is very urgent. The lady says they have traveled a long way to see you because they are in great trouble."

Immediately D. L. jumps up and leaves the room, the thought of anyone in trouble and a child in need being an irresistible demand.

In the little north parlor the woman rises to meet the man on whom she had staked her safety and her future welfare, hers and the boys'. She begins at once:

"Mr. Moody, I am sorry that I have called you from your family and that I have come to your home unannounced. It had to be that way. It was impossible for me to send you any word of our arrival, for the greatest secrecy had to surround the trip just taken by my nephews and me."

"What do you mean?" asks Mr. Moody. "What is your trouble? What can I do for you and the children?"

The lady answers: "Our story is this. My father is a Presbyterian minister in Scotland. My brother married and had these two little boys. When their mother died the boys went to live with my father. Later, my brother, who is a barrister in London, turned Roman Catholic; and when he did he wrote my father that he wished to place his sons in a monastery school. The younger boy is not strong, and I know that he could never endure the rigorous rules and life in such a school. Three weeks ago I fled from Scotland with the two boys, not telling even my old father where I was going or what my plan was. I hoped in this way I could protect him, and should he be questioned, or my brother make trouble, he could say that he did not know where we were. My father may guess where we have gone, but not my brother, I trust."

Mr. Moody asks: "Did I ever meet you in Scotland?"

And the boys' aunt replies: "No, but I sang in the choir in some of your wonderful meetings. And the reason I think my father may guess where we have gone is because of something I said one day. I returned from one of your meetings, and remarked, 'Should I ever be in great trouble it is to Mr. Moody I would turn.' If he guesses, he will never betray his suspicions, for he knows they are safe with me while a monastery school might cost this boy his life."

Emma Moody says that when her father returned to the dining room, where the family was waiting, they could see that he had been crying. After hurriedly telling Emma Revell what had happened, he took her into the parlor to meet the Scottish lady and her boys. In her words, "Father and mother opened their home to this Scottish woman and her nephews. They were with us several weeks and were then taken to Mount Hermon School across the river. Father asked four of the Mount Hermon students to form a secret bodyguard and to plan that all four of them should never leave the hill at the same time, but one or more always be watching over the Scottish lads. During the four years that they were with us, I do not think that father and mother ever threw off responsibility for those boys. As for the grandfather in Scotland, everything was done to force the old gentleman to confess, and he was put in prison. This stirred all Scotland, and we received word from time to time of what this old saint suffered for what he thought was right. Little did people think that the aunt and nephews were right here in Northfield in hiding with us."

BACK TO THE BRITISH ISLES, 1881 - 83

REACHING DOWN into the past, into the months that lay between October, 1881 and April, 1883, one comes up with both hands full of towns and dates and few letters or anecdotes supplied by either Emma Revell or her daughter. In fact, it is the faithful Mrs. Peter Mackinnon who gives more information of the family during that period than anyone else. In this chapter I shall not try to connect all the scraps of information my sleuthing has produced but will list them chronologically. In swift succession the months whiz by like the villages through which a streamline train cuts its meteoric way.

Mrs. Mackinnon writes in her "Recollections": "October, 1881. Mr. Moody is among us again, and we are right glad to have him."

Everyone seemed to echo that sentiment "in a land where his name was a household word." With pride his wife writes his mother of their welcome.

"70 Tetherton Road, Highbury, London, N.
October 10, 1881

"Dear Mother,

"As Emma wrote to you from Liverpool, I did not hurry about writing as I should otherwise have done. I expect, too, you received the news by cable of our arrival.

"I suppose Emma told you of our rough passage.

We were comforted by the officers on the boat telling us how much worse it would have been for us in another boat.

"We remained in Liverpool from Monday morning until Tuesday noon and then took the train to London. Our friends had found lodging for us as we had asked them to, and we found also that a warm dinner was awaiting us. We have four pleasant rooms in a pleasant part of the city, not far from where we stayed the last time we were here. Our landlady takes our orders for our meals, gets our things and cooks them; and we pay for what we have. All our meals are served in our sitting room, with a servant to wait on us; and it is quite cozy and made more so by a cheerful grate fire. It is better than boarding for the children, because you can order just what you want them to have. Paul is not at all well yet. He is under the care of a homeopathic doctor and not in any danger of being drugged to death. The doctor thinks he must not be pushed in learning . . . If you think this would disturb Aunt Addie, you had better not tell her.

"We have been having quantities of letters of welcome, and everyone we know seems glad to have us back again. Even the custom house officers came and shook hands with D. L. as soon as we got off the boat and told him they were glad to see him back again in this country. At the railway station the officials came and welcomed him and told him that they had received good when he was in Liverpool. We found that besides having dinner for us there were some nice books for the children laid on the sitting room table. Other books have since been

brought in and toys for Paul." [The rest of this letter is missing.]

The fall and early winter months were spent in Edinburgh, and then the family went to Glasgow for the first six months of 1882. In the latter city Mrs. Moody wrote to Mrs. Mackinnon giving her their address, and immediately this Scottish friend went around to see them. She recalls: "I went to the address given in Mrs. Moody's letter and found it led me to a corner of Burbank Terrace, a nice cheerful situation. . . . Another time when I went to see Mrs. Moody I found her laid aside on the sofa with headache, from which she suffers a great deal. [All the terrible Moody headaches were probably due to allergy, as Emma Moody found out in her fifties and was cured. E. P.] I came in and sat by her as desired. Mr. Moody was looking over his address for that evening, stopped sometimes by little Paul, sometimes by our talk in which he joined. Willie was in school in Glasgow; he has grown a great deal. He is a fine tall lad, devotedly attached to his father. . . . We called on Mrs. Moody, but she had gone to London; Emma and Miss Holton [Cousin Fanny, the governess] were looking after the two boys and Mr. Moody taking care of all."

In June there was a brief holiday interlude, when the Moodys visited again in the vicinity of Campbeltown. While Emma Revell and her husband were in Helensburgh, Mrs. Mackinnon had their daughter and Mary Bonar with her. On June 20 she records, "We all went up to Glasgow in the 'Oriental' [their yacht], our commodore taking us through the Kyles of Bute. It was a most beautiful day, and Emma Moody and Mary Bonar enjoyed themselves. Emma called it a 'cute little steamer,' which adjective, I understood from her, means something

small and pleasant. . . . Emma got letters and found that her parents were coming the next day from Helensburgh. . . . Next day we went to the City Hall. Mr. Moody came to us where we were seated and greatly discomfited Emma and me by asking her, not in a whisper, if she had been seasick, and would scarcely believe her when she said she had enjoyed the sail very much."

[About August 15]: "We all left Dundee together about eight o'clock, the Moody party, the Glasgow party, and ourselves. On Wednesday in the middle of the gale I had come up in the yacht; it was now at Greenock waiting for us. . . . It was with no small feeling of concern I had made the trip on Wednesday [before] knowing that our friends were bad sailors; but my fears were unnecessary as we had a very fine day, not much sunshine but a perfectly smooth sea. We found the 'Oriental' ready waiting for us at Greenock, the commodore ready to receive us with a benign countenance, anchor up and ready to start on the minute. We were a very happy party, and the memory of it will linger in the minds of most of us. We steamed across to Holy Loch, where Mr. Allan and our friend from Madras, Rev. Rajahgopaul, came on board. . . . The 'Oriental' turned at Tarbert and we went south. It was a lovely, though almost sunless gray, afternoon. Arran looked splendid, and every peak and glen showed clearly."

Will Moody records the invitation visits Mr. and Mrs. Moody made to Cambridge and Oxford the June of 1882. Later that same year, in the privacy of the Mackinnon drawing room, D. L. Moody told a few friends of his experiences in the two university towns. His hostess in speaking of that conversation says: "He told us about the difficulty that met them at Cambridge; on the third day

it was as though they had come up against a stone wall," but he also explained how all the insults and antagonism of the students melted away and what fast friends they and he became.

Henry Drummond, who in his student days had helped with the campaign of 1873-75, in reference to that summer wrote: "Moody has made me promise to 'hitch on to him,' as he calls it, for the summer." And in the fall he again wrote a friend: "I was with Moody all summer in Scotland, Wales, and England."

Another intellectual of that year of 1882 heard D. L. Moody. He was "A. C. Benson, brilliant, cultured in his expression of religious experience with the reservation of one reared in the home of the Archbishop of Canterbury" [quoting Will Moody]. Benson described to a friend what Moody's meeting was like, and I quote here a few lines from that description, "I have no recollection how he began, but he had not spoken half a dozen sentences before I felt as though he and I were alone in the world. . . . Every word he said burnt into my soul."

After a fortnight of preaching in Paris in October, Torquay, Exeter, Southampton, Portsmouth, and Brighton were visited in November and December.

Mrs. Mackinnon next joined the Moodys in Brighton in December, when she went to call on them at the home of Major Gregory Lewis Way, "an invalid and a saintly man who had served under Lord Gough in the Punjab campaigns." In the bloody battles which he had survived, "he cried in his heart to God that if He would spare his life he would consecrate it to His service." "On Tuesday afternoon I went to see Mrs. Moody and family and had a very friendly visit in their own rooms—and such comfortable, handsome rooms they

had in Major Way's commodious house. We ventured to suggest that they come to us for the Christmas holidays if they were not engaged elsewhere."

Christmas, 1882, must have been spent in Brighton, from the Scottish lady's report, for she related how they came to the Mackinnon home, "Hill-brow," on the 27th of December. "It was a new experience to have Mr. Moody without work. Realizing that his energy must have an outlet, we arranged to go to the Crystal Palace. Mr. Moody is not quite so frolicsome as he was previously. He remembered our visit to the Palace eight and a half years before. (Then) Miss Cotton, the Moodys, the Wanamakers of Philadelphia, and ourselves had had a very happy day. We had been a very noisy party returning in the train, Mr. Moody tossing about colored balloons for the then little Willie. (This time) We went in the Panorama of Pompeii, and very good indeed it was. After a visit to the Aquarium, we all came home to Blytheswood for dinner. Dinner over, he said in his brusque say, 'Now we must do something,' and forthwith he started us to play games, joining in them with as much energy and heartiness as if he had been holding an evangelistic meeting. After prayers, we sat for a while in the drawing room and had a very solemn and quiet time of earnest talk."

She ends her chapter on "Recollections of 1882" by saying: "It was nice to see them all together again, a very happy family circle. It must be very trying to him to be so much separated from his family; he does so love to make himself at one with his children and enjoys the play with them as much as they do."

From a letter of Emma Revell's we know the Moodys settled in London in January, 1883.

"17 Neville St., Onslow Gardens, W., London,
"January 24, 1883

"Dear Mother,

"I must seem slow to you about writing and am sorry to seem so negligent. We have been moving about so constantly, and the packing and moving have taken both time and thought.

"We are now settled in London, all the family except D. L. and Willie. D. L. is at present in Birmingham, and Willie has gone back to school in Wellington.

"I did not think it was best for Emma to go back to Paris again [where she had sampled a Parisian school described in a later chapter. E. P.]; and so we have settled in lodgings in a pleasant part of the city, and a teacher comes here and gives French and music to Emma two and a half hours each day. Fannie (Holton) is also with us of course; and we enjoy our quarters very much, and have quite pleasant times together. We are very near one of the best museums, the South Kensington Museum; and as that is quite free three days in each week, we shall have quite an advantage from that. There is always so much to be seen in London, and it is easy to get about with the trams and omnibuses and cheap cabs. It costs only one shilling for two persons to drive two miles."

There follows an explanation of what the underground and elevated railways are, and then she continues:

"I am very glad just now that Emma and Fannie are out of Paris, for that city is just now in such an excited state that we don't know what will happen

next there. We feel very much interested in watching the accounts of things in France and much more now than before we went there. They have lost a number of their great men lately; and this morning their great artist, Doré, died.

"The time seems now to be drawing near for us again to leave for America. I suppose we may possibly get there by the first of May. We had thought that perhaps we would go to Palestine before returning home, but we find it will be too warm in the spring to do so.

"We have all kept very well this winter, D. L. especially so. Paul is well and strong and looking very different to what he did a year ago. Willie has also been much stronger.

"I expect to leave Paul with Emma and Fannie part of the time here and go with D. L.

"I expect I have written as long a letter as you will care to read this time, so I will close, hoping not to be so long before writing again.

"I hope you are keeping well. We are longing to see you.

"With much love to you and also a share to the rest of the family,

"Your affectionate daughter,

"Emma C. Moody"

It is not possible to tell, always, to which mother some of these letters were written; but most of the letters I have used must have been addressed to Betsy Holton, I think, for three reasons. She kept a bag of Dwight's and Emma's letters, and they furnish much of

our information. Will Moody says that after his father's marriage he turned over most of the letter-writing to his wife, including his letters home. Also, when Emma Revell sends their love "to all the family," I think she means the family on the Northfield hill, and not the Chicago relatives, who incidentally did not keep as many letters as did Betsy Holton.

While Emma Revell was penning such missives, her son Will says that his father divided the early months of 1883 thus: "January he spent in Ireland; February was divided between Birmingham, Leicester, Nottingham; and two weeks meetings were held in Manchester, Leeds, and Liverpool."

Mrs. Mackinnon writes: "Friday, Feb. 2. My husband, my sister and I went to Birmingham from London, accompanied by Mrs. Moody. Lady Anne Campbell, Lord Radstock, and others were there; and we all stayed in the same hotel, the Colonnade. Saturday afternoon and evening we spent mostly in Mr. Moody's room, and a very happy gathering we were."

The Scottish friend devotes a whole chapter to the happenings of April, 1883. "The evangelist was now in Liverpool and had his family with him. Mr. and Mrs. Moody were to be in London for a few hours on Friday and to take breakfast with us. They took the night train, and I could not understand their arriving at our place at the exact hour of our breakfast. He and Mrs. Moody had come by the night train, had sleeping berths, and slept on after the train got in the station. They do that in America, he said. I was much amused by it."

Again from her "Recollections": "On Saturday we went to Liverpool. Mr. Moody soon found us out in the hotel. . . . Willie was looking well but thin. The



Emma Revell in her forties

doctor gave a good report of him but said he would require care all summer. Dear little Paul was looking well too—so sweet and gentle; as his father says, 'He is a dear child.' ”

Again, from Liverpool, Mrs. Mackinnon adds: “When we got to the hotel at ten o'clock, we found Mr. Moody home before us. He had ordered our supper in his room; and we found him resting on the sofa, Mrs. Moody waiting on him with a few restoring attentions. Next day we were to leave. While my husband was out seeing his uncle, I had a little while with Mrs. Moody. She was busy as usual, and plenty of work she has of one kind or another. I came down to Mrs. Moody's room to say good morning. I was glad to see Miss Holton downstairs. She had received a telegraphic notice of her father's death and was quite stunned. She had got no relief from tears, and her face had that stony look so sad to see when I saw her on Saturday. But she looked much better and more natural today, and I was glad.”

At the close of April, 1883, the Moody family returned to Northfield for a brief interlude. The reason Will Moody states as follows: “Northfield Seminary and Mount Hermon were in their infancy and needed his presence for several months' supervision and personal care.”

SWITZERLAND, 1883 — LONDON, 1884

BY NOVEMBER first, 1883, the five Moodys were again back in England; but the mother and her three children soon left for Switzerland, "because of Willie's lung." About the 11th Mrs. Mackinnon saw Mr. Moody in London; and he told her of the trip they had made to the south of Europe on the 9th, and she adds, "I felt sad that I had not seen her, and for dear Mr. Moody left alone in this country. Mrs. Clapham from Newcastle was in London for the meetings. Mr. Moody came to where we were, and she advised him to go home [he was looking so tired], saying, 'You know I promised Mrs. Moody to take care of you.' He did look worn out and said to me that this parting was the hardest 'pull' on him he had ever had. It was very trying for them all; and Mrs. Moody must have needed, and doubtless had according to her need, a good, brave heart. It was particularly disappointing to Mrs. Moody; and Mr. Moody was rather downcast at the prospect of having to go through the whole mission without her help and the comfort that there is to him in her presence."

* * *

We leave London for a while and go to the snow-covered Swiss Alps, where Emma Revell and her girl and two boys are living in a little mountain village. The name of the town is Zermatt, and the background of its picturesque houses and people is a precipitous slope on

which may be seen guides with their climbing equipment of ropes and picks.

Entering the village inn, we see a group of young people gathered around a roaring fire in the hallway. At the sound of sleigh bells the front door is thrown open; and two elderly ladies enter, followed by the driver with their luggage. They have come all the way from Scotland for an event for which they have waited forty years.

One sister steps up to the desk, and in an old and weary voice says: "I received the burgomaster's letters. Have you reserved the rooms I wired for?"

In a kindly tone the innkeeper answers, "Yes, madame, Hans will show you to your rooms."

Hans and the Scottish women disappear on the stairway leading to an upper floor; and the wide-eyed, open-mouthed young people resume their chatter about sleighing and coasting.

Emma Moody is now twenty years old, Willie sixteen, and Paul five. Emma, who cannot help hearing the conversation which is being carried on by the innkeeper and the reappeared Hans, turns to look at the two men, just as the innkeeper says:

"Now hurry, Hans! Get Carl and tell him that their ladyships have arrived. He is the only man in Zermatt who can recover the body successfully. Be quick, and tell him to meet the ladies here in an hour."

Hans goes out into the streets of Zermatt, and Emma Moody leaves the group of young people and goes upstairs to her mother's sitting room. There she asks, "What are you doing, Mother?"

"Writing to your father, child. Do you want anything?"

"No, Mother, it's just that——"

"That what, Emma?"

Emma opens the hall door, looks quickly toward the main stairway, then shuts the door quietly and says: "The boys are busy downstairs. There is something I must tell you quickly while we are alone. They have arrived."

Mrs. Moody: "They have arrived? What are you talking about?"

Emma: "The ladies from Scotland. They have come for their brother."

Mrs. Moody: "What do you children know about any ladies coming from Scotland to find their brother? Who told you that?"

Emma: "Twice I have heard the innkeeper talking about it, once with Hans, and once with the guide Carl, who brought a learned scientist with him. The scientist asked the innkeeper if their ladyships had been informed that they must be sure to get to Zermatt on one certain day if they ever wanted to see their brother again. What does it all mean, Mother?"

Mrs. Moody: "Why, just this. Forty years ago young Lord —— came to Switzerland on a holiday to do some mountain-climbing. The poor boy fell into a crevasse, and for all these years his body has remained in the icy depths below. Science is able to reckon accurately, even down to the day and the week when the body will appear again in the movement of the great ice field."

"But," persisted the daughter, "what will his body look like when it comes out?"

"Just as young and as fair as the day the boy fell."

"What will his sisters do?"

"They probably want to see him as quickly as pos-

sible and then take him back to his homeland to be buried."

The next day we see the two Scottish ladies in their rooms across the hall from the Moodys. They are just finishing a conversation with the guide Carl, telling him that the moment he has recovered their brother's body they want it taken to the little Episcopal chapel. Immediately after that order has been carried out, he is to notify them at the inn.

One sister follows Carl down the stairs and goes up to the desk where the innkeeper is attending to his business. She asks:

"What is the name of that beautiful American woman who is staying here with her three children—the woman who is so quiet and serene?"

"Mrs. D. L. Moody," answers the man.

"I thought so," said the Scottish woman. "I understood that she was here in Zermatt. Will you please deliver this note which I have written to her?"

Up in Emma Revell's room, through whose windows we can see the gorgeous mountain scenery, snow-clad, there is a knock on the door; and the faithful Hans has brought the note, which has just been discussed in the hall below. The two Emmas are sitting together when the man enters; and as soon as he goes downstairs again, young Emma asks:

"What is it, Mother? Do tell me!"

The mother glances quickly over the unfamiliar handwriting and answers, "It is a request from the two Scottish ladies that I accompany them to the Episcopal church for the service for their brother."

On the following day, after the guide brings word that all is in readiness, the three women set out on foot

through the snowy streets of the Swiss village to attend a memorial service for a man sixty years young.

* * *

It was probably during that same European sojourn that two rather amusing incidents occurred. Before leaving Switzerland, Emma Moody announced to her mother that she was engaged. In answer to Emma Revell's amazed questions, the girl explained that she had been reading to a wonderful gentleman of sixty-five. When a young man he had come from Baltimore on a European trip and been so seasick that he never returned to the United States. Now he was blind and loved to be read to; and when she [Emma Moody] had entertained him so cheerfully, he had suggested, via a proposal, that they spend the rest of their lives together—reading, I suppose.

This romantic episode may have been the cause of the Moodys' move to Pau, at the foot of the French Pyrenees, and also one reason for D. L.'s flying visit to the south of France. He was able to spend Christmas, 1883, with his family in Pau.

There a stranger told them a story my mother never ceased to laugh over when recalling those days in the '80s. A Mr. and Mrs. X had rooms in a hotel in the south of France, where Mr. X was recuperating from a long illness. One night he was taken much worse, and his wife went down to the hotel kitchen and made a mustard plaster for him. Returning to what she thought was their own room, in the semi-darkness she put the plaster on a sleeping form under some bedcovers, only to find out, too late, that she was in a room similar to theirs but on a different floor. Rushing up to her own

room, she roused the ailing Mr. X and made him leave by the earliest morning stage coach, before other guests were up. A few days later, when stopping at another inn, and sitting at the large public eating table, a man near them was heard recounting this whole episode. He ended by declaring what he would do if he ever as much as laid eyes on the person who had played such a practical joke on him. And Mrs. X ended that meal by packing up again and moving her husband off to another town and another inn far removed from her victim.

Soon after hearing this harrowing tale, Emma Moody left her mother and brothers and came back to England, for in the Mackinnon "Recollections" we read: "Feb. 16, 1884—We accompanied Mr. Moody to Folkstone to meet his daughter, whom he expected from Mentone, where Mrs. Moody (then) was."

By May 27th Emma Revell and her boys were back in England, and on June 5 she wrote the following letter to Betsy Holton from the Kinnaird's London home:

"Dear Mother,

"I have been sorry to hear from some of the last letters that you have been having a cold, but I was glad you could have Cornelia with you for a time.

"I think I have not written to you since I came to England, which was two weeks ago. I was very glad to get here and always feel a little "home" feeling here in London, perhaps because I was born here. However, we have many old and warm friends here, and that makes the place dear.

"Emma has gone today to spend the night at my sister's, who lives a half-hour by train from London in a very pretty place, and quite countrylike. Emma

is very happy here and is enjoying herself very much, and Willie is much happier here than he thought he would be. There is always so much to be seen here. We are most pleasantly located in a very large house with a large number of servants, so we have every comfort and luxury we want.

"Paul has the whooping cough; but the doctor told me in Switzerland that change was so good for it, and I think he has had enough of that to help him. After being in Switzerland and going to several places in Germany, and after that to Belgium, then to England, we have moved about a little here. Paul has been made very happy several mornings by riding to and in Hyde Park on a little pony, with a man to lead the little animal. We are living very near the park, which is very beautiful.

"Emma and I went to Cambridge last week, and spent the night and day. Emma had never seen Cambridge before but had heard so much about it; and so, as we had an urgent invitation from one of the graduates who still stays on to pursue some extra studies and to act as captain of the cricket club, we went at his request and 'did' Cambridge. We enjoyed it and brought our friend back to London; and we all went together nine or ten miles away from London and spent the day at Lord Kinnaird's, at whose son's house we are now staying.

"We have now planned to sail home the twelfth of July, which is a week later than we had thought. We came on the 'Oregon,' which is now owned by the Cunard Line.

"Willie is quite well and all the rest of us also, and Paul's cough is improving.

“With much love to yourself and Ed and George’s family.

“Your affectionate daughter, “Emma”

I suppose one of the most enjoyable months the five Moodys ever spent was that, the last month on English soil in 1884. D. L.’s mission ended June 19th, and the return voyage to America was not started until July 12th.

The evangelist had just completed the most strenuous season of his whole life as far as the number of meetings and the crowds attending them were concerned. [Purposely, in this book, I have tried to follow the course of his wife’s life, only touching on the subject of meetings, conferences, and campaigns when she was directly involved, or when, though absent herself, she took great pride in her husband’s work as expressed in her letters]. Briefly, that winter for D. L. had meant crowds so huge that the London committee decided to take the halls to the people instead of having the people come to halls that could not possibly contain them all. Two movable buildings of corrugated iron, each seating 5,180 people, were used. “While a three weeks engagement was being met in one place, the other hall could be in the process of erection in a new field of city endeavor. Thus eleven different sites were reached in congested areas. It was in one of those portable hall meetings in the slums of Camberwell that Wilfred Grenfell heard D. L. Moody and thus became the ‘Luke of Labrador’ instead of an expensive physician on London’s Harley Street. The weekly attendance at the meetings that winter was 75,000 for thirty weeks running, making a gross total of over 2,000,000 people reached.” [Quoting from his son-in-law’s book].

At the time of the D. L. Moody centennial the Chicago papers quoted Gamaliel Bradford the historian as crediting Moody with "having looked into the faces of more men and women than any other man who ever lived and having reduced the population of hell by a million souls."

In making this calculation Bradford probably used the winter and spring months of '84 as one of the biggest items on his mathematical list.

Needless to say, after such an ordeal the preacher was ready for a holiday, and he had one never to be forgotten by any of the members who had their share in the following wonderful weeks.

Will Moody has described what happened during those last days in England. "At the close of the mission Moody accepted an invitation to spend a few days for rest and recreation at the country house of T. A. Denny and later at the home of his brother Edward Denny." Among the score or more guests invited with him was Professor Henry Drummond, who had returned from a tour into the interior of Africa in time to be present during the closing weeks of the meetings. During this period of rest, Moody made frequent attempts to draw from Drummond a little of the wealth of information he possessed.

One beautiful Sunday both host and friends urged D. L. to give an informal talk, and he replied:

"No, you've been hearing me for eight months, and I'm quite exhausted. Here's Drummond; he will give us a Bible Reading!"

Will Moody continues: "Drummond reluctantly consented; and taking from his pocket a little Testament,

he read the 13th chapter of First Corinthians. Then without a note and in the most informal way he gave the exposition of the passage which has since become so widely known to scores of thousands under the title 'The Greatest Thing in the World.' "

But the house parties were far from being given over to solemn occasions, as is evidenced by an old autograph album of Emma Moody's. I will quote from the contributions in lighter vein, omitting the Scriptural sentiments.

There appear the names of the Kinnairds, the Agnews, and Kynaston Studd, mentioned in Emma Revell's letter home on June 5th.

The name of Studd is like a recurring refrain in an old and familiar song. It was the father of Kynaston, whose gift had made possible the purchase of the Old Home. The Studd brothers were instrumental in getting the Moodys to Cambridge. Their names appear both in meetings and house parties held while the Moodys were in England. Kynaston Studd and his brother Charlie came to Northfield to visit their American friends. Whenever any of the later generations of our family returned to the British Isles, they always saw the Studds, no matter how brief the visit or how crowded their time. In 1927, when my husband and I were in England, we went of course to the Studds and there heard about the old days and saw the collection of Bibles the Studds had received from D. L. Moody. A year later, Kynaston Studd became Lord Mayor of London and was knighted.

As I write these lines I can see a small card on my mother's bureau. It is a copy of Sir Kynaston's New Year's card for 1941. It reads:

Heavenly Destiny

Count your garden by the flowers,
Never by the leaves that fall;
Count your days by golden hours,
Don't remember clouds at all;
Count your nights by stars, not shadows;
Count your life with smiles, not tears;
And with joy on every birthday
Count your age by friends, not years.

In the autograph album the most emphatic and blackest-looking inscription is that done by Henry Drummond. It reads:

SPECIAL

There was a little gurl,
And she had a little curl
Right down the middle of her forrid;
And when she was good,
She was very, very good;
And when she was bad
She was horrid.

Next, comes the drawing of a head of a woman, and under it is the name "Edward Clifford—July, 1884." It was he who painted the best portrait of D. L. Moody ever made. It was three-quarter length, about life size, and made in the spring of 1884. It is one of the few family treasures which my mother felt she could not part with and which did not find its way to the new Moody Memorial Museum. Treasured in our family, I trust no emergency will arise when we will have to kick off its massive frame and carry away the oil canvas under our arms, as Emma Revell had to do with an earlier portrait during the Chicago fire.

One page in my mother's book looks quite bare, but what is written there is fraught with meaning. In the middle of the page is inscribed, "Beatrice Denny, Stonewall, July 5th, 1884," and in four successive corners are written, slanting, the words, "Cottage, Beds, Sponges, Dresses." Remembering some of the Moody practical jokes and escapades, I think this cryptic inscription has to do with a cottage where the young men guests were housed, where the girls made "apple pies" of their beds, and perhaps caught in the act, a water fight ensued, wet sponges being used as weapons. In retaliation the boys may have hid all the girls' party dresses. Vaguely I recall some such details which might throw light on Beatrice Denny's contribution.

On another page, in a firm masculine handwriting, there is a series of Scriptural thoughts written by Hilda Beauchamp [who later married Kynaston Studd] Constance Beauchamp, Ida, Maud, Montagu, and Lady Beauchamp. The last mentioned was a tall, imposing woman, mother of four daughters and one son. As Mr. Moody moved from one section of London to another, this family followed him, taking lodgings near the location of his meetings. Of Lady Beauchamp, George C. Stebbins, the hymn writer, says, "Indeed I was told it was the custom of Lady Beauchamp, and had been for years, every Sunday night at midnight to take a cab and go, unattended, to the dance halls of London, trying to induce young women to live a different life. She was a tall, dignified lady who would attract attention anywhere by her remarkable appearance and so commanding that she was permitted to come and go at will by the proprietors of those places." [Mr. Stebbins is now 97 years old, and prays daily for all the loved ones of long ago.]

The names of one other family in the album brings to my own memory one harrowing moment in childhood. When I was nine years old my mother, father, and I went over to visit all of her friends and family in England and all of his Irish relatives. One day I was left at the magnificent mansion of Mr. Farmer Hall. No one had dared to break it to me that he was a man to make even the gods tremble. So when we four, Mr. and Mrs. Hall, and their daughter Trissie, my mother's dear friend, and I sat down to lunch, with a butler behind each of our massive carved chairs, I thought I should be a gracious guest and hold up my end of the conversation—which I have always been able to do from infancy, desired or not desired. They asked me questions, and I took what I thought was my cue. When we finished lunch, my father called for me and took me to the Studds, where mother was a guest. When he asked how I got along with the Halls, I assured him all was well, but I began to recall that in England children are always seen and not heard until they are in their twenties. Anyway, that ordeal was over without my being smart enough to know it was an ordeal. Then into the Studds' dining room I walked all unsuspecting. All the family and guests had finished lunch, but they offered me what looked like little blue robin eggs, just the way we would say in America, "Won't you have some nuts and raisins?" I remember blowing my nose and clearing my throat and taking a sip of water, all the time wondering whether the eggs were soft or hard inside and what in the world I was supposed to do with eggs that looked as though the Easter bunny had been around. Suddenly the tension was lifted for me by my father's recognition of my predicament. Frankly, as always, he said:

"They are plover's eggs, Emma. You are supposed to crack them on the side of your plate, like this, and then peel off the shell."

What a relief!!

* * *

This is the last letter Mrs. Peter Mackinnon received from D. L. Moody that summer.

"Compton Hotel, Liverpool,

"July 12, 1884

"John 19:27

"Mr. and Mrs. M.: I cannot leave the country without a word to you both to tell you how much you are in my thoughts. I am going to the Schools greatly cheered and encouraged. I shall hope to see you in America next year if all is well. My family are all well; and in a little while we will be on the vessel for our own land, and we will often think of you all.

"Goodbye, with much love from your true friend,
"D. L. Moody

"P.S. My children would send love but all are asleep. My good wife joins me in love to you both.

"P.S. No. 2. Will you thank Mr. William Mackinnon for his splendid gift to our School. I had him written to at once, so you need not write; but if you see him will you tell him how grateful I am for his kindness and his sympathy?"

* * *

In looking over a trunk of my mother's wedding silver this fall, I came across reminders of that eventful year she was twenty.

Among her personal belongings is a chatelaine. For the benefit of youth I will explain that this is a silver object

which consists, at the top, of a hook much like one you hang picture cord on from a molding. Dangling below are six silver accessories, such as a bottle of smelling salts [for delicate women who fainted easily], pencil, horn-shaped perfume container, and a memorandum pad. The latter is in the form of wafer-thin sheets of ivory which lie between silver filagreed covers. On one of the "pages" still remains a penciled appointment my mother made with Lady Kinnaird.

One silver ornament belonging to Emma Moody had a most interesting history. Once while visiting the Beauchamps, she met a guest who was Prince Victor Dhuleep Singh of India. His father had brought his child-wife to England soon after their marriage. At a large dinner party, of which she was hostess, some Englishmen began to ridicule Christ, whereupon the little Indian princess rose from the table, saying, "Never in my own country have I heard Christ spoken of in such words," and left the room.

Her son Victor came to England, and among other things attended D. L. Moody's meetings. While a guest at the Beauchamps, with my mother, he discovered that she was hysterical at the mention of a mouse. So one evening at a meeting he handed her a box of flowers. Attached to a blossom was a tiny silver mouse on a chain, which she kept as an unusual reminder of a delightful friend.

The name Dhuleep Singh appears in American and English newspapers in connection with Indian news both in times of peace and also in times of war.

CONFERENCES, 1886

I HAVE DESCRIBED the Moodys' home, certain traveling experiences, sources of their health and happiness as well as of their cares and worries, and how they founded two large schools; but I have said little or nothing yet about the conferences which had their inception in the front parlor of Emma Revell's Northfield home. Now they represent thousands of people from every nation on earth, and sixty-two summers of meetings; but they began in a small way; one might say, in a prayer meeting.

In August, 1880, Moody issued a circular which read like this: "A Convocation for Prayer is to meet from September 1—10 in Northfield." It was signed by him and started the Northfield Conferences, which have covered a wide variety of denominations and interests.

I have chosen the conference of 1886 to write about because it was probably one of the most wonderful years in the lives of the Moody family, and because Henry Drummond came to Northfield that season.

In every trip that the Moodys made to the British Isles they were assisted by Henry Drummond, and for years they had longed to have him come to their American home. The fame of his writings had spread around the world; but he remained the charming, unspoiled, youthful-spirited man the Moodys had first known in 1875. Drummond and Emma Revell were kindred spirits in a way. They had unbounded admiration for each other and were peculiarly fitted to help D. L. Of the first campaign in Great Britain Will Moody says of his father:

"Letters of all descriptions poured in upon him from every direction, many pitifully revealing tragedies of domestic life, confessions of past guilt, or such problems as are met in every pastorate. These called for counsel, compassion, possibly tactful admonition, and could be entrusted only to wise and sympathetic co-laborers. These Moody found, first in Mrs. Moody and later in Henry Drummond." Always the latter remained unchanged in their affections till the day of his death in 1897.

To Northfield that same summer came John R. Mott as a college delegate, and it was then that the Student Volunteer Movement for Foreign Missions was started.

In looking back on those early conference days, John R. Mott wrote: "In response to Mr. Moody's invitation students have come to Northfield meetings from nations in all parts of the world. The world's student conference idea has been taken up in North America, Great Britain, Germany, Scandinavia, Holland, France, Switzerland, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, Japan, China, and India. Moody had worked among the students of Oxford, Cambridge, Edinburgh, Yale, Princeton, and the University of Virginia. The secret of his influence with students is his uncompromising courage, aggressive warfare against sin, perfect honesty, frankness, rich sympathy and conquering love, whole-souled hospitality, matchless knowledge of the human heart, reality, absolute freedom from all cant, originality in speech and method, leadership, and abounding spiritual life."

Of course, in buying the Old Home and coming to Northfield for the summer months whenever his engagements permitted, D. L. Moody had no idea of what he was actually going to do with his summers. Emma Revell, knowing him as she did, may have been less sur-

prised with the final results. Summed up in a paragraph written by Will Moody, this is what happened: "In making Northfield his home, Mr. Moody had a two-fold object in view. As a father he was always watchful of the physical as well as of the moral welfare of his children. In the wholesome country life, in which he himself laid the foundations of a rugged constitution, he hoped to have his children benefited. The quiet of a small New England village, he thought, would also give him ample time for study, which he could not pursue while actively engaged in missions; and so, to bring about these two results, he decided to spend a few weeks each summer in his native town, at the same time visiting with his mother. But public services had become second nature to him, and even during his short season of relaxation he was soon arranging meetings."

As a sample of what a vacation day meant to Emma Revell, let us follow the family from morning to night.

In the first place, there were always guests. Paul Moody says: "In the vacation Father liked to have people about him, and the house would be full, too full, I thought, as I surrendered successively one room after another to guests who were not always too fascinating to my boyish fancy, though some were welcome."

Long before guests, the family, or even some of the servants would be up, D. L. would be out driving around the countryside consulting with his neighbors on crops, cattle, and town news. After breakfast the younger son would be kept busy feeding his father's live stock, weeding his too-large gardens, freezing ice cream by the gallon, and putting basket after basket of apples at the end of the driveway for the benefit of any passer-by. Emma Revell would be busy at her desk, in her conservatory and

flower garden, or perhaps in the kitchen, planning meals for a host of hungry people who were thriving under the spell of Northfield air.

At the end of the summer morning, the mail would be brought to the house, and "it was invariably large. Father would sit in a huge chair he had had made on purpose and at the desk at which I now write (quoting Paul Moody), the chair pushed back from the desk, his glasses on the end of his nose, opening and glancing at letter after letter. . . . Guests came in for this session, as they were treated as members of the family."

We can easily imagine Emma Revell rallying her guests and family as the gong announced the midday meal she had so carefully planned, and some of which she may have prepared herself.

Life was not hurried then, and perhaps after dinner the household would rest; and then Emma Revell and her husband would steal away on one of their beloved drives, or she would climb the knoll behind her house and go and sit with Betsy Holton for a while, carrying with her some fancy work or knitting, objects which, when completed, would go to some Northfield boy or girl.

"It was a waste of time to be long at supper," Paul Moody says. "Supper interfered with watching the sunset over his favorite hills, and he would have moved the supper hour back to an indecently early hour had it not been for my mother's protest."

After the evening meetings of the conferences a score of people would assemble in the big dining room of the Old Home to eat the ice cream Paul had so diligently cranked that same morning. He still feels quite strongly about that task which fell to his lot, for in 1938

he wrote, "In these effeminate days, when all you do is to turn a switch on the electric refrigerator, it is no task, but then it was. You got the ice out of the cool, sun-dusted recesses of the ice house, washed it off, broke it up, and churned and churned."

He has more to say about all the guests which his father so cordially invited to "Come and stay with me," for in reference to the Earl of Aberdeen, then Governor General of Canada, he tells this amusing story: "The Earl, whom father had known in Scotland, came with the countess and his family and numerous secretaries and aides, appropriate for so conspicuous a position. I suspect my mother's influence in steering the party to the hotel. Father, hospitable soul, was quite capable of saying, 'Come and stay with me.' . . . One man at the hotel called the Earl 'Mr. Earl' and felt quite pleased with this democratic solution" in the problem of how to address such an important personage.

Regardless of all the meetings that were held, the young people, friends of Emma's and Will's, had a wonderful time socially that summer. One evening in particular I have heard my mother describe many times. She probably told some of her famous ghost stories culled from English house parties; and it may have been on this special night I speak of that, after she had finished one of her most gruesome tales, an English guest said, "I know that is true. I have been in the house where it happened." Then, thinking she would play safe, my mother turned to an American mystery story, and this is what she related:

"On a boat sailing across the Atlantic there was a tall man dressed in the quiet, sedate gray of the Quakers. When the ship had been out of port several days, its

captain and one of her officers realized that the Quaker had not been seen for two days on deck. The Quaker's cabin was thoroughly investigated, but no trace of him could be found. Then one of the ship's hands recalled that two days previously he had passed the open door of the captain's cabin and seen a tall, gray figure sitting at the captain's desk writing. Straightway the captain went to his own room and there on his desk's blotter found these words written: 'Steer Northwest, steer Northwest.'

"All this happened long ago when a trip across the Atlantic took weeks instead of days, so, knowing that it would make very little difference if he turned the boat and steered Northwest for a day or two, the captain followed the direction found on his blotter. Just as the mysterious order was about to be abandoned, on the far western horizon a ship that looked like a mere speck was sighted. When the rescue vessel reached it, the first to step forward on the deck was the Quaker in gray."

My mother finished, and all were filled with wonder except one Quaker guest in the crowd. Very solemnly she remarked, "Please never tell that story again, Emma. It happened to be an ancestor of mine, and in our faith it is considered as sacred as any story in the Bible."

It was at this conference Professor Drummond repeated his address on the 13th chapter of First Corinthians, in book form called "The Greatest Thing in the World." One who was present says that at the end of the address D. L. Moody rose and with great feeling said: "Young men, you have heard a great address. I prophesy that this will live and will be translated into twenty languages." And his surmise has been confirmed.

ALONG THE MEDITERRANEAN, 1891

DURING THE years between the summer of 1884 and the fall of 1891 the Moodys as a family remained in America with one exception, which I shall speak of presently. The winter months were devoted to meetings in towns and cities all over the United States and Canada. Summers were devoted to the Northfield Conferences. Though rushed to death, one might say literally, D. L. was planning a Bible school in Chicago along with his other work. Of the summer of 1889 Dr. Charles Goss said: "One day while I was riding with him in his buggy in Northfield, he drove up a beautiful and quiet valley and began to talk about his plans. His eyes kindled and his face glowed. Suddenly he stopped the horse, took off his hat, and said in tones that sent a positive physical thrill through me, 'I am awfully concerned about this matter. Let us pray God to help us consecrate ourselves to it.' That prayer went up to heaven if any thing ever did."

To go back to the exception referred to above. In 1887 Emma Moody had made a trip abroad with her mother's brother, Fleming H. Revell. Among many other places they visited they spent a few weeks in Norway and Sweden, driving through the former country in a dog cart. Many funny stories about experiences in Sweden were among the reminiscences of uncle and niece whenever they got together long enough to look over the past. Here I have room for only one event, which happened in the royal palace in Stockholm.

A Swedish friend of Emma Moody one day took her to the palace to meet a cousin of the King, who lived in one wing of the palace. This cousin was a baroness, and being of royal blood demanded officially the same attentions bestowed on every other member of the King's family. Emma Moody had been warned never to turn her back while in the baroness' presence and that no matter how much she was urged she must not sit down on the sofa or anywhere else until her hostess was seated. After preliminary introductions, the little group of women were seated; and the baroness began:

"Every American is a welcome visitor here because of what a great American, D. L. Moody, has meant to me and to Sweden."

Then turning to the American girl she asked: "Did you ever know him?"

My mother's escort broke into the conversation with, "Oh, you did not catch this young lady's name! She is D. L. Moody's daughter."

At this disclosure the baroness was overjoyed and showed every mark of friendly courtesy. At once she suggested the special privilege of showing Emma Moody through the private living rooms of the King's family. In the rooms of the princes, at the head of each bed was a book case; and there among the volumes the baroness pointed out D. L. Moody's sermons translated into Swedish and bound in rich red Russia leather.

Apparently my mother carried her autograph album, started in 1884, on this trip to the Scandinavian countries, for in the back of it are some Swedish names and sentiments. There appear the names of the Meyerhelms, the Daltons (with very fancy "illuminated" Scriptural texts), a picture of the heart of Stockholm, the drawing of a

horse's head, and an amazing hand-drawn group picture of an army officer, his wife, F. H. Revell, and Emma Moody. All these contributions were added in June, 1887.

Back in the States in 1888, my mother started out from Northfield to New York to meet an incoming steamer and was caught in the "Blizzard of '88." For four days no one knew what had become of her. Actually, train officials had entered her car while it was waiting on the bridge outside of Bridgeport; and roping all the passengers together, they had more or less hauled them off the bridge and tracks into a hotel opposite the railroad station. For four days all kinds of strangers, including one insane person, watched the snow come down until it reached the second-story windows. A valiant stout-hearted fellow traveler could, if permitted, open a second-story hotel window and walk right out into the streets of Bridgeport. One of the Moodys' devoted friends chartered a boat in New York and sent it up the Sound in an attempt to reach the snowbound Emma Moody by water.

And now we come to the summer of 1891, about which Will Moody wrote: "The last invitation which Moody received to visit Scotland in the autumn of 1891 was perhaps the most impressive ever extended to him. The invitation was in the form of a scroll containing 2500 signatures, representing 50 cities and towns and all the churches of Scotland." Referring to this campaign later, D. L. said, "In 90 days I visited 99 places, speaking three and four times a day." A prayer which was offered by Sankey may have been connected with this expedition. His petition was, "O God, tire Moody out, or give the rest of us superhuman strength!"

It was indeed a strange coincidence that Emma Revell, who suffered tortures as a sailor, should have had a ship-building father and a husband who did much of his extensive traveling by water. She crossed the Atlantic eleven different times and crossed the Mediterranean four times.

Soon after their arrival in England in the fall of 1891, Emma Revell and her three children, age twenty-six, twenty-two, and twelve, started for the south of Europe again. They left London on November 23rd. Between that date and January 31st they visited the following towns, taking in all the historical sights: Paris, Basle, Como, Milan, Venice, Florence, Pisa, Rome, Naples, Pompeii, Vesuvius, Brindisi, Alexandria, and Cairo.

In my mother's tall, clear, refined hand-writing she kept a diary of that journey. On the inside of her daily journal she pasted a short poem, reminiscent of the time that her mother crossed the Irish Sea and was too ill to care what happened. Her daughter in horror and amazement looked up in her own slough of agony and depression and saw her mother, eyes closed, with her head on the shoulder of a strange but obliging man.

This is the poem pasted in the diary:

IN THE STEAMER

In the steamer, O my darling,
When the foghorns scream and blow,
And the footsteps of the steward
Softly come and softly go;
When the passengers are groaning
With a deep and sincere woe,

Will you think of me and love me
As you did not long ago?

In the cabin, O my darling,
Think not bitterly of me
Tho' I rushed away and left you
In the middle of our tea.
I was seized with sudden longing
To gaze upon the deep blue sea;
It was best to leave you then, dear,
Best for you and best for me.

I will not attempt to quote everything that Emma Moody wrote in the diary, nor the entire letters Emma Revell wrote home, but will skip from highlight to highlight of their joint experiences. From the diary:

"Nov. 23—It rained hard from Basle to Como; but after we left Lucerne, the clouds lifted and we could see the mountains rising thousands of feet above us, covered with snow. We were just twenty minutes running through the St. Gotthard Tunnel. The scenery is grand, the valley down below just as green as in summer and with snowcapped mountains above. Como, on the most beautiful of all Italian Lakes, is very quaint but awfully dirty.

"Nov. 26—Milan. This afternoon we went to the cathedral. The gilded statue on the tower is regarded by the people in Milan as the eighth wonder of the world. Next, we went to St. Peter's, which holds 40,000 people. The roof, marble, like the rest of the building, is adorned with 98 turrets. The

exterior has 2,000 statues in marble. The stained glass windows in the choir are the largest in the world and represent 350 scriptural subjects.

"Nov. 28—We started for the monastery of St. Maria delle Grazie, now a cavalry barrack. Here is the picture of *The Last Supper* by Leonardo da Vinci. It is in bad condition, because it was painted on the wall in 1499. [Incidentally, more copies have been made and sold of this portrayal than of any other picture in the world. Most people who own copies do not realize that the white archway in the center of the table is actually a doorway. When the monks heard that Napoleon was coming with his troops, they quickly covered the mural masterpiece with whitewash. Upon their arrival the French soldiers stabled their horses in this part of the monastery and then cut a doorway right through the middle of Da Vinci's painting, through which their horses passed. E. P.]

"Nov. 30—A letter from Emma Revell says, in part, "My dear Mother, When I was a girl at high school we used to sing, 'Beautiful Venice, the Pride of the Sea,' and here I am in the place itself. . . . It seemed very strange when we got out at the station to see no horses and no cabs but boats waiting outside the station; and into one of the little boats, or gondolas, we four went, trunks and all, and two men rowed us to our hotel. I think it will be nice not to hear the clattering of horses on the stone pavements. Paul is much excited and thinks it all great fun. Emma studies up the guide book and helps us; and Will attends to paying bills and all the business, and studies up Italian."

I remember hearing my mother say that Emma Revell was a wonderful linguist and mastered a considerable amount of Italian in six weeks. [Perhaps I should add: with the exception of the time when they were all ill with flu. Then, at Mrs. Moody's request that the bell boy bring them up hot water, she received six hard-boiled eggs!]

"Dec. 1. (from the diary)—From St. Mark's we went to the lace factories. They have 5,000 girls employed. They take them as young as nine. From there we went to the Palace of the Doges. There were 120, but from the time that Napoleon came to Venice they have not had any. They tell a story about one of the Doges. The Venetians had what they called Lion Mouths, into which any man could slip an anonymous note if he had anything to complain of about a fellow citizen. The notes were taken to the Doges, the offender tried, and if no witness appeared, he was executed. This particular Doge received a letter against his own son. To carry out the law he had to sign his own name to his son's death warrant. The boy was sent to the rack three times and then put into the most miserable kind of dungeon. He died there in three days with a broken heart. His father, five months after the death of his son, received word from a man on his death bed, saying the boy was innocent. The father left the palace of the Doges never to return. When Napoleon came he took the lions away. The Italian guide who told us this said, 'It is the only good thing Napoleon ever did here.' We went to the glass works and saw them making glass beads and glass eyes. This morning we fed the

pigeons in the Piazza St. Mark. We passed the house today, on the Grand Canal, where Browning died last year. It is owned by his son. We also saw the house that Byron was in for some time.

"Dec. 6—Florence. This morning I have given myself up to staying home and being lazy. While in the library after breakfast, I saw something that took my fancy. It was cut in the window with a diamond, and one could hardly help but imagine what was back of it—some one ill, going South possibly never to return. This was it:

To think of summers yet to come
That I am not to see;
To think a flower is yet to bloom
From dust that I shall be;
To think when heaven and earth are fled,
And time and season o'er,
When all that can die shall be dead,
That I shall die no more.
Oh, where shall then my portion be,
How shall I spend eternity?
Jesus, my only hope Thou art,
Strength of my failing flesh and heart;
Oh, let me catch a smile from Thee
And drop into eternity!

"Dec. 9—This morning Lucy and Freddie [the Pentecost girls] called, and we all went together to the monastery of St. Mario. Quite a number of Fra Angelico's works are in this monastery. He and Savonarola both lived here.

"Dec. 10—This morning we went out with the Pentecosts to the flower market. Freddie tells me that last spring she bought a large basket full of roses for forty cents—English roses, violets, and such quantities of maiden hair.

"Dec. 11—Mother down with influenza.

"Dec. 22—Thursday last I was down with influenza. It kept us another week in Florence. I never want to see the place again.

"Dec. 24—We drove to the Coliseum, one of the most imposing structures in the world. It would hold 87,000 spectators.

"Dec. 25—We drove to Monte Pincio. This is a very fashionable drive, and we saw a great many splendid turn-outs. We saw two princes driving. The ladies call on one another in this park. There were many carriages standing all together. Tonight we shall have a Christmas tree.

"Dec. 26—This afternoon we went to the Catacombs of St. Calistus, which are supposed to be the best. It is a place I never care to revisit. We were each given a taper as the passages are very dark. While going through one of the passages a large rat passed us, and then another. From the Catacombs, we went to the Thermae of Caracalla, or Roman Baths. They would accommodate 1,600 bathers at one time. . . . [describing the Vatican]. A cardinal at this time condemned part of a painting of Michael Angelo. He heard of this and painted the cardinal's face in hell. The cardinal was so angry he went to the Pope and complained. The Pope

replied if Michael Angelo had painted him in purgatory he could have gotten him out, but as he had painted him in hell he could not help him. The cardinal was so angry he died in a few weeks time.

"Dec. 29—First, today, we went to the Capuchin Chapel and saw Michael and the dragons. Downstairs we saw the bones and skulls of all the monks and priests, of whom over a thousand have been buried there. It was a ghastly sight. Then to the Mamertine Prison. Paul was imprisoned here and is supposed to have spent nine weeks tied to a post in an awful dungeon. We then went to another church to see the Bambino. It is completely covered with jewels, but it is an ugly doll in itself. It has a carriage to ride around in.

"Dec. 31—Naples. We reached Pompeii, 'the city of the dead.' In the museum the guide showed us bread, cakes, and grapes that had been excavated. When we returned to Naples, we passed a funeral procession. The mourners were masked and dressed in white, dressed as we are at a sheet-and-pillow-case party at home.

"Jan. 3—Left Brindisi on the 'Hydaspes.' "

The four Moodys had two strange experiences crossing the Mediterranean Sea.

I believe that one occurred going south and the other on the way north on the return voyage.

After they had been on the "Hydaspes" for a few hours, they noticed a governess and two English girls, whom they learned later were the daughters of Lord Roberts, the great English general. Again, as in the case of the Scottish ladies in Switzerland, the governess rec-

ognized in Emma Revell's beautiful and serene face the kind of person that she could trust. On board the steamer was a strange woman who began to shadow the Roberts girls until the governess became so uneasy that she asked Mrs. Moody if they might remain with her party and thus feel safe.

Emma Revell wrote home on January 5: "We are on the sea now on our way to Egypt, our second day out, and Emma has not had her clothes on since she took them off the first night. It has been a little rough in consequence of the storm last week. Rome is the only place I would care to visit again. The Italians are such a dirty set, and Naples just vile. We are now pretty well over the influenza, though the effects linger a little. We shall hope to shake them off on the Nile."

"Jan. 7 [from the diary]—As we approached the wharf at Alexandria, we could see the Arabs, some in pure white and some in scarlet. We passed camels by the hundreds. The houses are much the same as the adobe huts.

"Jan. 8—This morning about seven we heard the cannons booming and wondered what it meant. When we went down to breakfast, we were told that the Khedive was dead. He had been ill with the influenza. He died last night, and the funeral took place this afternoon at two. It is all very strange, his death. A German lady told mother that the doctors were asses and fools. She has lived here fifteen years. She spent the morning with the Khedive's wife (strange to say he has only one), and she said she was heart-broken. She is only thirty-three and her husband thirty-nine. They have several sons, who are being educated in Vienna. It is uncertain who is to take the throne. The father of this Khedive is still alive; but as he was a very clever man, he was sent to

Constantinople. He got the people into debt, and in his place the English put his son. It seemed to me every nationality was in the funeral procession: women with their babies, girls with their faces covered. English officers tried to keep order; but it was very hard, the natives were so trying.

"There were about forty men mounted on camels who stood opposite the British Guard. There were hundreds of young men from one school, all dressed alike, and some small boys chanting. Men mounted on camels threw bread from huge boxes to the poor, who scrambled for it in the street."

Emma Revell, in a letter in which she describes the tomb of the Khedive, says: "We went on to the porch, which is used as a sort of reception room. We were met by officials and shown to seats. Then one servant brought us coffee and cigarettes. The gentlemen smoked and the ladies kept theirs as souvenirs. We then wrote our names in a book and left our cards. Next we were shown to the enclosed place where the poor people were fed. Every day for forty days a thousand people are fed. I never saw such a lot of dreadful-looking lame, halt, and maimed, sore-eyed people together. I wonder if the groups the Saviour fed looked as miserable as these. They were given bread and meat, and the Khedive's wife pays the bill."

"Jan. 14 [from the diary]—The Grotto of Ben Hassan are a terrace of tombs high on the shelving Arabian ridge, overlooking a two-mile breadth of fertile land between mountains and river. You can study here the everyday life of men who lived before Joseph. In the paintings on the walls you can see men and women who are wrestling, fishing, ploughing and reaping, trapping

birds, giving dinner parties, being flogged, treading the wine press, dancing, playing the harp, weaving linen, playing catch ball, being shaved by a barber, and playing at draughts."

Feb. 5 [D. L. Moody's 55th birthday]—The family attended the ceremony of "The Howling Dervishes." In a letter home Emma Revell writes, "We went into a mosque and took chairs near the wall, which are placed for spectators. A semicircle was formed by the skins of some animal. By and by thirty men came in and stood on these skins, one leader standing in the center. One man chanted from the Koran. The man in the center began to bow his head forward and backward; and then he chose another leader, who wagged his head harder, and the whole circle did the same. Then their whole bodies began to sway backward and forward, going faster and faster, until the long hair of the men stood straight out from their heads, they uttering sounds like wild animals. The man in the center began to spin around as though on a pivot. His hands were extended straight out, one palm up and the other down. Will counted that he made 90 to 100 revolutions without stopping. They kept up until one man fell in a fit; and then, taking that as a sign the devil was coming out of the man, or was exorcised, they stopped."

Feb. 11—Emma Revell again wrote, "One day this week we drove to Heliopolis, the ancient city of On, where Joseph got his wife Asenath. There is only one obelisk left to mark the place. [The others are in New York City and London. E.P.] It is the oldest city in the world, was old when Abraham came to Egypt; and Joseph and the children of Israel must have seen it often."

On the back page of my mother's little leather diary

there is pasted a program of the Luxor Sporting Club, and among the events listed are "Water Girls Race with Goolahs on Head," "Soudanese Race," and "Donkey Boys Race Facing Tail."

On the return voyage across the Mediterranean a very unpleasant and terrifying thing happened. While on deck one day the Moodys and other passengers noticed a man's face suddenly appearing over the edge of the deck, along the side of the steamer. He had come from whatever they called "the steerage" in those days and was pitifully holding out a scrawny hand, begging, "Bread, bread!" An officer on the boat, furious at the man's revelation of how the poor were being treated, whipped out a revolver and ordered the poor creature to return by the route he had just taken, an act which was all but impossible. For years the expression on the man's face haunted my mother's memories, for she was of a most compassionate nature.

The four Moodys took in Mentone again on their way north, a place they loved and liked to return to because of past experiences there. By April first the whole family met in Paris, where they again separated, Emma and Will to return to London [and later Will to go to Germany], and the mother, father, and young Paul to turn southward as guests of the Mackinnons on an extended tour.

Before closing this chapter, I want to give one more detail of English life in the Victorian era. It has to do with the old Queen's grandson, Albert, oldest son of King Edward the Seventh. He was such a dandy in his actions and clothing that he was called "Collars and Cuffs" during his young manhood. Whenever Emma Moody had visited at the Beauchamps, they had jokingly

referred to this prince by his amusing nickname. But after returning to visit the Beauchamps in the spring of 1892, suddenly all was changed in the public's attitude. He died, and not only did all the Beauchamps and their servants wear mourning for this death in the royal family, but also their guests had to go into mourning, too. Thus Emma Moody had the surprising distinction of wearing black for "Collars and Cuffs."

PALESTINE, 1892

AS EARLY as January, 1887, Mr. and Mrs. Peter Mac-
kinnon urged D. L. Moody and his family to ac-
company them to Palestine. The invitation "touched
a very sympathetic chord," Will Moody said as a pref-
ace to his use of his father's reply, which in part was:

"Yours of January tenth came today. I could hardly keep back the tears as I thought of Calvary, Gethsemane, and the Mount of Olives, with you. My heart is with you, and I cannot tell you what a self-denial it is to me not to go. For years I have wanted to do so; and though I have never left my work for pleasure in my life, I think I should have gone this time if I had not been as I am!" [For three years Chicago had been trying to get him there, and arrangements had at last matured and and were to be fulfilled by him that spring.] The letter ends, "Remember me to all my old friends; think of me and pray for me in the Garden, and on Olivet, and at Calvary; and take one good look when in Bethany, and see if you can see the place where the Master was once seen, and ask Him to come back again."

From Cairo, Egypt, Emma Revell wrote to her mother on February 11, 1892, saying:

"We are still here in Cairo; but this time next week I think we shall be elsewhere, but where I

cannot tell. I had planned to sail from Port Said to Marseilles, and my tickets are bought; but Mr. Moody thinks it is such a pity for me not to go to Palestine as long as I am so near; and I may go if I can manage to change my ticket. There has been some difficulty on account of cholera and quarantine, but now the cholera is better and the quarantine taken off except at Damascus and Beirut. Will too is upset in his plans and is not sure about going around the world."

On February 13 she wrote:

"I have left my letters for two days and in the meantime have decided not to go to Palestine but to go to Marseilles by steamer from Port Said; or at least we go to Ismailia and there take the steamer from China. It goes up the Canal to Port Said and then across the Mediterranean. I expect it will take us a week to reach Marseilles, about as long as to cross the Atlantic. We go from Marseilles to Nice by rail, and I will be glad to get so much nearer to Mr. Moody and to all of you."

During the week of February 11, 1892, D. L. Moody wrote from Paisley, Scotland, to the Mackinnons, who had again suggested the trip to Palestine:

"I would be glad to go to Palestine, but there are some reasons that keep me. First, the work. It would be a pity to leave it now, and I am committed until April 1. Second, in April when it grows warmer, I come down with headaches and suffer a good deal unless I keep where it is cool. Third, my wife says that Palestine is said to be unhealthy and

no one can go there in the spring. So I think if I ever see the land of Abraham and his children, I shall have to see it in another body; and it may be that I will see it with Christ Himself."

Still anxious to carry out their plans, the Mackinnons deferred their trip until April. From a letter of Emma Revell's written on April 8, we know now that the Mackinnons' patience and pressure finally won out. On letter paper headed, "The Hotel Royal, Rome," she wrote her family in America:

"I am writing on the train, so please excuse pencil and poor writing. We are now on our way from Rome to Naples, Mr. Moody, Paul, and I. We left Mentone last week and went to Paris and met Mr. Moody. Will also met us there. We thought of going to London after seeing something of Paris; but Monday we got a letter from Mr. Mackinnon, who was in Rome, inviting us to go Palestine with him and his wife and sister, as their guests. Emma did not want to go, Will had just been; so in the evening Mr. Moody, Paul, and I started for Rome. We spent two days there and now are en route for Naples, where the steamer is waiting for us. We sail this afternoon for Egypt and hope to see Jaffa a week from today and then go to Jerusalem.

"I can imagine you saying, 'What a journey!' I think it is; but I am so glad to have Mr. Moody go, and he would not go without me. Emma and Will go on to London, and I think Will may then go on to Germany to get more German. We enjoyed Rome very much, and Mr. Moody made the most of his time and preached once."

Concerning the Moodys' arrival in Rome, Mrs. Mac-
kinnon's "Recollections" states:

"We stood on the balcony of our hotel, eagerly looking out, and were soon made glad at the sight of our friends walking to the hotel, which was not far from the station. Mr. Moody, ever eager and industrious, lost no time, but was out immediately after breakfast to see Rome. Saint Paul's connection with Rome and the remains of the early Christian church alone gave abundant scope for imagination and interest of research. The Appian Way greatly interested him, with its miles of tombs and towers lining both sides. He walked alone part of the way; he had got out of the carriage we were in that he might go on foot by the same gate through which St. Paul had entered as a prisoner. His loyal heart and vivid imagination made everything very real to him. At dinner he said, 'Paul lives today; I feel it all around me.' "

Emma Revell and the whole party of friends seemed to be highly amused at D. L.'s reaction to what he saw and heard on this, one of the very few trips he had ever taken that was not connected with campaigns of one kind or another. While his father was in Italy, Will Moody says:

"He took an intense interest in the people wherever he went and their methods of living. To see men living in their little houses, perched like crows in a nest on the edge of the snowline, reclaiming patches of land, some of them hardly twenty feet square, excited his wonder. He would frequently say, 'Look here! See that hillside farming! That

beats all I ever saw. If I ever hear a Northfield man complaining of his farm again, I'll fall on him.' This reference to his size caused much merriment."

Friends often referred to the "quiet bubbling sense of humor" Mrs. Moody had, and we can picture it during this scene. One day the Mackinnon party visited the Coliseum. After Ortini, the guide, had done some interpreting between Mr. Moody and a stalwart peasant with reference to teetotalling, the peasant told the American he had only two francs a day for his family of seven children to live on. Whereupon Mr. Moody advised him to go to America and then gave him a two-franc piece. The man ran after the party, holding out the piece of money.

Mr. Moody said, "What is the matter?"

Ortini answered, "He says it is the Pope's money and is not good in Rome. Will you give him another piece?" [The Pope's silver was not good in the city of Rome, but naturally Americans would not know that.]

Regarding the sea voyage, Mrs. Mackinnon's version throws this added light:

"On Friday we left at five-thirty to go to Naples, where we got on board the 'Jelunga,' a British steamer, Commander, Captain Mann. As it was a lovely evening we sat on deck, and the Bay of Naples could not have looked lovelier than it did in the full glow of the western sun. How intently Mr. Moody sat gazing and gazing at the scene of Mount Vesuvius, with a cloud atop, which, however, soon moved off and the smoke alone was seen.

"Dear Mr. Moody was a poor sailor; the only position in which he was not master of the situation was on board ship; and we, who were better sailors, recognized our only chance of seeming superior to him.

"At Kantara, where the canal cuts through the ancient route from Syria to Egypt, Mr. and Mrs. Moody were deeply moved by the thought of Abraham passing down to Egypt and nineteen centuries later, Joseph taking Mary and the young child Jesus by the same way. [Quoting from Mrs. Mackinnon.] We sat up till two o'clock that night that we might see this place in passing. It is an interesting fact that the Canal Company is obliged to keep a ferry here and convey the people, cavalcades of camels, etc., across the Canal free of charge. How strange it must have been to the travelers when they first found their road in the desert broken by a stream of water from the sea."

"Just picture," as his daughter would say if she were telling the story of this journey, "just picture Father making his first acquaintance with the East, the 'Jelunga' passing through the Suez Canal, as its fascinated passengers watched a mirage which gave the appearance of sheets of water falling along the banks."

On April 8, D. L. wrote: "We are now near where the children of Israel passed when they went out of Egypt. The country is sandy and barren, but the canal is a wonder. It seems strange to be in this land of the Pharaohs, Moses, Aaron, and Joseph."

Continuing the journey as seen through the Scottish lady's eyes:

"We reached Ismailia at dawn on Wednesday, the 13th. We took the train for Alexandria, stopping at Zag-a-zig and changing carriages, and now we were in the Land of Goshen. From Alexandria we started out in the old 'Rahmanieh' and had a very fine day. We were not long out until we noticed some of our fellow passengers looking at us with interest. We knew, of course, that it was because Mr. and Mrs. Moody were of the party. Soon a lady came forward and spoke to Mr. Moody, saying that she was one of his workers at Swansea, Miss Grenfell, sister of the Sirdar of Egypt at that time."

At the town of Ramleh we find a typical act on the part of Emma Revell. Her hostess writes:

"We stopped there for food. Mr. Glyn's party arrived as we were ready to start; and Mrs. Moody came to me asking if I could spare for them [the Glyns] some of our wraps, as theirs had not come with them. This I was very glad to do. None of us got to the hotel in Jerusalem until two in the morning, and we experienced the cold of a Syrian night.

"We entered Jerusalem by brilliant moonlight. It took us a little time to arrange our rooms, and we were glad to find ourselves in the shelter of a comfortable house after our very fatiguing journey. And now we were in Jerusalem once more, and the height of our desires was realized. Mr. Moody was with us and, to make it complete, Mrs. Moody and their dear son Paul.

"On Sunday Mr. Moody wanted to go out to the Mount of Olives but said he could not have the talkative guides go with him to such sacred places.

"As a result, Mrs. Mackinnon's sister Helen rose with the Moodys at five o'clock in the morning and attempted to be their guide. She took the turn to Damascus instead of St. Stephen's Gate, and so they came to what is called the New Calvary, General Gordon's idea, now accepted by many."

Helen described that morning to her sister in these words:

"It was a lovely morning; the sun had already risen at 5:45 over the dark hills of Moab. Mr. Moody was very quiet, gazing at everything with intensity and a sympathetic spirit shining in his face. He said to Mrs. Moody, 'Emma, can you realize we are on the spot where the Lord Jesus was crucified? Let us sit here and read of the resurrection morning.' Then he asked his wife to read aloud Mark's account, and then I read Matthew's account. Suddenly he turned in his quick way, saying, 'Did you ever notice these four "alls"? I was preaching on them before I left Scotland.' As we walked down the hill the sun made the scarlet poppies, growing among the loose limestone, doubly brilliant; and Mr. Moody said with deep feeling, 'The path seems streaked with blood.' A Greek priest passed, and Mr. Moody asked if he could speak English. He replied in French, saying that he was on his way to the Garden of Gethsemane. So we all went together, and he gave us entrance."

Again and again, accompanied by Emma Revell, D. L. Moody visited places mentioned in his beloved Bible. It is not hard to visualize the places in which he sat and

rested while she read to him Scripture appropriate to their setting.

On Wednesday the 20th, Mrs. Mackinnon records:

“At 7:30 Mr. and Mrs. Moody and we drove to Hebron. They visited the Mosque, at least saw the outside of it, for no Christian is allowed to enter, almost the only exception having been made in favor of the Prince of Wales. On the plains of Bethlehem we plucked some flowers. Mr. Moody made some characteristic remarks as we looked at these plains where the shepherds abode, keeping watch over their flocks by night, when suddenly there was a multitude of the heavenly host around them.”

There is neither time nor space here to mention all the pools, convents, arches, and other historic spots visited by the Moodys and their friends; and so we come to the last day in Jerusalem as described by our Scottish friend:

“We left Jerusalem at noon, escorted to our carriages outside the Jaffa Gate by a delightfully varied company. The beggars of Jerusalem, I am sure, never had such a good time as when Mr. Moody went about its streets. They soon learned to watch for his coming out of his hotel and followed him about, and now they were here to see him off. The lepers were at their accustomed places outside the gates; the blind and the maimed followed him. . . . Mr. Glyn, now Bishop of Petersburg, and Lady Mary, accompanied by Miss Grenfell, all gathered to say farewell. And so the evangelist of the nineteenth century had seen for himself the scenes of the Great Transactions which he had spent his life in proclaiming.

"On our return journey to Jaffa we saw the hills of Nazareth, and Mount Hermon glistened with snow. At the Jerusalem Hotel in Jaffa our bedrooms bore the names of the twelve tribes [to distinguish each room, instead of the usual numbers].

"We left this Holy Land with feelings not very easy to express. Mr. Moody did not expect to pass this way again. He often said, 'I am reading the Bible for the first time; it makes everything so different reading it here.' "

On the return trip northward the Mackinnon party passed through Rome, Florence, Lake Como, Lucerne, and Basle; and there the Scottish friends and their guests parted.

Scarcely anything is a greater test of friendship than traveling together in foreign lands, especially where sea voyages are included. The success of this expedition is acknowledged by remarks made by Mrs. Mackinnon and Paul Moody after it was over. The former wrote,

"As for dear Mrs. Moody, it is difficult to say about her all that one would like—from first to last, the same. What I wrote in 1874 I would still write now, only with much more emphasis. Of her, if ever of any wife, it might be written, 'The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her.' "

And of his father's persistent longing to go to the Orient, all plans for such a trip having been cancelled in 1889 by doctors' orders and pressure of engagements, Paul Moody speaks of the proposal to take him around the world as soon as his course at Yale was completed, adding, "I cannot think of a more ideal companion for a trip around the world."

In spite of heat and lepers and dirt and seasickness and the fatigue of travel, Emma Revell must have cherished in her memory those days spent with her husband, especially in the light of what occurred after their next separation in London, when she, without him, came back to America.

Among the treasures which Emma Moody brought home with her, when she returned in 1892, was a bust of William Hohenzollern. She placed it on the mahogany mantelpiece which surrounded the fireplace in her room. The room is above D. L. Moody's library, and there is a secret compartment in the woodwork around this fireplace which none of us has ever been able to open.

When her father returned home and was in her room one day, to her astonishment this scene took place. In the words of her brother Will: "She brought two little souvenir busts of the Kaiser and Bismarck. One day Moody's attention was attracted to them. He knew the Iron Chancellor only as a great patriot and regenerator of Germany, a loyal subject and faithful servitor of William I. For the young Emperor, he had only a deep contempt. 'Bismarck is all right,' he soliloquized, 'but I don't want that in the house,' pointing to the bust of the Kaiser. 'Why Father, what's the matter?' asked his daughter. 'Any man who treats his mother as he has, and then turns from one who has done for his grandfather and father what Bismarck has, will come to a bad end. Mark my words! I may not live to see it, but he will die in disgrace, an exile from his own land.'" With which words, D. L. Moody smashed the Kaiser's bust on the fire bricks below.

SHIPWRECK, 1892

I WISH MY mother, Emma Moody, could have been the one to retell the story of the "Spree." She could have done justice to the exciting details of an experience which almost cost the lives of Emma Revell's husband and their son, Will.

First, before relating what happened in mid-Atlantic, I want to go back to the Old Home in Northfield.

In the summer of 1892, after her return from Palestine, Emma Revell resumed her household duties and joys in Northfield and there awaited the return of the two members of her family who were still overseas.

When the morning arrived on which she was to leave for New York to meet the incoming steamer, we can picture her in the kitchen ordering meals for the three successive days of her absence; in the dining room interviewing John, the "hired man," as she gave him directions for taking her to South Vernon and for transporting around the village all the flowers and jellies and soups she had planned for sick neighbors; and in the conservatory telling Old Paul about the transplanting, clipping, and picking she wanted carried out while she was away.

After her arrival in New York City she went to the Murray Hill Hotel to await the steamer which she hoped would surely dock in a day or two. At the hotel desk she probably explained that she was in the city for two or three days while she waited for the arrival of the "Spree," and on the night of its landing she would need an extra room for her son Will.

There followed long weary days of anxiety, scanning the newspapers for reports, telephoning to the North German Lloyd Steamship Line asking whether or not they could furnish any word as to the whereabouts of the "Spree"; days and nights of prayer, when Emma Revell faced the fact that her loved ones were in the gravest danger.

The scene changes to the cabin of Captain Carey, a Dublin man, on the S. S. "Lake Huron," which is plowing through the Atlantic going eastward. He is talking to a passenger and says:

"Mr. Bell, I understand that you are superintendent of the Montreal Sailors Institute, and as such I want you to lead our evening service. I am a Christian man myself, and I love the old Psalms and the Moody and Sankey hymns. Be sure that we sing some of those!"

The two men go down to the dining saloon where the religious service is to be held and take their places behind a portable pulpit, set up by a waiter. The ship's passengers fill the seats before them, and at the back of the room stands the boatswain's mate.

After the captain has introduced Mr. Bell, the latter rises and says something like this:

"We are all indebted to Captain Carey. Into his hands we commit our welfare and safety on this three thousand miles of ocean. Fortunately for us he is a praying man and does not rely wholly on his own skill but asks the help of God in carrying the great responsibility of his job. He has asked that we sing some of the famous Moody and Sankey hymns, so I have chosen 'Pull for the Shore, Sailor,' 'Throw out the Life-Line,' and 'Let the Lower Lights Be Burning.' "

After the officers and passengers have entered heartily

into the singing of the hymns and listened to the Psalms Mr. Bell has read and a brief talk he has given, the crowd disperses. The service is concluded at nine-thirty; and before retiring, Mr. Bell walks around the ship's deck. Suddenly he meets the boatswain's mate, who says to him:

"I am going around to see that our lights are trimmed and burning for it may be that someone will be glad to see those lights before morning."

The two men say good night and separate, one to further duties, and one to his cabin.

Next, we see the bridge of the steamer about midnight, where the second officer in command is straining alert eyes as he looks through his glasses at a speck of light on the far horizon. Troubled, he hands the binoculars to the sailor next to him, asking if he too does not see a bright flare in the distance. Both agree, and the second officer sends his assistant to the captain's cabin to rouse him and deliver an urgent message. Captain Carey at once pulls his clothes on and comes to the bridge. He verifies the report brought to him a few moments before and, addressing the second officer, says:

"Change our course, Potter, and let us bear down on her and see if we can render assistance. We may be in need of help ourselves some day."

From what the men have seen they judge that another vessel is in distress, floundering about as though rudderless, heading first in one direction and then another, adrift.

Three hours later the "Lake Huron" comes alongside the "Spree." On the deck of the latter we see what we know to be the faces of D. L. Moody and his son Will among a crowd of terror-stricken passengers. Anxious men and women cluster along the ship's rail watching

the approach of the rescue boat. Officers of the "Spree" explain to their people that the "Huron" is trying to throw a line to them, an attempt which utterly fails.

Up on the bridge of the "Lake Huron" an officer is signaling that they will "stand by until morning."

As dawn comes over the sky the wind dies down, and the "Spree" stops lashing about. A small boat is lowered from the crippled ship, one of whose officers is rowed over to the "Lake Huron." Aboard the rescuer he is taken at once to Captain Carey's cabin.

The officer from the "Spree" explains, "We were three days out when our driving shaft broke and thrashed a hole in the stern. Two after-compartments filled with water. We closed the three forward bulkheads; but the ship settled down at the stern, and her bow tilted high in the air, as you can see. Our engines were useless, and we could only drift aimlessly. All our captain could hope for was that we might keep afloat and not drift, unseen, out of the regular track of the route of other steamers."

When the man has finished, Captain Carey says very gravely: "I promise with God's help, to save all on your vessel. Seven hundred souls. That is a very serious responsibility."

The "Spree's" officer leaves the cabin to return to his own boat, and Carey sits at his desk musing: "Seven hundred souls! Will the tow-lines hold if a storm blows up? Will our coal supply last? One thousand miles from Queenstown, my own boat full, and a disabled ship with seven hundred souls to tow to safety!" He covers his face with his hands as though in prayer for the ordeal confronting him.

The following Saturday we see the "Lake Huron" steaming into Queenstown, slowly towing the battered

"Spree." Crowds have gathered at the Irish dock, and a cheer goes up as the gang plank is lowered from the latter ship. Mr. Bell rushes off at once to the cable office and there meets D. L. Moody and Will, who know him. Mr. Bell explains he is on his way to Scotland to carry on some work started by the evangelists, and the Moodys explain that they are on their way to Northfield.

The following morning, Sunday, we see many of the "Spree's" passengers, including the two Moodys, going up the gang plank of the S. S. "Etruria," again starting for their homeland, grateful to be alive, and thankful that their prayers have been answered.

That same weekend in New York we see Emma Revell in a little red plush parlor of the Murray Hill Hotel receiving a cablegram from her husband. She is surrounded by callers and newspapermen.

The next seven days pass quickly, and it is Saturday again. Emma Revell and a host of devoted friends go down to the pier to watch the "Etruria" come up New York harbor and dock. Will and his father wave to the familiar faces below, and the minute that the gang plank has been put in place they rush off the boat to meet the woman who has been waiting so patiently and prayerfully for them.

Little time is spent in New York City, for we know that they are to catch the five o'clock train north. About ten o'clock, as their coach slows down beside the tiny depot at Mount Hermon, they see crowds of students swarming all over the platform and adjoining fields. "Three hundred students and teachers and neighbors swarmed around with torches and a brass band and cheers to welcome their benefactor and friend."

At South Vernon station another mob greets the family, who now have alighted from the New York train. As they drive home they see across the Connecticut River that every Seminary building, as well as most of the village houses, is ablaze with lights of welcome.

In spite of the late hour, before returning to the Old Home, Dwight Moody and Emma Revell turn up the hill and pay a visit to Betsy Holton, who eagerly awaits them.

Back again in the Old Home, the Moodys are warmly received by their own household, where many a prayer of thanksgiving goes up that night.

The next morning, as it is Sunday, we see carriages full of grown-ups and children pouring in from every road leading to Northfield. We see the Seminary girls in long winding double columns leaving their halls for church, and across the river meadows come Hermon boys on foot or in wagons.

Inside, the church is packed from floor to ceiling with friends and neighbors. D. L. Moody goes to the platform; and before he begins to speak, he looks down on his loved ones gathered in the family pew below him. [This is a new building erected in East Northfield.]

A niece who was present that memorable morning says that she will never forget the sound of her uncle's voice, low, quiet, and solemn, as he read the verses, "Then they cry unto the Lord in their trouble, and he bringeth them out of their distresses; he maketh the storm a calm, so that the waves thereof are still." She says, "They seemed like new verses to me. The story he told that day has never left me. I have read and reread the story to my children and grandchildren and shall read it as long as I live."

The story the niece referred to was simply told by a man who said he would do on this occasion what he had never done before; namely, make his own experience and observations the subject of his discourse. The man who had heard the confessions and testimonies of thousands of other men and women knew that the country church was full of people who had feared for him, prayed for him, and deserved an account of the Lord's guidance and rescue of him and his son Will. This, in part, is what he told them:

"My last day in London was a pleasant one; a day of promise it might have been called, for the sun shone out brightly after some of those dark, foggy days so common in London. A company of friends gathered at the station to see me off; and I suggested that they sing my favorite song, 'Then Shall My Heart Keep Singing.' I couldn't sing with my voice [he sang in a monotone, and his rendition of old songs was a family joke. E. P.]; but deep down in my heart I sang, for I was going home—home to meet my loved ones. You land people have not, perhaps, a very clear idea of what those great Atlantic steamers are like. I embarked on the 'Spree,' a vessel about 490 feet long, with 700 passengers on board, representing Great Britain, Germany, Austria, Russia, Hungary, and other countries besides our own . . .

"When about three days out on our voyage, I remember I was lying on my couch, as I generally do at sea. I was congratulating myself on my good fortune and feeling very thankful to God. In all my extensive travels by land and sea I had never been in any accident of a serious nature. I thought of how my wife and children had escaped cholera and the quarantine in New York. The steamer that sailed before theirs, and the

one that followed after, both had cholera aboard and were detained in quarantine, while the one that bore my loved ones, being a swift sailer, reached New York and landed her passengers before either of the other two arrived."

Then Mr. Moody told of the crash and the shock of the boat's accident, the intrushing water in the second-class cabins, the preparation to man the lifeboats while officers stood by with their revolvers to see that their orders were carried out. He said, "The sea was very rough, and the broken ship rolled from side to side with fearful lurches. If she had pitched violently but once, the bulkheads must have burst and the end come."

He told the audience how the ship hoped to attract the attention of a passing vessel. A night and a day passed, and then they were aware that the "Spree" was drifting out of the regular track of steamers. The second night the passengers held a prayer meeting, and the preacher said, "With one arm clasping a pillar to steady myself on the reeling vessel, I tried to read the 91st Psalm and pray. I was passing through a new experience. I had thought myself superior to the fear of death. I had often preached on the subject, urging Christians to realize this victory of faith. During our Civil War I had been under fire without fear. I was in Chicago during the great cholera epidemic and went around with the doctors visiting the sick and dying. Where they could go to look after the bodies of men, I said I could go to look after their souls with the Bible and prayer, for Jesus' sake. In all this I had no fear of death.

"But on a sinking ship it was different. As my thoughts went out to my loved ones at home—my wife and chil-

dren, anxiously waiting for my coming, my friends on both sides of the sea, the schools and all the interests so dear to me—and realized that the next hour might separate me from all these as far as this world was concerned, I confess it almost broke me down. It was the darkest hour of my life. I could not endure it. I must have relief, and relief came in prayer. God heard my cry and enabled me to say, 'Thy will be done.' Sweet peace came to my heart. Let it be Northfield or heaven, it made no difference now! I went to bed and almost immediately fell asleep and never slept more soundly in my life.

"About three o'clock in the morning I was roused from my sleep by the voice of my son. 'Come on deck, Father!' he said. I followed him, and he pointed to a far-off light rising and sinking on the sea. It was the 'Lake Huron.'"

Before closing that Sunday morning service, D. L. Moody spoke of a few of his fellow passengers, unconsciously showing by the stories he told that no matter how dangerous a situation was for him, still he never forgot those around him. Speaking of reactions, he said, "The nervous strain of those eight days and nights of suspense was something fearful. It was more than anyone could long endure without help. The minds of several passengers gave way under the strain, and they had to be put under restraint. A young Austrian who had left his betrothed in Vienna leaped overboard in despair and was drowned before our eyes, in spite of all we could do. It was a most pathetic sight to see a young mother with two beautiful children sitting in dumb anguish the first forty-eight hours, never taking her eyes off her little ones. There was a Russian Jew, who had taken passage

without the knowledge of his relatives at home. It was pitiful to see his distress, as he confessed his sin, beating on his breast and denouncing himself as the Jonah of the company. Kneeling upon the deck with tears streaming down his cheeks, he cried to Jehovah not to visit punishment of his sin upon all those unfortunate people."

* * *

There is nothing new or old about the feeling of God's presence when one is left in helpless solitude. Admiral Byrd has recorded a similar awareness in his experiences when alone at the South Pole.

There is nothing new about reliance on an unseen force and the prayers which are a natural result when people are shipwrecked. Captain Rickenbacker, in speaking of his catastrophe and starvation in the South Pacific says, "Frankly and humbly we prayed for our deliverance," which came in the form of a bird. "Within an hour after our prayer meeting a seagull landed on my head." The newspaper report of this incident adds, "Upon setting foot on land in the dark early morning hours of Friday, Captain Rickenbacker had turned to Private Bartek and said, 'Better thank God for your Testament, son! You see now what faith can do for you.'"

AS GRANDMOTHER, 1899

THE MANY outstanding family events that happened between the years of 1892 and the spring of 1899 I am going to try to sum up during the hours of May 16, 1899.

It is early morning, and in the semi-light we can just dimly see the outlines of the furniture in Emma Revell's bedroom, which was over the dining room in the Old Home.

She seems to be asleep, and in the crib next to her lies a little girl three years old. First a door leading out of Penny Alley opens, and a nurse named "Georgie" tiptoes into the room and removes from her warm covers Emma Moody's daughter, Emma the Fourth. Nurse and child retire to the rear of the house; and the next door to open is one from the north side of the house, from a wing called "Alaska," where D. L. Moody used to sleep in his massive carved folding-bed.

As the form of Emma Revell's husband emerges, we see that he is dressed in what the family called his "Bumble bee suit." This outfit, Paul Moody says, consists of "rubber boots, an utterly disreputable hat, trousers and waistcoat, much too light colored, and a brown velveteen jacket."

As her husband tries to steal through her room, looking, as he goes toward the crib already empty, Emma Revell half sits up in bed and asks, "Where are you going?"

D. L. says: "To feed my hens and then take little Emma for a drive."

As he leaves her room Emma Revell calls out, "What time is it?" but already the Yankee farmer is down the stairs, out in the back yard, and soon we hear the sound of carriage wheels as he and his little companion go off roaming over hill and dale.

By Emma Revell's bedside is a table. On it are her gold watch, a candle, her Bible, and a calendar pad with a daily message printed on it. She lights the candle, glances at her watch, and then at the calendar; and there she sees in large letters and numerals, "May 16th."

Realizing breakfast is not due for two hours, she lies back on her pillows, remarking, "It's Emma's fifth wedding anniversary today."

Then in rapid succession the following scenes flash before her eyes of memory.

It is April, 1893, and D. L. has just come home from meetings in Wilmington, Baltimore, and Charlotte. The first evening that he is alone with his family circle and the two Emmas are plying him with questions about his trip, he tells them about his new secretary, who has come over from Ireland for the summer. "I met him in Dublin, where he was studying last fall, and now he has come to the States to help me during the World's Fair in Chicago. His name is Arthur Percy Fitt. I call him Arthur. The Percy is after an ancestor of his, the Duke of Northumberland."

At this point in the conversation Emma Moody roars laughing at the last name "Fitt," saying, "Who ever heard of such a name! I wouldn't have that name for anything."

To which her father replies, "Take care, young lady! You better wait till you see this young Irishman before you say that."

Then Emma Revell recalls the summer that followed in Chicago, where her husband crowded hall after hall with itinerant guests and tourists; also the sign that the manager of Forepaugh's Circus put out as an advertisement, which read:

"Ha-Ha-Ha! Three Big Shows!

Moody in the Morning.

Forepaugh in the Afternoon and Evening."

[“The great canvas ellipse covered a seating capacity of 10,000, with standing room for 10,000 more, and was surrounded by the usual circus furnishings and gaudy decorations, while in the adjoining tent was the large menagerie of animals, including eleven elephants. The circus tent was rented for two Sundays for religious meetings. It was a revelation to Forepaugh that so many people would come and listen to songs and sermons. His afternoon and evening shows were abandoned, for they were so thinly attended,” is the report of Mr. Fitt, who was an eye-witness.]

If Emma Revell smiled that May morning, she was thinking of something more than religious services. She was recalling that when the young Irishman was not busy with her husband's work he was cooling off under the shady trees of Lincoln Park, and her daughter Emma was by his side. Before the World's Fair with all its wonders was over, young Emma had become engaged to her father's temporary secretary, who intended to return to Ireland that fall but didn't. Thus came to an abrupt close his days at Trinity College, Dublin, where he was studying to be a barrister at law.

Yes, it is the 16th of May; and Emma Revell remembers vividly the spring of 1894 when the village church

was trimmed with apple blossoms by young Emma's Sunday school class.

It seems only yesterday to her that her only daughter was married; only yesterday that the dear Carrolls came across the Atlantic, all the way from Dresden, so that Rose and Grace could be flower girls for Emma Moody. Yes, and they brought with them their governess, Fraulein Schrunk, who carried in her own hands every step of the way the baskets of Dresden china which were the gifts of her employer and his family.

Poor Fraulein! When the wedding ceremony was about to commence, Sister Sarah, realizing that you would not enter the church without a special invitation, stepped up to you and told you to go in. And the next thing that anyone knew, your little hunched-back figure, dressed all in black, was seen following Emma and her father up the aisle as you carried her train, true to German customs. And Emma, fearing that her father had become stage-struck and was somehow pulling on her veil, kept jerking her head, trying to free herself.

* * *

Now, thoroughly aroused, not only by her husband's early morning appearance but also by memories, Emma Revell recalls another wedding in 1894, that of Will and Mary, daughter of Major Whittle, the friend of many years. Two weddings in 1894, and two baby grand-daughters in 1895: Irene, Will's firstborn, and the Fitt's Emma.

The Will Moodys lived at Mount Hermon, but the Fitts lived just "up the road a piece," south of the Old Home. Many times during the months preceding the fourth Emma's birth on December 16, 1895, she had taken her knitting or the sewing she was doing on the

baby's clothes "over to the other house." It was she who had fixed the bassinet, used in the future by other generations; and it was she who was present the night that the baby arrived.

Marriages, births, and deaths! Emma Revell, in recalling the immediate past, does not forget the deaths that had made the first inroads into the Moody circle. First, Betsy Holton had died. Born in 1805, and now almost 91 years old, in January, 1896, she died leaving behind her this tribute, "Thus was laid at rest a typical New England mother, one who by self-sacrifice, hard work, and trust in her God, reared her family, brought out what was best in their natures, and made the community, the town, and the world better for having lived in it."

But before letting her mind dwell on the deaths that followed, Emma Revell's memory brings to mind a scene in the spring of 1896 when her own mother, Emma Manning, came east from Chicago to see her first great grandchildren, Irene and Emma. She arrived in April, and one of the first things her relatives insisted on was a trip to Brattleboro, Vermont, where she was photographed with the two babies and with the three other Emmas, the result of this expedition delighting her old soul. In May the matriarch attended the christening of Emma Fitt in the village church, sitting in the old family pew with her daughter Emma Revell.

Emma Revell may have seen again in her mind's-eye two letters her daughter showed her that year, written by her husband. One had to do with the matter of teething, a subject which she herself knew something about from experience. When baby Emma had started teething and her mother had become distraught with wear-

ness, she herself had gone next door to fetch the baby back to the Old Home, where she walked the floor far into one night until the "baby screamed herself out."

The funny letter referring to teething was written by D. L. on January 7, when Emma was three weeks old, and reads:

"This is my first letter to my dear little grand-child. I wanted to get a letter to you before you got your first tooth. Hurry up and get them all before the hot weather comes on, for I will get you some candy, and you will want teeth to eat it. I want you to hurry up and grow, so I can come up early mornings and take you out riding when your mother and father are fast asleep. We will slip over the river and see Irene and have some good times. Your mother is so proud of you, and your nurse is so fussy. Only think, Emma, what your mother said the other day—I, your grandfather, could not kiss you on your lips! Did you ever hear anything like that? But I got a kiss on your lips just the same, and I will get a good many more when I get home."

The second letter had to do with the baby's diet and reads:

"I have just heard that the milk you get at my house does not agree with you. But I think that the fault is not with the milk, but with the cooks. You know, or you should be old enough to know, that when you cook milk and put it in a bottle and put a black rubber nipple on it—well, you will be disgusted when you get a little older and know how

your parents have treated you. You must not blame my old cow, for she is as good as she can be. I do not want to turn you against your parents, but if they do not treat you right, slip down to my house and get some doughnuts and ice cream. You will never know how much your grandfather loves you. I shall be glad to get you in my arms again."

There were lovely memories of the summer of 1897. Sister Mary had come over from England with two of her little girls for a long visit in the Old Home. When the English relatives left Northfield on the last day of August, Mr. and Mrs. Moody, their daughter and her baby went to the station to see them off, and the memory of what followed I will put into Emma Moody's own words.

"Grandpa, Grandma, you, and I were to leave for Boston the next morning and then go on to Ogunquit, Maine. On our way home from the station, suddenly Father said, 'I have made up my mind I do not want you to take Emma (4th) on the train. Be ready early tomorrow morning, and I will drive you to the sea.' This was so like him. He dreaded your going on the train, so he made this plan as a grand surprise. We enjoyed the one month at sea, but I do not think anything could equal the drive to Ogunquit. They were three red-letter days in my life. Yes, three of the happiest days I ever spent in my life with Father; and dear Mother, how she did enjoy it!

"On the next day, September 1, 1897, after we had finished breakfast, Grandpa and Grandma drove up to our house, ready to start for our long drive.

We had two horses then, Dan and Harry; and how well they did travel! It was a perfect morning. We started at once for Warwick [five miles over the hills east of Northfield on the old Boston Post Road. E. P.] and from there drove east over such rough, wild roads, but so perfect in all their beauty.

"You were still taking malted milk, and Grandpa was so willing to stop at different farmhouses where we would ask for hot water and prepare your food for you. We stopped at such a funny little place the first night, called Ashburnham. In the night there was such a scream. You had rolled off the bed. You were not hurt, but just mad. Grandpa heard you scream, was up in a minute, and in getting up knocked over a lamp. The crash was something awful and added to your screams. In that strange, queer little hotel it did not seem so funny then, but since I have laughed over it many times.

"In the morning I asked for a tub, thinking that of course they would have a foot tub in the house; but to my surprise they brought me the bread pan, saying, 'You can use this. It is the only thing we have in the house that can be used as a tub.'

"Often while driving you would become restless; then Grandpa would say, 'Now let me take Emma': then he would sing, all on the same note, 'Emma's March to the Sea.'"

In the quiet of that early May morning Emma Revell's thought may have dwelt for a few moments on another family tragedy which against the brightness of such happy days, as just described, had thrown a shadow across the lives of all the family, a family whose common charac-

teristic was a deep love for little children. In November of 1897 Will had had a little son whom he named after his father. The boy was the idol of four generations. I remember kneeling with Irene, in front of Mrs. Will Moody's lap where Dwight was sitting, so that he might try to pull our hair before we got away from him. Dwight's going in November of 1898 reminded the Moodys of the verse, "A little child shall lead them."

Emma Moody referred to that winter of 1898 as "the long winter Mother and Father were away." Emma Revell and her husband were in California, Dwight died, and little Irene was already suffering from the illness which was to take her life.

Now, coming down to the present, Emma Revell thinks of the return of D. L. and herself to Northfield in the spring of 1899 and of all the things that have happened since their return. The Fitts have gone to the British Isles, leaving young Emma with them. Emma 4th has packed her little wicker bag [still on an attic shelf] and come for a visit of several weeks to her grandparents. Once settled in new but familiar surroundings, she has dictated almost daily letters to her parents in England and Ireland. Emma Revell, her amanuensis, reported that the four-year-old girl "had no scarcity of thoughts."

But it is now May 16, and hearing the return of D. L. and little Emma as they drive into the yard, Emma Revell rises and soon joins her family at breakfast. There is much to be done for May Moody with Irene sick and another child due in November; and she goes about her daily cares, which include all kinds of manifestations of her loving and considerate heart.

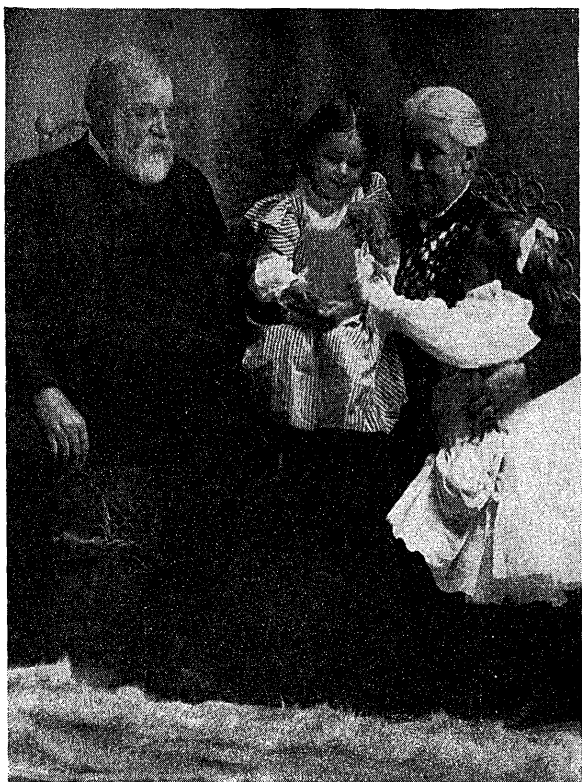
About eleven o'clock that morning of May 16, Am-

bert's wife Frances and their little girl Esther drive into the yard, too. Frances wants to take a picture of Emma Revell's granddaughter for her absent mother and father. Just as she is about to snap the shot, D. L. puts his hand above the child's shoulder saying; "I want a hand in this."

In referring to the results of this picture, Emma Moody said later: "It is a perfect picture of his hand." I mention this detail because the image of that hand was seen later by Emma Revell after the death of her husband. The little finger of his left hand had a crooked joint, which was inherited by his son Will. The whole subject of family hands and fingers is an interesting one. Emma Revell had most beautifully shaped fingers; and fortunately her daughter inherited equally beautiful hands and arms, proof of which may be seen in pictures taken of Emma Moody dressed in an Egyptian costume in 1892. A well known actor said recently, "You get a good impression of a person from hands. I think hands are more indicative of character and breeding than anything else." D. L. Moody's hands looked powerful, open, generous, and well worn.

Perhaps it was in the afternoon of May 16th that D. L. Moody went into his study and wrote the following letter to his daughter overseas:

"I have not heard her [Emma] cry but once since you left. One day when I came home she wanted the girl to shut the door, so I would not hear her; and she cried only a few minutes. She helps me feed the chickens and goes to see the two calves. One is named Irene and the other Emma, and she is fond of them. I do not think you will find a girl in all the valley so happy. She is picking all the field flowers she can get and says she wants to keep them for you when you come home."



The Grandparents in 1899

THE FATAL AUTUMN, 1899

THE FORTITUDE of Emma Revell's gallant soul was to be tried and tested in the closing months of 1899. Frail of body but staunch in spirit, she survived the cruel series of losses that destiny forced upon her in the brief span of time between the end of August and the new year.

August 22nd, Christ took Irene "up in His arms, put His hands upon her, and blessed her" as she entered eternal life.

Emma Manning, who came east for another visit that summer, returned to her Chicago home in September and, after one week's illness of pneumonia, died. Of her it was said in a Chicago newspaper, "Naturally of a sweet and cheerful disposition, always bright and patient and ready to be the confidante or advisor of those about her, her life was fully rounded out; and she only left this home for another for which she was so surely ready. Her daughter, Mrs. D. L. Moody, reached her side in time to be recognized."

Emma Revell returned from Illinois to the Old Home in Northfield where she remained, at D. L.'s request, with the bereaved Will. In a short time her husband left for speaking engagements in Kansas City and other points west.

We can imagine her sitting in the little north parlor, knitting for some neighbor, when in November she began to receive the first warning she had that her husband's health had broken at last. On his birthday in 1893 he had been told to go carefully, to which he replied that he "must beat the Chicago Fair." As far back as the

summer of 1892 at the insistence of friends he had seen Dr. Habershon and Sir Andrew Clark in London.

Emma Revell could remember the way her husband had dismissed the examinations of the doctors overseas.

Sir Andrew Clark, "How many times a day do you speak?"

Moody, "Oh, I usually preach three times a day, but on Sundays four or even five."

The doctor, "How many days in the week?"

Moody, "Six days in the week, but during the last winter seven."

The doctor, "You're a fool, sir; you're a fool! You're killing yourself."

Moody, "Well, Doctor, usually I take Saturday to rest. This year has been an exception. But may I ask how many hours a day you work?"

The doctor, "Oh, I work sixteen or seventeen."

Moody, "How many days a week?"

The doctor, "Every day, sir; every day."

Moody, "Then, Doctor, I think you're a bigger fool than I am, and you'll kill yourself first." [Which he did.]

* * *

As the telegrams began to pour in, this is what she read:

"November 17, 1899, Kansas City. Mrs. D. L. Moody. Doctor thinks I need rest. Am on my way home. Have three friends with me. Will wire often. D. L. Moody."

"November 18, Taylorville, Ill. Mrs. D. L. Moody. Improving rapidly. Have not felt so well for a week. D. L. Moody."

"November 18, Montpelier, Ohio. Mrs. D. L. Moody. Have had a splendid day. No fever. Heart growing better all the time. No pain. I am taking good care of myself, not only for the loved ones, but for the work I think

God has for me to do on this earth. If they will keep the wires open (on Sunday), I will wire in the morning."

Will Moody brought other telegrams to his mother, among them these:

"Philadelphia, November 18, 1899. Mrs. D. L. Moody. Greatly distressed and anxious. How are you? Can I do anything for you? John Wanamaker."

"Hot Springs, Va. November 19. Mrs. D. L. Moody. Please telegraph Hot Springs Va., how Mr. Moody is today. With love, Mary B. Wanamaker."

"Van Buren, Arkansas, November 18. D. L. Moody. I have read with sorrow of your sickness and hope that your recovery may be speedy and permanent. W. J. Bryan."

Emma Revell remained at the Old Home while her son went to meet her husband's special car at Greenfield, a junction fourteen miles from Northfield. Of that meeting Paul has written:

"We had two pairs of horses, one steady and the other full of life. I chose the steadier pair, under the circumstances, as safer and less apt to become excited, and felt greatly assured when in his old manner he (D. L.) chided me for having brought the slower horses—and laughed at my old fogyness in being cautious. He could not endure slow horses. That night on reaching home, after resting a few minutes, he walked up to his room."

Paul Moody might have added, "For the last time."

In the six painful weeks that followed, D. L. Moody remained upstairs, talking quietly with Emma Revell, reading the news accounts of the Boer War, probably scolding a little about the "efficient but doleful nurse" he had, and playing with Emma Fitt when she made her daily call.

In the book she wrote for me Emma Moody says: "All those six weary weeks of suffering, then came a look into his face I had never seen before. But during all those weeks, whenever you were brought into the room his face would light up, and never did you see anything but the bright loving look. It was wonderful to see how he would laugh and joke with you, teasing you to tell him what you had for his Christmas present. That (last) Thursday morning he had you lifted upon the bed beside him, he put his arms around you, asked you to kiss him, and after you had kissed him he drew you to him and kissed you over and over again. It was his last goodbye. I didn't know that the night before he had had a sinking turn and said to his brother George, 'I think, George, I know what this means; but do not tell the family; it would worry them.'"

She adds: "How blind I must have been when I asked him what I should buy for him to give mother for Christmas! He never answered, just looked at me in a strange, puzzled way."

I have before me, as I write, four little envelopes marked in Emma Revell's handwriting with the names of Irene, Emma, Dwight, and Mary, the baby born in November, 1899. Each is filled with a sample of the child's hair. These were found among Emma Revell's papers with some notations she made the morning her husband "went home." In her handwriting is a paper about which her daughter said, "Dear Grandma! I think she was afraid she might forget some little thing, so put it all down." It reads:

"When I first got into the room, I heard the words, 'Don't call me back,' repeated, and then as

I got nearer, Will looked at me and said, 'Father has left messages for us all, Mother'; and then speaking to his father he said, 'Here is Mother, Father'; and he looked up and said rather faintly but clearly, 'Mama, you have been a good dear wife,' and then began to sink into unconsciousness. I was anxious to have Percy and Paul called and went to their room and had Emma sent for, but he had become unconscious. I think he said, before becoming so, 'No pain, no valley! it's bliss!' After he became unconscious, Emma arrived and all the family, and the doctor and George were in the room. Rousing himself suddenly, he said, 'Why, why are you all here?' I then said we had gathered because he was not so well; and I said, 'Here is Emma'; and he turned and looked at her and said, 'I am glad to see you, Emma.' Then he said, 'What does it all mean? I must have had a trance. I went to the gates of heaven. Why, it is wonderful, and I saw the children!' Will said, 'Oh Father, did you see them?' And he said, 'Yes, I saw Irene and Dwight'; and then when Will cried, he said, 'You must not cry, Will, you have work to do.' Will said with anguish, 'Oh if I could only go!' But he said, 'No, Will, your work is before you.' Afterwards he spoke to the doctor and said, 'Doctor, I never made a will but will do so now.' Then he willed the work to Emma and Percy, Will and Paul. When asked what Mother's part was to be, he said, 'Why, Mother, she is like Eve, the mother of us all.' He then spoke of getting up. . . ."

And thus Emma Revell's beloved husband left her. On his bed lay the hand she was to see again.

When she returned to her own bedroom, on the little calendar pad at the head of her bed she read:

"December 22, 1899. John 17:24—'Father, I will that they also whom Thou hast given me be with me where I am.'"

* * *

Because of a promise made to her father, Emma Moody had a tree and presents for her small daughter in her own home on Christmas day, and then they went down to see Grandma Emma Revell.

Four days passed; and on the 26th of December she and her children went to the hill behind the Old Home, "Round Top," and there laid to rest the body of him to whom she had given all her love and trust.

Neighbors came to sit a while with Emma Revell, as they do in New England; and Paul Moody has described her fortitude under the strain of great personal loss. "She sat quietly in her own home, and friends who came to attend her husband's funeral service were taken in to see her. No matter in what frame of mind they entered the room, they came out comforted and strengthened. She whose loss was greater than their own, whose life was so violently disarranged, had strength for her own needs and enough to spare for others. But it was soon evident that life was over for her. For us her children she was content to linger; but the incentive was gone, the mainspring broken."

Not only did callers come from near and far, but letters from all over the world found their way to the little village of Northfield. Both letters and callers expressed sentiments such as the following:

A man in Boston wrote: "It seems to me I never felt so keen a loss and so great a sense of gratitude."

A cousin said to me, in speaking of the morning of December 22, 1899; "I was just putting some bake dishes in the oven when Ambert came in with the news that Mr. Moody had gone. I felt that none of us could go on; there was no use cooking anything more; everything must stop with his death. It was like the end of the world."

And his son-in-law said later what he may have said to Emma Revell in those first trying days: "In the seven years I was with him I never saw him do an ignoble deed, never heard him speak a mean or unkind word, never perceived in him selfish or self-seeking ambition." And "Mr. Moody was best and greatest in his own home and his family relationships. Family joys and sorrows were mingled during the last six years. Four grandchildren were born, of whom two died. His aged mother died. The public does not know the tenderness and sympathy of that great heart, but this is the side of him that remained undimmed with me."

But it was not just what people said when D. L. Moody died that comforted Emma Revell. She could look back across the years and remember with pride the people who had loved and appreciated him and recall estimates such as these:

Mrs. Mackinnon had once said, "His grand disregard of all secondary considerations of any kind whatever places him on a height of nobility that compels from all who meet him in the work and have a soul to comprehend moral grandeur the most intense respect." And "He is the beloved object of all our hearts."

She could take great pride in his courage and the words of an old ex-Confederate general when he said: "I've seen many brave men in my life put into positions of great personal danger, and I believe I know a brave

man when I see him tested. I want to say to you I have never seen a braver man than D. L. Moody."

She could be happy in the thought of D. L.'s ways with the little children, their own and their children's children. A newspaper reporter in England had noticed this when he had written about the time that her husband had held the interest "of six thousand children for an hour, a feat which few men would attempt."

Emma Revell had married Dwight Moody in his early days in Chicago when some one had described him as "rugged, restless, passionate, fearless, gentle, humble, generous—one who had inherited what wealth and culture cannot insure."

How proud she would have been if she could have seen the cartoon of her husband printed in a Chicago paper in 1937 on the centennial of his birth. It was a drawing of his spirit hovering over the city, and above were the words "Chicago Needs Another Moody."

LESS THAN FOUR HEARTBROKEN

YEARS, 1900 - 03

LESS THAN four heartbroken years remained" to Emma L-Revell, in the words of a member of the family—years in which she existed for those she loved, but not exactly years in which she lived.

The record of the years from 1900 to the fall of 1903 can best be told in the words of Emma Moody as she wrote them out in the book for me, called "Grandpa and Grandma."

Beginning with the entry, "We were with Grandma a great part of the time after Grandpa left us," she tells of a little grove of trees her mother had planted just north of the Old Home in 1902. "I think she had the pines put there for you children, then she bought three little chairs for the grove for you three children, Emma, Mary, and Constance [Will's third daughter, born April 25, 1901.] She called it 'a place to play and sometimes have tea.' Several times we went there, and I have in my mind one beautiful picture. It was a warm evening, and Grandma had asked you to tea with Mary and Connie. Grandma wanted to wait on you, but we made her sit down. There was a little round table. Mary would not sit still long at a time and kept jumping up and running around with a large piece of bread and butter in her hand. Grandma did look so happy and did enjoy it all so much, as she sat surrounded by you three children in your light dresses."

At the end of that summer, on August 28, my mother

writes: "Grandma sailed with Uncle Paul for England. I woke up early in the morning and found her crying as though her heart would break. It was the anniversary of her wedding day. As Grandma sat there in her rocking chair, it was such a lovely picture to watch her face when you awoke. I could see her effort to control herself.

"We went down to the steamer to see her off—you did not realize that she was going and were so happy and taken up with such excitement in going over the steamer. We all had sent letters to the boat, and I had prepared a large book of mounted photos of home as a surprise. Grandma found it in her berth, which greatly pleased her. When she returned home the next spring, she told me she had taken the book everywhere she went and had shown it to all her friends.

"When Uncle Paul and Grandma returned the next May, I had fully planned to take you down to New York to meet her; but Uncle Will thought it such a mistake on account of the uncertainty of steamers. Uncle Will, Aunt May, Father, and myself went down and had to wait two or three days. When we knew that the steamer was in, we hurried to the dock and onto the boat and met Uncle Paul, who took us at once to Grandmother's stateroom. She was sitting on the sofa eating an early breakfast. I cannot tell you what that meeting meant to me. We had been so troubled about Grandma as she had been ill for several weeks. Oh, that dear face! How sweet and peaceful it looked that morning, and such a look of joy on it—to be back among us all again!"

In reference to that last trip abroad I want to quote from a letter written by Sister Mary's daughter Bess, who was maid-of-honor at my mother's wedding. She wrote my mother:

"I shall never forget when she came over and stayed in our home. One evening I went up with her to her bedroom and sat in front of the fire with her, when she completely broke down and told me I reminded her so much of the happy days of old times. I never shall forget those tears from such an aching heart."

About the arrival in Massachusetts my mother wrote: "When we passed Mount Hermon station, we paused for a minute. All the students were at the station to give Grandma a royal welcome home. There were 400 students and all the teachers there. The conductor held the train, and Grandma went out on the platform and waved her handkerchief and tried to thank them but broke down completely. Oh, how our hearts ached for her! Often in the past the boys had done this very thing for both of them, and now she was alone.

"When we reached South Vernon, Northfield far away in the distance never looked more beautiful. When we reached Main Street, many friends came out to wave as Grandma passed by. When we reached our house, we saw all the Seminary girls. They formed a line on either side of the street from Revell Hall to Grandma's house and up the drive to the front door.

"Over the entrance to the driveway was an arch, with festoons running on either side of the road up to the Old Home. The whole thing was done in greens and the word "Welcome" spelled out overhead. As the carriage drove up between the lines of girls, the girls sang and waved their handkerchiefs. We had flowers in all the rooms, and everything spoke of welcome to the dear ones just returned. [A custom of my mother's for the return of any member of the family from abroad.]

"Her children and grandchildren, her neighbors, and

all the students, but the one was not there; and we could see that there was a longing to be alone.

"I remember so well that night Grandma's saying, 'It is all so hard'; and I said, 'Yes, but we all longed to try to show you how we wanted you.' Grandma answered: 'Yes, I know you did, and it is all just as your father would have had it.' Grandpa would have wanted her to have a grand welcome. Whenever they gave him a welcome, he always wanted her to feel it was for her, too.

"There was a trained nurse in town we were all very fond of, and I asked her to remain over that first night with Mother, which she did [a nurse who was on hand for the arrival of babies of the fourth and fifth generations]. Miss Moritz was there to nurse and watch over her. Grandma was so much better in a day or two and then took such pleasure in unpacking all her presents. She asked you to help her, and you were very proud to be asked. You then received your watch from her, besides many other gifts.

"We had heard from London that Aunt Matie's daughter Ethel was not well, so Grandma sent for her to come to Northfield, and she had a beautiful time nursing and caring for Ethel. She came in August.

"I wonder if you will remember Grandma's birthday that summer? We had the table set out on the porch and a large birthday cake with sixty candles. We had the cake in red, white, and blue; and it made a great show, and the table looked so pretty.

"At the table were Miss Wallace from Washington [daughter of Commodore Wallace, a Roman Catholic, and a close friend of Alice Roosevelt], Will, Paul, and Mr. Hugh Simpson of Edinburgh. Grandma was at one end, and you had asked to wait on the table. She seemed

to enjoy it so much, but I think the part she liked best was taking the cake around afterwards to her friends. In looking over things this fall [1903], I found she had saved the center of the cake with 'Mother' on it and given the rest away.

"The fall of that year we were all greatly excited over the thought of a visit from President Roosevelt. Grandma was quite as much interested in it as the rest of us. He was to come first to Hermon [Monday, September 1, 1902] saying a few words in chapel."

Parenthetically, let me insert this detail here. All up and down our lovely Main Street the townspeople white-washed their fences, and some of them painted their houses for the occasion. Will Moody met "T. R." with the finest carriage in town at the Hermon Station. Their guard of honor [townsmen] advanced before them on horseback. Men who had not ridden astride for many a moon had to help each other on to their horses, which arrangement made it tough on the last man down. As the cavalcade proceeded, it took all the self-control that both Will Moody and the President had to hide their amusement.

Quoting from my mother's book again, "His big speech was to be made in the Auditorium [a huge building that had been erected for the conferences] at eight p.m. As Mother felt it was safer for her not to go out in the evening, she went to Hermon in the afternoon. We all met in a room in the back of the chapel, with the trustees and faculty.

"The President's party had been late in arriving, and the excitement was growing all the time. We would all hurry out to see if he was coming and then rush back into our places again. The church was packed with boys.

At last four gray horses came dashing around the corner and drove up to the chapel.

"Uncle Will led the President first to Grandmother. We had all been wondering if we were to shake hands with him, as very strict rules had been made after President McKinley was killed. Mother had been nervous about meeting the President; but I wish, Emma, you could always remember the way in which she did meet the President of the United States. She entirely forgot her nervousness; and when the President took her hand and looked so kindly at her, Grandma was dignified and yet so kind and lovely in the way she met him. The President told her what a great respect he had for her husband. Afterwards she told me there was something about Roosevelt that reminded her of Father. I think it was the quick, kind way he had. You were especially pleased when he patted you on the head and said, 'Hello, little girl!'"

[*"T. R."* and *"D. L."* were alike in many ways. The former once said to his Rough Riders, "Don't go back and rest on your laurels; they'll wither." Neither of these men ever gave their laurels a chance to wither. And what was said of *"T. R."* was true of *"D. L."*: "He was burned out by his own flaming spirit."]

Continuing my mother's record: "It was the first week in September that Grandma took Aunt May, Mary, Constance, their nurse, Ethel Sharpe, you, and myself to 'Black Rock,' a heavenly country inn on the Jerusalem Road in Cohasset, Mass. We had a little cottage adjoining the hotel. I think so often of that September spent by the sea. Grandmother was well enough then to go about alone. I remember that she went back to Northfield for a few days to attend the

meeting of the trustees of the Seminary. When she returned, I took you into the city to meet her. We shopped and then went out to Cohasset by train. At the Cohasset station there was nothing in which we could drive home except an old bus. 'Woodie,' Aunt May's English nurse, was with us. We got into the bus and had gone only a short way when the horse stopped. The driver tried to urge it on. It went a few steps only to stop again. After a time we had nothing else to do but to walk home, a distance of two miles. Grandma stood it beautifully. It worried me terribly, for we all knew she was far from well. But she took the whole thing as a good joke. You laughed so hard and thought the whole affair great fun. We thought the walk would nearly kill you, but you did not seem to mind.

"We left 'Black Rock' the last day of September, 1902.

"When we returned to Northfield, I closed our house; and we moved down to the Old Home. Paul was sailing for Scotland in October [to resume his theological training], Father and I were to be in Chicago later.

"Grandma begged she should have you, so we left you behind with her. Before leaving, I had all your clothes gone over and thought all the sewing had been done. But some of your undergarments gave out, and Grandma with her own hands made you seven pairs of drawers. Ethel Sharpe was there too, and we knew she would be good company. You did not want me to leave you, and yet you wanted to be left in Northfield. You were always happy with Grandmother."

It may have been that fall of 1902 when my grandmother had the experience of "seeing" her husband's hand. She was sitting at her south windows sewing, probably thinking of him, when suddenly right before her

eyes appeared his hand just as it looked in the picture taken the May of 1899. She told her daughter of this occurrence; and my mother said, "After that had happened, we noticed that mother was visibly brighter."

Then there was the bicycle episode. The machine was supposed to be a surprise for me, but I discovered it and went wild with joy. Esther Moody, Ambert's daughter, my age, used to come down to the driveway of the Old Home, where we would take turns riding the treasure. One of the first letters my mother received when she reached Chicago said, "I have bought Esther a wheel, too, because I think Emma will enjoy it more if she has company when riding"; and I can remember the morning we took Esther that "bike" as though it were yesterday. She lived at the top of the hill, just south of D. L. Moody's birthplace. The bicycle was red and very small. While I trudged along in a little plaid-lined red golf cape, pushing the surprise for my cousin, my grandmother walked slowly up the hill behind me.

My mother resumes her story, written for me: "When I returned from Chicago, Ethel and Will told me how terribly Mother felt when Paul had to go. I cannot bear to think of her loneliness. She tried so hard not to let us children see it. She was never the same after Grandfather left us. After he went, her whole life seemed filled up with trying to help others.

"Whenever I, out in Chicago, would worry about you, your father would say, 'Emma couldn't be in better hands.' When I came east, Grandma and you met me in Springfield, I can see you both now as you stood on the platform, Grandma holding your hand. [That was the day I became separated from them under a viaduct, and the terror of those bewildered seconds haunts me still.]

Now that she is gone, I am so glad that you and I could be with her as much as we were.

"I came back in time for your birthday but was ill when I got home. I had three attacks of grippe, and during that time it was Grandmother who nursed me. How tender she was! I have often thought since that she was never happier than when she was waiting on others and caring for them. I think of her life, now, as a grand mission of love and service for others.

"Before I forget it," almost exclaims my mother at this point, "I must speak of one thing here. We all went to the sea the summer of 1900. We went from one place to the other, not at all pleased with the hotels, and then tried the Isles of Shoals, where we were all quite ill. [First, they were violently ill; then they complained to the management; and lastly, when they went to pack their bags, they found that I had deposited a lot of snails in a washstand drawer. Mystery solved!] Grandma joined us here, and we were planning to spend a week longer; but we all felt so miserable that our one idea was to get away. Mother had come all the way from Northfield, but she had only one day with us by the sea.

"I remember one time when we were down in Boston together. I had taken you to have your teeth filled. It was your first experience [I wish it had been my last. E. P.] Dr. Niles hurt you while he was preparing the tooth to be filled. You refused to let him touch it again or even put the filling in. I had a dreadful time with you and at last had to leave the office, promising to come back sometime later in the day, if you would consent to return. We were to meet Grandma and Uncle Will at the Hotel Touraine for lunch. We met them; and when I told her what had happened, she promised to buy a

tricycle for you if you would go back. The work was finished up. [Yes, but it took not only the vision of a tricycle but also all the dolls of the dentist's daughter to make this transaction. E. P.]

"I want to speak now about the last Christmas we spent at Grandma's. The tree was in the drawing room. Uncle Will, Aunt May, her mother and sister, and Mary and Connie were there, as well as some other relatives of the Whittles. Grandma had done so much for everyone that Christmas, trying to hide her own loneliness. I know now, more than I did then, how much she missed Uncle Paul. She had taken such pleasure in selecting the presents for each one and seemed more like her old self. December was always a hard month for Grandma, but she seemed so determined that no one should see how her heart ached.

"After New Year we looked up places down South, as your father had to be down there. It was in February you were taken very suddenly one night with croup. It was so severe that I was very much frightened. I called Grandma from the adjoining room, and she came in in her nightgown and held you in her arms while I got the medicine. But the mischief was done. She took a chill and, laughing, said she had taken croup from you. She was never so well again after that night. She would not admit it, but I knew. When I think of how careful we should have been with Mother, with kidney trouble, I can see that the house was too cold for her and she should have been South all winter. After a few days in bed she was better, and we decided on our plans."

There follows an account of my mother and myself going ahead to visit friends in New York, Philadelphia, and Washington. In the Quaker City I remember

lunching at the town house of John Wanamaker and standing goggle-eyed before a youthful groom who stood inside the hall fireplace, ready to answer the door bell, which seemed to be his chief job in life.

There followed a hurried trip back to New England, when we received a message that my grandmother had suffered from a dizzy spell and a fall in her husband's study. We stopped in New York long enough to consult doctors; and on our northbound train was Dr. Janeway, to whom Emma Revell was later taken.

When we reached the Old Home, we found her sitting up in her room with a trained nurse in attendance. My mother writes, "Mother was sitting in her rocking chair, her hair in two braids. How the dear face lighted up when we came into the room. But she said, 'Oh, you should not have come back!'

"This was Saturday [when we arrived home], and by the next Wednesday Grandma was able to travel to New York. Uncle Will had made an appointment with Dr. Janeway, as we wanted her to see one of the best doctors in the land. I was so relieved when I knew she was to have a thorough examination by him.

"When we reached New York, we found that Mrs. Billings [a trustee of the Northfield Schools, whose daughter Elizabeth later became my mother's dearest contemporary friend outside the immediate family] had engaged a suite of rooms for us at a hotel near her [the Murray Hill, I think]; and we were to be her guests as long as we remained.

"The morning you and I left for Washington I had sent Aunt May's message about Grandmother's fall to Uncle Paul, and he took the next steamer home."

After various examinations in New York, with the

advice to wear dark glasses, a suggestion Emma Revell hated, the written record goes on, "Dr. Janeway then told us we could go to Atlantic City. Just the four of us went, Grandma, Ethel, you, and I. Uncle Will had had no chance to tell me what the doctor's report was until we got to the station, and then it was far better than we expected.

"We all went off with light hearts and after a pleasant journey reached the Hotel Dennis, right down by the sea, at six o'clock.

"Those two weeks spent at Atlantic City will never be forgotten. We did not know how ill Grandma really was and so enjoyed it, and no one more than Grandma. You have the photos of us all taken in wheel chairs. Just to look at these pictures brings up all the happy memories of those days.

"One afternoon we started out and said we would go the whole length of the Board Walk, six miles. We took a semi-closed double chair for her, and the rest of us took turns walking and using the empty seat. Toward the end of the Board Walk we were walking very fast, and you ran right into a boy coming toward us. You had your head down [with a huge floppy felt hat on] and did not see him. Poor boy held his stomach and said, 'Oh, gee whiz!' Instead of asking him to excuse you and passing on, you were indignant and said he should not have been in your way. Never can I forget the way Grandma laughed over it. She laughed all the way home. At dinner that night she started off again and later when she went to bed. Once she said, 'Perhaps the boy is down here for appendicitis.'

"It was while we were at Atlantic City that we received word Uncle Paul was returning. When Grandma

heard that he was on his way, she was almost like a child about it. It was then that we understood what it meant to let him go at all.

"The last Sunday at Atlantic City was a terrible day. We had such a frightful wind storm. I could see how anxious dear Grandmother was. Her thoughts were out on the sea with that boy of hers. Sunday evening I suggested going into the drawing room for a while. I felt that if she saw other people it would divert her mind. But we were there for only a short time, as downstairs the storm seemed worse than ever, when Grandma said, 'I cannot stand this. Let us go to our rooms!'

"It took her such a time that night to go to sleep. I know the dear one was praying for the boy who was coming to her as fast as he could.

"The first thing that we heard the next morning was that a boat had been wrecked. I did not want Grandmother to hear of it, but it was not long before the news reached her. I could see that she was uneasy. Later in the morning I suggested that we walk down to the shore where we could see the steamer, a fruit-laden boat from the South. During the gale the night before, it had been driven inland until it ran aground. When we saw her, she was a little on her side and surrounded by a good many small boats. Men were throwing all the fruit overboard, hoping to lighten the weight of the boat. When the tide came in, there were any number of little boys on the beach waiting to get hold of the fruit. You would see them marching along the Board Walk either carrying great bunches of bananas or hauling the fruit in express wagons.

"Each day until we left Atlantic City we went down to watch that steamer. It seemed impossible to move

her at first, but finally they got her off the bar she was resting on.

"It was Wednesday of that week that Uncle Paul joined us. When we received word of what train he was to take, Mother's face was so full of joy that I love to think of her as she was that day. They met up in Grandma's room."

Emma Moody says a little more about the Atlantic City visit, and then she takes us with her to New York, where Emma Revell interviewed doctors. The book continues:

"Saturday I took Grandma to a fine photographer in New York, whom Mrs. Billings had recommended. Generally you have to make appointments with Rockwood way ahead of time, but that morning he took us between two other appointments as soon as he found that Mrs. Billings had sent us. He took such an interest; and when you look at the dear face in the picture, this story will amuse you.

"While Mr. Rockwood was taking the photo, he was talking to Grandma; and you will notice the expression on her face. It looks so well pleased; and she was surprised when she found he had already taken the photo, so you can see how interested she was.

"I had said, 'Mr. Rockwood, do the best you can, for mother lives too far away to try this again.' He asked where we lived and I told him. He said, 'Is that so? Why, I had a little house once near Mr. Moody's school. It was in Gill. The painters made a mistake when they were painting the house and put pink in with the white. It sounds awful, but it was really very pretty. I used to call it my Peach Blossom Cottage.'

"Then Grandma asked him if he had ever been to Northfield.

"He said, 'Yes, I often used to drive over there when Mr. Moody was alive, but since he has gone I have not cared to go.' Then he suddenly laughed and said, 'I met Mr. Moody once when driving; and he said, "Rockwood, I stole once." I asked him 'What?' He said, "When I bought my place in Northfield, I asked the man how much he was going to charge for the view; and he said, 'Nothing'; but I knew that was the best part of all." Then, turning to Grandma, Mr. Rockwood said, 'Have you ever seen the view from Mr. Moody's place?'"

"I said, 'Mother sees it every day, Mr. Rockwood.'

"He stopped an instant and gave mother such a queer look, and said 'You are not Mrs. Moody?'"

"I said, 'She is.'

"The answer was expressive at any rate: 'Great Scott!' Then we heard him go into the office and ask the girl there if she knew it was Mrs. Moody.

"We left New York April 4th. When Uncle Will had returned that last morning from the doctor's with Mother, I knew by his face he had heard the very worst news. He did not have a chance to talk to me, except to say, 'Emma, you had better give up going to Chicago. Mother needs you.'

"Mother exclaimed, 'Oh no! Think of Percy and the awful disappointment to him.'

"Grandma stood well the journey home. It was a beautiful afternoon, and I remember that I felt perhaps it was not so bad after all and that I had imagined altogether too much. Soon Uncle Will came to me and told me there was no hope; that she might live for two years, but that it might not be more than six months. We were in Grandmother's bedroom by the south windows then. I felt the world grow dark. It could not be.

"While we were away in Atlantic City, we had had Mother's room all done over, and she was so pleased with it. It looked so bright and cheerful.

"The day after we came home, Dr. Wood came to see Mother, and he held out hope. He said he had known of cases just as bad as Mother's and they had lived for ten years. How I caught on to that hope! It helped me all through the weeks and months to come.

"The very night I returned I went to see Miss Hall [principal of the Seminary] about a companion for Mother, as she could not bear the thought of a trained nurse, some one who would read and write for her, and rub her at night. It was one of the hardest things I ever had to do—to look for some one to take what seemed my place by right. With all my heart I regret it now when I think of all that Grandmother gave up so willingly for her children, when she longed to be with Grandpa, things she had given up because she thought we needed her. Now was the time when I should have done the same."

But the family persuaded Emma Moody to get a companion for her mother, fearing that the latter would see her daughter's anxiety and that the Old Home would be too noisy if I were around, and knowing that it was best for Emma Revell to have someone with her who could devote her whole time to the job without restrictions of other duties, such as my mother would have had.

Miss Hall recommended a former Seminary girl named Charlotte May Hull, and as Emma Moody says in her book, "If it had to be a stranger, we could not have had a better person with Mother, so thoughtful, so tender in every way; and now within a few days she is to become

your aunt." [This book of my mother's was written in the early part of 1904. The Paul Moodys were married in April of that year. We have learned through the years that Mrs. Paul Moody is more like my grandmother in disposition than any other person we know, serene, kindly, unselfish, never interfering, competent, always interested in other people's joys and sorrows, unassuming, "demanding nothing and receiving everything" when it comes to the love and admiration of her family and friends.]

In the summer of 1903 Emma Moody decided to drop everything concerning her own affairs whenever her mother wanted her at the Old Home or wanted to take a trip with her. On one occasion, when she was expecting guests, her mother suggested a trip to Springfield. Quoting my mother, "When we reached there I said, 'Now let us do the important errands first.' To my surprise Grandmother had nothing important to get. She said she wanted to look at linen. I said it seemed a funny time of the year to be buying linen. She replied, 'Yes, but I like to have it on hand to give away.' She was restless and wanted this little change.

"There are many bright days to remember of last summer. I had Grace Carroll with me all summer. I suggested cancelling my invitation to her so that I could give all my time to Mother, but Mother said she wanted Grace to come. The Stewart girls (two of Grace's friends whom the Carrolls had met in Dresden days) and the Levering girls of Baltimore were with me. They made a banner for the Yale boys at the Men's Conference. To show their appreciation the men came and serenaded the girls after one of the evening meetings. Grandmother thoroughly enjoyed all this.

"One evening I had a party of Yale men, and we asked Miss Hull to bring Grandma up for it. We drew a large armchair to the window in the (north) music room, and there I shall often see her face as I saw it that night.

"She enjoyed the girls' playing so much and often came up to hear their duets. Sometimes Grace would sing for Mother.

"I like to think of the many times last summer you took your basket down to her house filled with flowers from our garden, and how she did enjoy our beautiful roses! It used to seem to me they were blooming for her, because I never before had so many as I had last summer.

"Now I come to the day I would rather think of than any other day last summer, the 6th of July. Grandmother's birthday came on the fifth, which was Sunday, so we celebrated on Monday. I kept it a surprise, what I was going to do for her. She knew I was asking in a few friends but did not dream how many. I think there were between thirty and forty. I had a tent put out on the (south) lawn and two large tables set. There were a great many wild flowers arranged by the girls who were staying with me. We tried to carry out a white and yellow scheme, and the effect was beautiful.

"I had ordered another cake so different from the one the year before. The other was very pretty, but this was *beautiful*. It was white, and all around the sides were yellow buttercups. Around the outer edge (on top) were sixty-one yellow candles. We even had candies in yellow.

"Her look of surprise pleased all.

"We had a good many (Japanese) lanterns arranged from tree to tree, and the lawn never looked prettier

than that (late) afternoon. We had rugs out there, and all the tables and chairs arranged so nicely. Grandma sat in a rocking chair near the head of the table that held the cake. So many have spoken to me of the picture she made there in her chair in the evening sunlight. It was the evening of her life. Almost then the day was ended. God is good to us not to let us know but to keep our eyes closed to the future.

"We hoped that day we would have another birthday with her, but oh how much better for her to be There!

"I asked Dr. Pierson to pray. I never shall forget how he thanked God for Grandma's life and what it meant to Northfield and so many people. She never liked to be praised, but she had to hear it that time. I have always been thankful that some of the most beautiful things said about Grandma were said that evening when she could hear them. They were not kept until after she left us.

"I wonder if you will remember that Monday evening. The lawn looked so festive and pretty. All five girls staying with me wore pretty light dresses. They waited on the table, and how nicely they did it! You also helped, and little Mary came over and tried to help by eating the candy. I forgot to say that in the middle of the cake was the word 'Mother' in yellow flowers. Grandma asked if it would hurt me if she gave some of the flowers away. She could not enjoy anything unless she shared it with others. Later I heard the cake was given away here and there. I think she enjoyed that part as much as the rest.

"When the party was over, we came into the house, and the girls played for her. She said the music rested her. She sat there with her head resting on the back of

the sofa. I thank God for all these scenes that are now only pictures.

"Not a day went by that we were not with Grandmother. As the summer wore on, I became more and more hopeful that all would be well. She seemed to improve each day.

"It was some time in August that she said she wanted to take Aunt May, her two children and nurse, and you and me to 'Black Rock' as her treat, which meant that she would pay all the bills.

"August 28th, Grandma's wedding anniversary, and the last she was to spend alone. Forever together now, and with Him! She said, 'These days are always hard, and they grow harder all the time.' How these sentences come back to comfort us now that we know her waiting and loneliness are over!

"Tuesday, September 1, we all left for 'Black Rock.' It was a glorious morning in every way. Grandma was very fond of the sea and never seemed to tire of it. Miss Hull had gone home for her vacation, and I was to take care of Mother myself.

"What a party we were: Mother, Uncle Will and Aunt May, Mary and Connie and their nurse Woodie, Grace Carroll and Fraulein Schrunk (now in the capacity of maid), and the two Stewart girls, you and myself. We reached 'Black Rock' at six o'clock, Grandma standing the trip much better than I did. Of course Mr. Carroll was entertaining his daughter and her guests.

"We were all on the first floor, the Will Moodys on the second, and Fraulein on the third. From Grandmother's bed she could see the ocean. We were so amused by her that evening. When she had looked around she said, 'I wish some of you would take this room. It is too good

for me.' Think of it! Grandma the one who was ill and paying for all our bills thinking that she should not have the best room!

"We had such lovely days at first. All seemed to go well. Mother enjoyed watching you all bathe and laughed so over Connie. Then Mary was suddenly taken ill, and in a few days Connie came down too. We had the doctor in. It was all so bad for Mother. We wanted to save her anxiety, and yet how brave she was! It was she who calmed Aunt May. The day the children were the worst she told May she must remember that the children were in God's hands and she must leave them there. May said it comforted her far more than anything the doctor had said. From that time on May had peace about the children.

"The last night we were at 'Black Rock' it was September 17, Grace Carroll's birthday; and we had such a lovely party as Mary and Connie were better. No one enjoyed it more than Grandma. She was so much pleased over Grace's surprise.

"September 18 our party all separated. The Carrolls went back to Washington and we to Northfield.

"When we returned to the Old Home, we found Florrie there. She had once worked for Grandma and begged to come back." [Later this maid died of lockjaw in the Old Home as the result of a fall on some broken glass in the driveway, when she went out to get fruit from an itinerant vendor. Sir Alexander Simpson of Edinburgh was a guest of Mr. and Mrs. Paul Moody at the time. Nothing medical science or this wonderful world-renowned doctor could do would save her in those days. E. P.]

Back in Northfield, Mrs. Moody felt well enough to

give a tea for the faculty of the Seminary and Mount Hermon.

My mother continues her story: "We [the Fitts] had planned to leave September 28 for Chicago. I thought I was doing right. I thought your father needed me, and he had been so good all along in sparing me to Mother. She would say over and over, 'I shall miss you so, but I am glad you are going for Percy's sake.' She seemed so much better, and I knew we could return at once. Before leaving, the doctor told me I was not running any risk. He promised me he would send for me at once if there were any change for the worse.

"Over and over again Mother said, 'It will not be long before Christmas. We shall have you back again then.'

"When we went to the station, we waved until the carriage turned the corner; and then I did not have the courage to look back. She stood at the door and waved a sheet [which could have been seen across the river—E. P.]. So I missed her last goodbye."

Both Emma Revell and Miss Hull wrote many notes in the days that lay between September 29, when the Fitts left, and October 10, when they were called east again. Some of these letters appear in Part Two of this book in the chapter "Moody Letters." By the time Emma Revell's daughter had reached Springfield, Massachusetts, on her return trip, word was brought on to the train that her mother had gone. She wrote, "I know now the meaning of the words, 'Too late.'"

She adds, "One look at Mother's face was like heaven, and you said, 'Why, Grandma is smiling at me.'"

The last autumn of Emma Revell's life she had resumed her Sunday school class, and the girls had met

at the Old Home to make it easier for her. On a slip of letter paper she had jotted down some notes for the next meeting in October. They are headed:

"Angel chorus of welcome. Christ's coming is the proof there is a personal God. The Son came as a little Child. Nothing that belongs to man is foreign to Him—this shows Him to be the children's Saviour. He has sanctified childhood, motherhood, and the home."

On Round Top now there are two gravestones next to each other. The inscription on one reads, "He that doeth the will of God abideth forever"; and on the second are these words, "His servants shall serve Him, and they shall reign for ever and ever."

PART TWO

More About Emma Revell and Her Family

HER BEAUTY

EMMA REVELL was beautiful in all the ways that count most. She had a lovely face; a trim, well-proportioned figure that might well have been the envy of all her granddaughters; an appealing and refined voice; and a character which never prompted insincere flattery but always evoked the highest tributes and friendliest praise. "I have never known her equal," said Henry Drummond. He might have added, "in such a variety of qualities and accomplishments."

In looking over the photographs taken of Emma Revell in her younger years, one is impressed with the gentility and quiet beauty of the dark-haired, dark-eyed, slender girl. Her son Paul wrote of her thus, in middle age: "I, who remember her only in her middle life, when youthful beauty had matured into womanly charm, think of her as one of the most beautiful women I have ever seen." And Paul's wife, the companion of her last days, wrote to my mother: "I have always thought she had the most beautiful face I have ever seen. I wish I could have seen her in her unsaddened years."

She had a quality of beauty similar to that of the Lincoln Memorial in Washington, in my estimation—simple, with nothing glamorous about it; natural, without artificial embellishments; so distinguished that no matter what other forms of beauty surrounded her, her beauty stood out by itself rare, unsurpassed, and haunting the memories of those who came in touch with it. It was

a face strangers trusted at home, in foreign lands, in all kinds of emergencies; unique beauty, on which one could literally "rest" his eyes.

As for her figure, no matter how billowing the styles became in the last half of the nineteenth century, with their leg-of-mutton sleeves, their puffy over-jackets, and their voluminous skirts, Emma Revell's pictures always show a small waistline with the rest of her form gracefully proportioned. Whenever she bought material for dresses, she sacrificed nothing for quality; and the simplest patterns in the hands of first class dressmakers, such as Madame Cairns of Boston to whom she went, became masterpieces. How modistes must revel in the taste and figures of customers like Emma Revell!

There are many time-honored trunks in my mother's spacious attic; and though they do not contain what New Englanders would call legitimate antiques, still the trunks and their contents are museum pieces. Just recently I lifted one of the shiny metal tops, whose surface is hammered into bumps to resemble alligator skin. Inside the protruding lid are all kinds of compartments, edged with paper flower borders. These garlands surround pictures of dazzling dames of another era. My grandmother's gowns still lie in state in one of these trunks, folded away between white coverings, which my mother periodically put through bluing rinses to preserve the colors of the silks and satins they protected. I am thinking of one dress in particular: a black velvet, of such a lavender sheen as is no longer made, come peace, come war. This dress has become a contemporary of four generations. After several years of confinement it was resurrected, and Emmas Third and Fourth both had long dinner dresses made from its skirt alone. My share

in it has now become a treasured possession of my daughter. How sad it is that old gowns are mute! What stories Emma Revell's velvet could tell from the time she first wore it until this war era when her great-granddaughter wears it, instead of her Red Cross uniform, at hospital parties!

All of the wide variety of Emma Revell's buttons, fur pieces, hats, fans, parasols, and other accessories showed reserved, careful choice, never conspicuous except for their atmosphere of good breeding. She seldom wore more than one or two pieces of jewelry; and in the case of brooches, pearls seemed to be her favorite stone.

About her voice her son Paul has written: "Her reading voice was very lovely, and some of my pleasantest recollections are of hearing her read aloud. I do not know whether 'Henry Esmond' is as wonderful as it seems to me, or whether my partiality toward it is connected with the condition under which I made its acquaintance. During my freshman year at Yale I had measles, and during my convalescence I was not allowed to use my eyes. Mother was in Florida with Father at the time, and on learning of my illness took the first train to New Haven; and there she climbed the many flights to my room in Old Pierson, and [together] we followed the adventures of Henry."

The qualities most typical of Emma Revell's beauty of character were serenity, helpfulness to her family, kindness to the outer circle, courage, and independence.

A sentence I read years ago in "The Reader's Digest" has always remained in my memory, perhaps because my instant reaction to it was, "Why, that is like Grandmother!" The sentence was, "The first essence of beauty is serenity of mind and face."

Repeatedly references mention her dignity, serenity, and self-composure. A Philadelphia Quakeress wrote to my mother, "Much as I loved your father, I think I loved your mother more. She stood behind and managed us all with the beautiful serenity of Christ."

Sir Kynaston Studd wrote from 67 Harley Street, London, in 1939: "My wife and I were both devoted to her as well as to her husband. Her quiet, peaceful dignity, calm judgment, and deep spiritual character were the ideal counterpart for her husband's dynamic energy and flaming enthusiasm. Never hindering, always helping; never shirking, always smoothing over difficulties and irritations; yet as guide and counsellor and comforter to her husband, she never failed in her motherly love for and the guidance of her children. Her memory, like that of her husband, remains an imperishable treasure."

Her self-restraint in the face of all personal physical suffering and in times of great human calamities and world chaos made me feel, when I met Lady Jean of "The White Cliffs of Dover," "Why, I have known her before!" The English lady was so like my grandmother in the scene where she is writing letters for a wounded soldier and news comes of her own son's death.

I suppose it was her sensible yet spiritually balanced character that made her able to accomplish so much both in what she did for her own family and in what she did for the world in general. "The good Christian girl," as D. L. Moody had called her when she was seventeen, became the ideal background for her husband's public life. Almost immediately following their marriage she became his co-operative complement and helped him in a thousand and one ways none of us can ever realize.

At the time of the layman-evangelist's first British

campaign Mrs. Peter Mackinnon wrote: "We had just begun to know Mrs. Moody, but one day was enough to show what a source of strength and comfort she was to her husband. The more I saw of her afterwards the more convinced I became that a great deal of his usefulness was owing to her, not only in the work she did for him, relieving him of all his correspondence, but also in her character. Her calmness meeting so quietly his impulsiveness, her humility, her great nobility of character, and her sincerity, her crystal-like purity and transparency could not but make her an unspeakable help to him in his arduous and trying work."

Paul Moody contributes this sidelight on his mother's character: "When away from Northfield she was equally busy making a home-away-from-home for my father; shielding him from interruptions, bores and cranks always in abundance; writing his letters; handling all his money; paying his bills; and doing all in her power to set him free for the work he was doing, in which she took the greatest pride and interest. Only the closest and oldest of his associates knew the extent to which he leaned upon her. She did not intend that they should."

I am glad he mentions his mother's "interest and pride in the work" because she was misunderstood by some strangers for not appearing in public more often during the early years of their family life. Mrs. Mackinnon understood how keen was Emma Revell's watchfulness of the work, expressed in their talks together and in letters such as this excerpt: "The longer we stay in a place, the numbers coming to the inquiry room increase and always in the same order—first the middle class, then the lower, and last the higher." Mrs. Mackinnon also understood Mrs. Moody's situation, and in her own

"Recollections" flew to her friend's defense with these words: "Mrs. Moody was sometimes misjudged for not appearing more often at the huge campaign meetings in England and Scotland, while the reason often was that she had no one to leave Emma and Willie with. For fear of inconveniencing the families in whose homes they were entertained, she refused to add to the burden by bringing any servants and nurses of her own. Dear uncomplaining Mrs. Moody, so patient, quite humble—one rarely meets so many qualities in one woman!" And again she adds, "She remained at home. It was beautiful to see her devotion to her husband and children. Having no maid entailed much work on her, but she knew that, moving about as they were from house to house as visitors, taking a servant might inconvenience their hosts. In this, as in all else, she worked for the work's sake, ungrudgingly giving her portion of labor to the common cause," a "cause" to which she was truly so devoted that she was able to endure the conspicuous limelight which was thrust upon her naturally retiring nature!

Men especially appreciated Emma Revell's rare sense of co-operation. I remember as a child hearing bankers, doctors, and men from all branches of service say to my mother: "She was the most wonderful woman I ever knew."

A letter to a member of her family from a man in Birmingham, England, says:

"My memory is still alive with the sense of her gracious demeanor and poised strength. There can be no doubt to those who were privileged to see as much of her as I did that she was a veritable tower

of strength in every way to her honored husband. Their devotion to each other was a thing of beauty. I never saw Mrs. Moody under any circumstances at all perturbed, which is not for a moment to suggest that there was anything of callousness in her nature. On the contrary, her affection was very deep and very lasting; but it stood all the strain and stress that inevitably came to one in her position. Her judgments were characterized by serenity and sanity. She had a quiet bubbling sense of humor, never boisterous, but ever present. In all the publicity which came to her husband, she was content and happy in her unobtrusive ministry. She meant very much to hundreds of young people who passed through the schools at Northfield and Mount Hermon."

Too little has been said, thus far, regarding my grandmother's delicious sense of humor. People used the expression "bubbling" in reference to it, as though it was always just below the surface ready to break through with spontaneous delight. She has, to date, twenty-two descendants. In the generation following her own there were Emma, Will, and Paul. In the third generation, Emma Moody's only child, Emma; Will's seven children, Irene, Dwight, Mary, Constance, Emma Charlotte, Beatrix, and Virginia; and Paul's two daughters, Charlotte and Margaret. In the fourth generation there are Emma Fourth's four children, Virginia Moody, Edward, John and David Powell; Mary's two boys, David Bruce and William Moody Packard; Molly (Mary Ann) Malbon, daughter of Beatrix (better known as Betty); and Margaret's two children, David and Margaret Rice.

Among these twenty-two descendants there is not one dour, gloomy, or naturally unhappy individual, which shows that Emma Revell, as well as her husband, must have handed down some of her wonderful sense of humor. In fact, I never remember laughing harder than at some of our family reunions. For example, my mother's seventy-fifth birthday, when about nineteen of the clan gathered in Northfield. Such reunions are decidedly hilarious affairs, and generally the topics that afford the most amusement are family anecdotes and reminiscences.

But regardless of all the tributes which came from outsiders who watched the manner in which Emma Revell helped her husband, the praise that means most is that which comes from her own household, her own family.

Paul Moody was not blinded by his own devotion to her when he wrote:

"Our home seemed so ideal, and the secret of it was my mother. My father's admiration for her was as boundless as his love for her. Till the day of his death he never ceased to wonder at two things—the use God had made of him despite what he considered his handicaps, and the miracle of having won the love of a woman he considered so completely his superior. He was impulsive, outspoken, dominant, informal, and with little education when they met. She was intensely conventional and conservative, far better educated, fond of reading, and self-effacing to the last degree. Yet they presented a common front. He said that in the thirty-seven years of their married life she was the only one who had never tried to hold him back from anything he

wanted to do and was always in sympathy with any new venture."

"Helpfulness to her family," yes, and "kindness to the outer circle." The examples of the latter deeds are legion from the time of her childhood until the day of her death.

Brother George's daughter Mary used to love to reminisce about the old days in Betsy Holton's homestead. She pictures one scene between the matriarch and her daughter-in-law. "Aunt Emma frequently came up to spend the afternoon with Grandma Moody. It was a picture of love and contentment to see this gracious young woman, having excused herself from her guests at home for a while, sitting there knitting and talking with Grandma. Grandma would get out her bag of stockings to be mended—most people would say those stockings could not be mended—but not she! When it was time for Aunt Emma to return home she would see that Grandma's pocket book had plenty of change in it and that a box of peppermint candy was left by her bedside. Other delicacies were left on the pantry shelf. Just fancy what it meant to Grandma to have money of her own to spend after years of scrimping! At ninety-one years of age Grandma did not want to die because they had made each day a happy day for her. If Aunt Emma had never been kind to me, I would still love her for her kindness to others."

In reference to Emma Revell's knitting, much light is thrown on this art of hers by her book of knitting and crocheting rules which I found in one of her oldest trunks. All written in her own handwriting I find directions for making the following: Roman afghan, cord,

fringe, infant socks, Tam o'Shanter, hoods, lace for flannel shirt (sample attached), edging, gentleman's hunting mittens, slippers, stool covers, etc. And then, as though it were not enough to knit and crochet for all her neighbors' babies and old folks, she included some healthful recipes such as "Pôtage a la Crecy," French Pumpkin Soup, the use of three kinds of carrots "which would be so useful to the girls in the Seminary" when combined with Scotch mutton broth and barley.

Perhaps the funniest recipe is one called "A Jar of Cold Cream," a masterpiece of concoctions whose ingredients would especially amuse members of the local fat committees in this war era. Quoting from my grandmother's handwriting:

"The basis of cold cream is always mutton tallow. You can get this at the butcher's; and if you tell him what it is for, he will select some very fine tallow for you. Cut the tallow into bits and put it into a sauce-pan without any water. Set the sauce-pan into a jar of boiling water and let it remain until the fat is thoroughly 'tried' out of the tallow. Strain through a fine sieve; and while it is still warm, stir in a teaspoon of the essence of camphor to every cup of tallow, next, a tablespoon of your favorite perfume. Stir all until it is a sweet-smelling liquid. Before it has had time to cool, put it in a little toilet jar and set it upon ice overnight. It will keep indefinitely and will be found one of the best remedies in the world for skin that gets rough and 'winter sore.'"

The niece Mary also recalled this incident, which occurred about two years after her marriage to a Chicago

man: "When our first baby was about nine months old, I wanted to go to Northfield to visit my parents. While there, little Gladys became ill; and Father called in Dr. Newton several times. When I wanted to pay the bill, Dr. Newton said, 'I have been paid.' Finally my dear father, with strong feeling, said this, 'I was very ill not long ago, and Aunt Emma stepped in and paid my bill. I wanted to pass her great kindness on to you, so I paid it.' To say that my father loved her isn't enough. He had a deep love for her that had grown with the years. My brother Ambert put it something like this, 'We all loved them and loved to do their bidding.'"

In one half of Betsy Holton's house on the hill lived George and his family. After the mother let the son take over his share of the homestead and the farm, she lived on in rooms overlooking the winding river and western hills. Dwight had a circular room with many windows added for her benefit. In this alcove she could sit and watch whatever traffic came and went on foot or on wheel. Her son Dwight also sent her each year a tremendous birthday cake on their joint birthday, so that she could share it with the many callers who came to wish her another new year of health and happiness. Behind all those cakes was the silent partner, his wife, whose every waking moment was filled with kindness for those around her.

Among "Moody Letters" in this book I have included several notes written by Paul Moody's wife, which give numerous illustrations of what Emma Revell did daily among her neighbors in Northfield. It was that same spirit of helpfulness and kindness which she carried into the Student's Aid Society of the Northfield Seminary,

a cause very dear to her own heart, to her daughter's, and, I trust, to each succeeding daughter in direct line.

Serenity, helpfulness, and kindness! In a marked degree courage was also one of the outstanding characteristics of this English-American lady of the nineteenth century. She exhibited great courage in a life that was far from being an easy one, as some casual observers may think. Dr. Charles R. Erdman has said: "D. L. Moody worked so furiously, spoke so passionately, swept across Britain and America so frequently, that he seemed to pass all his days in an unceasing cyclone." No matter how gratifying the results, we must bear in mind that this reserved, genteel woman was swept into this cyclonic career, regardless of its demands on her life and daily living. There was never the slightest tinge of self-pity in her letters; but we can imagine that it took courage to travel to strange places, often to be left in strange homes or hotels with children who seemed to run the gamut of children's serious diseases and accidents. One of her very rare references to herself is found in a letter written about 1873 to her own home in Chicago from Heathlands, Hampstead, England. It is:

"My arms and hands have been so stiff with the flu that I could not do my own hair; Emma had to do it for me. I shall be glad of letters here, for though I keep busy and try to keep from getting lonely, still I feel as though I were a long way from friends. I know that you will be pleased to know that I am again to have my husband. He is going to spend Christmas with us. I think I am more of a baby than either of the children, for I have really felt that I should have hard work on Christmas not to be homesick without him. It was always a family day at home with us."

Sometimes her courage was strained when she had to be separated from the children, too. During certain periods it seemed best to leave Emma and Willie in the hands of strangers in boarding schools. In America in 1877 she left Emma in school in Amherst, Massachusetts, with Mrs. Stearns, mother of a future headmaster of Phillips [Andover]. While young Emma was being brought up with the Stearns children, her mother was writing to Chicago from Manchester, New Hampshire, "I am here nicely settled with my husband in a pleasant room in this hotel. We left Amherst, Willie and I, on Tuesday morning. We left Emma seeming quite happy. I think I miss her more than she misses me. Mrs. Stearns spoke of her nicely and said Emma made her no trouble and was so conscientious in studying. I have put Willie into school here in Manchester. I found there was no private school in the place, so I put him into the public school under a very nice teacher, a school that is very near the hotel."

Of course the two Moody children attended all manner of schools in England, and once young Emma was the most miserable American girl on the European continent when it seemed best to leave her in a Paris school for young ladies. Had her mother realized the mental tortures which would be imposed upon the school girl, this experiment never would have been adopted.

The Parisian episode ended with an unpleasant foray in the international mail system. All incoming and outgoing mail was opened and read by the head of the institution, so it was impossible for any pupil to convey any adverse criticism or message of an S.O.S. nature to her family. Emma Moody in desperation solved her problem. One day as the pupils were being aired in

double line formation, like the animals going into the ark, she looked in the direction opposite an approaching mail box and screamed the French words for "Look at the runaway horse!" All heads turned, and quick as a wink the American girl dropped her frantic plea to her parents into the mail box.

She kept on "dying of homesickness" until one day, soon after the runaway-horse camouflage, when she was practicing her music lesson. Into the room swirled the head mistress in a rage, obviously having intercepted the Mother's answer. Emma Moody all but fell off the piano stool during the shaking and chastisement she received, but she got her own way in the end and was removed from the school. We have a group picture of her and her schoolmates, mostly English and Scottish girls, and one looks with pity upon those helpless victims of a vicious educational system.

Fortunately there is only one other example recorded of a bitter school experience. It appears in another chapter called, "Emma Revell as Teacher and Nurse." Soon after the Paris experience Fanny Holton, an American cousin, joined the Moodys in England and became the children's beloved companion and governess.

There was another side of Emma Revell's life which took consummate courage, and that was the adverse criticism of her husband and the misunderstanding of both friends and enemies. Before she had married D. L., she must have realized that theirs was not to be all easy "sledding," for in Chicago he had been called "Crazy Moody" by people without vision. Later, Mrs. MacKinnon wrote, "The enemy seems thoroughly aroused, for there are nasty letters in the "Glasgow Herald" written by a man who signs himself 'Barnum.'"

And speaking of the name Barnum, the "New York Times" in its issue of June 22, 1875, in the editorial column printed this, "We are credibly informed that Messrs. Moody and Sankey were sent to England by Mr. Barnum as a matter of speculation."

Chicago antagonists started the following foolish story when my mother was a very small child: "Mr. Moody's daughter attended the theatre last night. When she came down to breakfast this morning her father met her at the foot of the stairs and said, 'Good morning, child of the devil'; and she replied, 'Good morning, Father.'"

I suppose any public character has to expect a certain amount of lies to be flung in his direction, but the pity of it is that intelligent people sometimes never pause in their thinking long enough to consider how impossible and how ridiculous the lies are. It is said that the first time Bernard Shaw's name appeared in print was when he reported the Moody Mission in Ireland about the year 1873. In the light of the actual results of that Mission, as recorded by eye-witnesses, Shaw's write-up of the meetings was the opposite of the truth.

There were other forms of attack on Emma Revell's husband. Will Moody gives a harrowing description of what occurred the first time his father accepted an invitation to speak in Oxford, England. One night, after the college students had made nuisances of themselves and had constantly broken up the evening meeting, D. L. Moody addressed them, "simply as those who, like himself, would lay claim to the title of 'gentlemen,'" saying: "I have always heard of the proverbial love of the English for fair play. As an invited guest of Oxford, I expected at least to receive a fair chance to be heard. I am here at the invitation of your fellow collegians, and

your condition after a champagne supper is the only explanation I can give for your conduct."

Will Moody goes on to say: "One who was present with Moody at that time recalls the incident which occurred the following morning. 'We were in a little private sitting room, having just finished our breakfast, when it was announced that a number of undergraduates wished to see Mr. Moody. He sent word to have them shown up and at the same time asked Mrs. Moody and myself to remain. They were a clean-cut, well-set-up, manly group that came in. Without any hesitancy or delay they made a straightforward apology—such an apology as to have made their disturbance worthwhile. Moody responded generously!'"

In his earliest years in Chicago he was greatly misunderstood and reviled because his desire to win souls made him aggressive; and he disturbed the calm serenity of careless and indifferent souls and made them angry, until the people began to understand that his deep hunger for souls made him ask searching questions. But if some people disliked him for being "queer" when he was young, others, among them so-called friends, resented his success in later years, growing jealous of his results and what they thought was his wealth. Actually compensation never entered into his dealings with a committee—no sum of money was set, no collections were taken for him. Before he left a city, the treasurer of the campaign would give him a sealed envelope, which he would put into his pocket and, never looking at its contents, hand it to his wife Emma to take care of. Sometimes there was no compensation, and if that was the case he said nothing. In small New England towns like Hinsdale, Gill, and Warwick [where he filled a va-

cant pulpit all one summer] he gave his services freely and gladly. Envious friends never knew how much or how little Moody really possessed because so much of the money he did receive passed immediately into other channels, such as his three schools.

Then coming right down to their home town, and indeed to their next door neighbor, Emma Revell and her husband knew what persecution was. Many of the local Unitarians never forgave D. L. for leaving their church and taking his family into the Trinitarian Congregational Church. Back in the year 1882 Mrs. Peter Mackinnon recorded a conversation that took place in her home. "After prayers we sat for a while in the drawing room and had a very solemn and quiet time of earnest talk," while Mr. Moody discussed with friends some of the obstacles against which he had to work. After speaking of several experiences, Mrs. Mackinnon says, "He told how Northfield was quite Unitarian, how his own relations would not go to hear him preach, how the village blacksmith in particular had a great hatred of him and spoke most bitterly against him, and how his smithy was the rendezvous of all the strong opposition men. But an opportunity was given for Mr. Moody to show him a kindness, which won the man in the end."

With reference to "one relation who would not go to hear him preach," I remember as a little girl I used to wonder about Uncle Medad and Aunt Addie. They lived in a big white house between the Old Home and our house on Main Street. They seemed so bitter and different from the rest of our family at this end of town. Now I understand how hard it must have been for my grandmother to look through her south bedroom windows at the house next door.

The only reason for resurrecting unpleasant details such as these is to bring out the point that Mrs. Moody's life was not the proverbial "bed of roses" and that she met difficulties with the same calm dignity with which she faced all living.

There is one other point I would like to make here, lest strangers should have mistakenly come to the conclusion that Emma Revell was a saccharine, pacifistic, too-good-to-be-true angel, not unawares. It is only fair, all around, to know how firm she could be in her righteous indignation, which was mostly provoked by any disloyalty to her husband. Paul Moody has written: "Though never vindictive, there was one set of people who came beyond the pale of her notice. There was one thing she never did nor would forgive, and that was anything in the nature of disloyalty to my father. He was taken advantage of often. He learned there were people he could not trust; and when he no longer worked with them, he was accused of betraying his friends. My mother would not mention such people. They fell into the limbo of the unthought of."

Camaliel Bradford, in his psychograph of D. L. Moody, writes this, "The simple fact is, that, if God does not exist, the universe is but a wilderness of barren horror. If He does exist, life should be but one long effort to be at one with Him. Separation from Him is the most terrible punishment the mind can conceive."

In a minor degree the set of people who came beyond the pale of her notice must have tasted, as outcasts in "the limbo of the unthought of," a species of the same kind of hell described by Bradford. In the realm of human friendships is there anything more bitter than the knowledge that one is consciously excluded, dropped,

and unthought of, because of evil motives and intentional misunderstandings of one's own?

Emma Revell stood firm on many other grounds too. She absolutely refused to appear on the platform in public meetings. "Be conspicuous? Not she!" wrote her younger son. As for her adherence to personal freedom of thought, Mrs. Mackinnon said this: "Mrs. Moody had independence of thought. She was not a mere unthinking echo of a master mind and will."

It would be easy to fill a book with examples of her loveliness of thought and deed, examples which are told and retold to this gallant lady's progeny. Perhaps what she was has best been described in an article about the wife of the late Ramsay MacDonald, Prime Minister of England. In our thoughts substituting the minister of the gospel for the politician, we read, "She held that her function was to maintain a home, where a rising young politician could escape from his cares and be himself. Within that home he was her only ambition, and she was his supreme reward. The idea that a wife should have a career of her own, or demand a share in her husband's prestige, was not her idea. Hers was the love *that asks nothing in return and receives everything.*"

Charlotte Moody, named for her mother and her grandmother, once wrote of Vermont, "To date Vermont has eluded everyone. No one has succeeded in transferring any of its true essence to paper. Vermonters are aware that theirs is the best state and that there is no way to tell about it. Vermont is gone in the telling, and only words remain."

I feel like saying, "I am aware that mine was the most wonderful of grandmothers, and that there is no adequate way to tell of her. But though I cannot cap-

ture all that she was and successfully put it on paper, still I cannot feel that such a beautiful spirit is 'gone in the telling,' and I certainly hope that more than mere words remain."

THE HOMEMAKER

EMMA REVELL deserved a beautiful, permanent home if any woman ever did.

Even a child six years old can feel the nostalgic wretch which must accompany relinquishment of home surroundings and native land. When the Revells came to settle in America in 1849, fortunately for the children the unattractive Chicago environment was partly made up for by the wonderful atmosphere Emma Manning created in her new home, an atmosphere which was influential in moulding the dreams of many young people. But by nineteen, Emma Revell passed through another period of readjustment when she married Dwight Moody. During their early days together the couple lived in two different homes [that we know of], both of which were destroyed by fire; and during the Civil War years the young bride stayed in the homes of relatives.

After the successful campaign of 1873-1875 in England, there followed years of broken family life in hotels and in the homes of strangers. It is something of a feat to raise three children under the most benign circumstances, but it must have been an exacting ordeal for this mother to maintain discipline and care for children who had many and prolonged illnesses in their traveling youth, outside of her own establishment.

In Part One of this book I have told how and why the Moodys came to buy the Old Home in Northfield. Here I should like to tell just what Emma Revell did with

that home, the types of people she entertained there, and how she reigned in her "world."

Writing to the beloved friend and sympathetic hostess of Scottish days in 1875, she says: "We would like to have you see the pretty spot Mr. Moody lived in as a boy and that he loves to call home now. It is a very happy place, though more humble than many other homes where we have been so kindly entertained." And again in 1876: "I have been a very busy woman this summer. We are in our own home; and though in a most delightful spot, with such beautiful scenery, it is a place where it is very difficult to get servants, and I have had to act in all sorts of capacities."

"Mrs. D. L.," as she was called by many of the townspeople, made a home for literally hundreds of people of every kind and description. Many there are who could relate anecdotes of what went on under the roof of the Old Home. Here I have chosen single illustrations of what she did in her home for her husband, her own children, her nieces and nephews, the townspeople, the students of the Northfield Seminary, conference guests, and refugees from foreign soil.

Starting with her own family, there is the story of a barn-warming staged by Mr. and Mrs. Moody for their small son Paul. In his book, "My Father," he describes it thus: "I gathered some packing boxes and boards and proceeded to build what I conceived to be a barn. Box was joined to box by very unevenly-sawed planks. Even after fifty years I wince at what it must have looked like and marvel at the patience which allowed such a heterogeneous collection of odds and ends to litter up the house. Not only was my barn seriously in the way, but it must have been a dreadful nuisance. Hammers,

saws, and other implements were requisitioned and lost. After it was completed, my father said we were going to have a ceremony like the laying of a corner stone. One thing I especially remember from that occasion was that D. B. Towner wrote a song for the ceremony and that two of the lines ran:

I builded a barn, I builded a barn;
My barn was the largest on Papa's whole farm.

The other memory was that Henry Drummond, one of our guests at the time, read telegrams of regret from the great of the world, including Queen Victoria, for not being able to attend. I was at an age to be touched by this. That Queen Victoria should know about my father was not in the least surprising, and of course the barn was a matter of great importance; but nevertheless I was skeptical for the first time in my life." Later, he describes how the barn-warming ended. "Then ice cream, lemonade, and cake were served; and the party maneuvered around to the west side of the house, where there was a pair of black goats harnessed to a little wagon, which they were dragging up the driveway. Forgotten were the barn, the guests, the amazing telegrams, and even the ice cream." One of the pictures illustrating Henry Drummond's article written for "McClure's Magazine" showed these same gift goats pulling a tiny sleigh, with young Paul riding in it. The sleigh became a family heirloom, and years later was used by Will Moody's little daughters. The goats were then replaced by a pony named "Toddy."

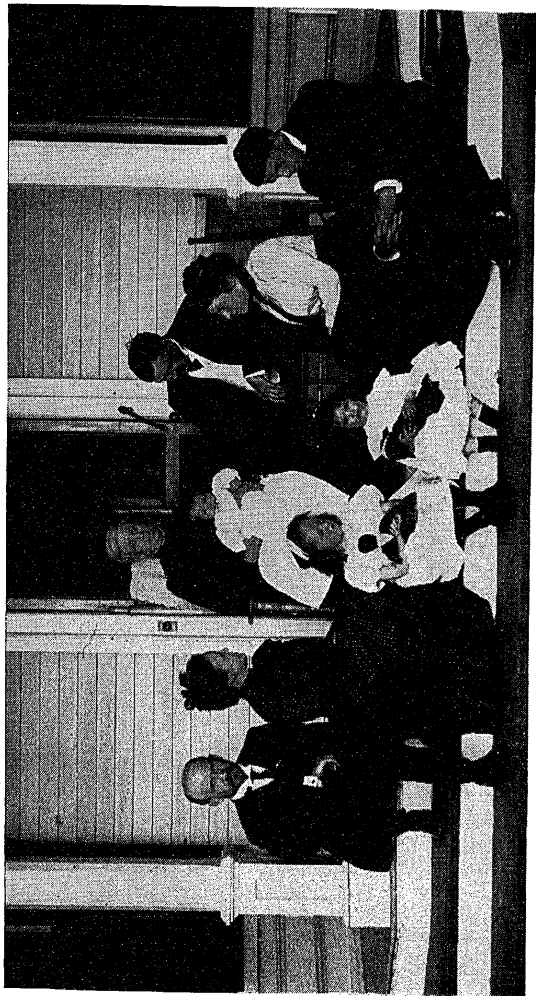
Guests, children, and games! There was time in Northfield for all of them. Later, when there were grandchildren, one of the family wrote, "D. L. is like a school

boy off guard when the grandchildren come to his home." And he himself wrote, "I wish I had one hundred grandchildren and one thousand great grandchildren."

Speaking of a third generation and the Moodys' hospitality, which knew no bounds, there is this paragraph written by my mother in the gold-lettered volume labeled "Grandpa and Grandma": "At the christening of his little granddaughter Emma in our Northfield church, he invited every little child under five years of age to come to his home the following Saturday for a party. Over sixty children came, whom Irene and Emma watched from their baby carriages [ornate wicker masterpieces they were]. It was a beautiful sight, for all the little children brought flowers with which they filled the two carriages."

After December 22, 1899, Emma Revell tried to forget her own loneliness and in a way to make up to the children for their grandfather's absence by making the Old Home tempting with toys and other infantile treasures. In my mother's book, above mentioned, she writes: "Mother and I went to Boston for the day. We went in the morning and returned at night. [Exactly what she herself did just before her fatal heart ailment developed. E. P.] I can never forgive myself for doing that. It shows how little Grandmother thought of herself, and she never wanted people to think that she was ill. When we reached Boston she said she must go at once to a toy store—"it was the most important shopping to be done!" There she bought some musical mechanical toys, 'so that the children will like coming down to my house.'"

I myself remember those toys well. There was a head



Emma Revell and her descendants in 1901. Back row: Mrs. Moody, Constance, Will Moody. Front row: A. P. Fitt, Mrs. Fitt, Emma IV, Mary, May Whittle Moody, Paul Moody.



of lettuce, which when wound up opened at the top as a white bunny reared its fuzzy head with a carrot in its mouth. There was a dancing bear with chain, who would walk all over the floor of my grandfather's library. Grandmother needed no bait with which to attract little children, but bait she thought she must have; and it was kept, when not in use, in one of the bottom drawers of her husband's big flat-topped desk.

But no matter how much Emma Revell did for her immediate family, she never forgot or overlooked her nieces and nephews or the young people in Northfield. When my mother planned to write this book, she recalled the fact that there was no one who had a better time at the Old Home in the old days than her father's niece, Uncle George's girl, Mary. And so she wrote to her cousin in Chicago, told her about the book she was planning, and asked her to jot down some of her recollections of the past. The answer to my mother's appeal was more than a letter and so adequate that I shall let Mary speak for herself here.

"HAPPY MEMORIES OF AUNT EMMA BY HER NIECE"

"No words of mine can ever satisfy my memory of her. When I was a young child it was my chore, on my way home from school, to stop at the Moody home for our mail. [The Post Office was distant then. E.P.] One day, as I came running up the front steps, their great English dog came running up too. My heart thumped so hard I didn't know what to do. He apparently objected to my coming there. The next moment Aunt Emma opened the door from the inside and took me in her loving embrace and held me until quiet. At that moment my love for her was kindled into an undying flame.

"Aunt Emma and Uncle Dwight were so perfectly one that nobody could possibly tell which was the one. Uncle Dwight would jump into his buggy and ask all the children in the neighborhood to come to their lawn for a party. They would play every game they could think of with us. Then for a few tricks. For instance, Uncle Dwight would ask us if we would like to see a glass of water pinned to a tree. After getting a chair, a glass of water, and a pin assembled, he would step up on the chair beside the tree, as he tried to pound the pin into the tree. He would drop the pin to the ground, and call to one of the children to pick it up. When the child bent to pick it up, he would let a little of the water trickle down its neck. We all laughed, then childlike asked him to do the trick again. The party was never complete until Aunt Emma and her helpers brought out big dishes of ice cream and cake. And no one could ever make ice cream like Aunt Emma!

"Often on Sabbath afternoons Aunt Emma would ask us children down to the house and teach us the books of the Bible. She gave us each ten cents for learning them. Every period of my life was touched and sweetened by these two kind hearts.

"One Christmas Eve my father and mother and all of us children were busy with Christmas preparations when we heard a big noise on our side porch. When we all finally got out there to see what it was all about, no person was in sight, but a huge package had been placed there. You may be sure we all danced around with glee. We all helped to get the crating off and found a beautiful Chickering piano. I couldn't see how Santa would know that my sister Julia had to go evenings to Revell Hall to practice because we had no piano

at home, nor how he knew we would be fairly hilarious with delight to have a piano all our own.

"In the next period of my life—young womanhood—how I loved Uncle Dwight and Aunt Emma because I felt they loved and understood me. They would invite all their relatives into their hospitable home, boys and girls alike, and give us the run of the whole house. [Just as my own mother years later always wanted to end every party with "Run, Sheep, Run," a game which ranged from the cellar to the attic and from the front to the back of our own rambling house. E. P.] I have seen Uncle Dwight run up and down stairs with a student lamp in his hand, playing hide and seek with us. If Aunt Emma felt any apprehension, she never displayed it."

I would like to insert a paragraph of my own here regarding Emma Revell's patience and forbearance. She not only let young people tear her house apart, but she also survived all kinds of ridiculous practical jokes, a favorite off-guard pastime with her husband. One night when my mother was playing hide-and-go-seek in a pretty white summer frock, her father tipped her off that a wonderful place to hide was in her mother's bath tub. She wasted no time in taking the hint, hurried to the plumbing hide-out, and when it was too late discovered that she had plunged into a tub of ice-cold water in a darkened room—with no electricity to switch on, either!

To resume Cousin Mary's reminiscences: "On other occasions Uncle Dwight would entertain us by taking us on a straw-ride. He was always careful to sit on the spring seat himself and drive. We were in the back with the straw for springs. He would drive us down the old

lane where there were plenty of bumps; the bumpier the road, the faster he would go. He was the kind of man who thought 'every lassie must have her laddie.' Therefore he would invite the Seminary girls over to Mount Hermon for a banquet. He was full of jokes; and we would have lots of fun getting ahead of him, especially when he would try to couple us off with the partners we did not like."

Family and near relatives have been spoken of, and now I shall let Cousin Mary be the one to illustrate what Emma Revell did for one of her attendants. She writes, "However, she did not confine her love to her relatives. I remember Old Paul the Frenchman. That these two lovely souls could take a tramp into their home and love and care for him until he too loved their Master was one thing I could never understand. This tramp was a slave to drink. He couldn't understand their English very well, and they couldn't understand his 'Irish brogue with a French accent,' as Aunt Emma called it. He worked in their garden many years, and when he was paid he would often slip away to buy drink. Finally he came to Aunt Emma and asked her to keep his wages for him so he wouldn't drink them up. Paul the Frenchman was converted, not by preaching, but by loving."

Students of the Seminary for girls were always welcome at the Old Home too. A member of the class of 1885 in writing to her mother said, "My classmates and I were distinctly aware of the unusualness of Mrs. D. L. Moody's personality. To see her sitting in her pew at the old village church with her children was like a benediction. There was a certain serenity of spirit mirrored in her face that no one could forget. It was part and parcel of her character. During my four years at

school Mr. and Mrs. Moody and their family were much away; but in June, just before the closing of school, they were generally back, and that meant a gala time for us all. Mrs. Moody made a memorable impression upon the sixteen girls who were in the class of '85 by inviting us to an afternoon tea. Teas, as such, were not common in those days; and we were all greatly excited, surmising that it would be given in the new drawing room which had just been added to the Moody homestead. ["Alaska" it was called, because it was a chilly north wing with no cellar foundation under it. Supposedly it was "as cold as Alaska."]

"It was quite a formal affair. There was much discussion among the group as to the appropriate thing to wear, whether white gloves were necessary or not. Some said 'Yes.' Some said 'No.' But when it was finally discovered that only one girl owned a pair of white gloves the question settled itself. After we reached the house there was no more thought of white gloves or of like matters, for Mrs. Moody and her daughter Emma, after serving us with many dainty things to eat (topping off with an angel cake, a confection then quite new), proved such gracious hostesses that any shyness we may have felt was quite forgotten.

"She could never know what this kind act meant to students weary of school routine and school fare, but we knew and will never forget. This is only one of her many kind and thoughtful ways of making others happy. She has left behind her a sweet memory like the fragrance of lavender."

Stories are legion of what she did for the village families, paying the school tuition for Roman Catholic and Protestant boys and girls alike, young people who could

not have attended Mount Hermon or the Seminary without her aid.

In a scrapbook of letters I find many guests expressed to her their gratitude for what she and the Old Home meant to them. An English niece, my mother's maid-of-honor, wrote to my mother, "I always think of her as a saint upon earth. She was always the same, calm and beautiful in her life. She was so cultured and such a queen, dignified and yet so understanding. The two years I spent with her (in the Old Home) showed me what a perfect Christian she was. It was a wonderful privilege to be with such a beautiful character. I used to love to see her eyes twinkle; she was full of fun and when asked for advice was so wise a counsellor. I felt I had lost my best friend when she was taken home."

One of the Woods family of Philadelphia wrote my mother: "Mrs. Moody was (unknown to herself) the genius of the household over which she presided. Her guests (I was fortunately one of them) ever felt the quiet love which abounded toward them. The silent ease with which she managed the multiplicity of details which she gathered into a blessed whole was a constant marvel to those who saw and realized it. She never seemed weary and always gave a deep sympathy to anyone needing it. I can speak from experience, for she carried me over a time of deep trouble with the most exquisite tact and love."

Another time Miss Wood wrote to my mother: "She was such a wonderful woman in hundreds of ways that I am utterly at a loss to know of which one to speak. I cannot give a hint of the beauty of her sympathy, given by a sustaining glance when she caught a glimpse of the spiritual pain some one was suffering. She must

have had hundreds of troublesome matters in her household because of the comings and goings of so many people who created all kinds of situations awkward to handle. But they never appalled her. She took them with apparent ease."

One other guest wrote feelingly of what it meant to be entertained in the home of Emma Revell. It was Mrs. Russell Sage, who with Miss Helen Gould came for a visit in 1898. From her home at 506 Fifth Avenue, New York City, she wrote to Emma Revell:

"My visit to your home with Miss Helen Gould has always been a very holy memory, and now more than ever I recall all the precious words that Mr. Moody uttered; and that evening when all were gathered for the evening hymn, how sacred it all seems, reaching as it does into that Heaven of which we talked and sang. But I will not write more at length now, only trusting that He whom you are leaning upon will give you the strength for every hour.

"Yours ever with sincere affection,

"M. Olivia Sage"

This letter, speaking of a treasured memory, was written to my grandmother at the time of her husband's death and was found among letters of condolence.

In listing the types of people for whom Emma Revell made a real home, I placed "refugees" last. As far as I know, in none of the many books written about the Moody family has there appeared the two refugee stories I have included in this record. In Part One, I spoke of the Scottish trio who came to Northfield seeking help.

I will close this chapter on the home with my mother's own words as I heard her give her reminiscences to my father, her amanuensis:

"So many times one has longed to write of the dear Old Home as a refuge for those in trouble.

"Among many who turned to Father there was a young Jewish girl. She had come under the teaching of a Mr. Baron, a converted Jew, who had a mission in London and who for years was successful in his work. Through the life of a Christian English governess Edith became a Christian. The governess had been engaged by Edith's mother with the clear understanding she was never to speak to any of her daughters on religion. But the governess' life was so closely watched by Edith, the books she selected to read to the girl so carefully chosen, that before long Edith, aged fifteen, became changed. In telling me the story later Edith said, 'I could pick out the very spot in Hyde Park where mother, turning to me, said, "Edith, I am not afraid of the other girls; but in engaging this Christian governess I am afraid of you." I remember so well tossing my head and saying, "I a Christian? Never!"'

"When Edith made it known that she wanted to accept Christ, the governess realized the seriousness of it all. She took the girl to see Mr. Baron. He fully realized what the step would mean and how serious it was, Edith being only fifteen. The only advice Mr. Baron could give her was that she must live the life of a secret Christian until she became of age.

"When Edith reached the age of eighteen she

was allowed to accept the invitation of a cousin in Germany, Countess —. One Sunday afternoon Edith heard that there was to be a baptismal service somewhere near the village where she was. She went and told the pastor she wished to be baptized. She then took the step, fully realizing that forever she would be cut off from her family; forever her father's door would be shut against her.

"Edith returned to the castle to find that orders had been given she was not to be admitted. She was a devoted daughter and loved her parents and sisters dearly. Once, when I asked her if she had realized in Germany just what that step would mean, she did not hesitate but said, 'Yes, I realized fully how I would incur my father's anger and that they would feel I was bringing disgrace on the family name. My name would never be allowed to be mentioned in the family again. I would be disinherited. You can never know all that it meant, loving them as I did.'

"Edith was advised to remain in Germany; and during that time she worked hard in a hospital, doing the most menial work. The girl who had always had her own maid was now scrubbing floors.

"While she was still in Germany, her governess got busy in England. She realized that Edith could never again live in England. The first thing she did was to go to Mr. Edward Denny of London to interest him in the case. He at once cabled my father, asking if he would take Edith into our home in Northfield. Father sent word to send her over; and for four years Edith was with us, much of the time in our own house. During the busy weeks in

summer when our house would be full of guests, mother would always see that Edith boarded near us.

"Before she sailed for America, Edith made a flying visit to London and was in hiding there. The greatest secrecy was observed. A meeting was planned for the mother and sisters to say goodbye—forever. Only once did I ever hear Edith refer to that meeting. That goodbye nearly killed mother and daughter. We all became very fond of her during those four years. Then she went to China as a missionary."

My mother might have added that Edith belonged to one of the most famous banking families of all history.

Emma Revell brought to her New England home* that quality of "hospitality, friendliness, and good breeding" typical of the English homes which any Britisher would willingly defend against any enemy he might encounter and fight against "on the beaches, in the fields, in the streets, and in the hills."

* In 1898 Rev. J. H. Sammis wrote, "Late in the summer of 1887, while at Northfield, Mr. D. L. Moody had been speaking to me about the approaching departure of his son William for college; and he made this characteristic remark: 'I want my children to feel that there is no place in all the world so dear as the Old Home and no friends quite so kind and true as Father and Mother.'"

MOODY LETTERS

THE LETTERS which some people write in their careful "Palmer Method" or "Rhinehart System" style sound like weather reports, time tables, and complaints filed by a Bureau of Adjustments. A second class of humans write so beautifully that some sixth sense must have told them they are destined to climb among the immortals or some day have their busts in the Hall of Fame; therefore anything in their handwriting is worth preserving. The cold report, the studied treatise, and all other forms of letter-writing which are not natural and written by a person "who puts himself on paper," as did Dwight Moody, Emma Revell, and many of their friends, are almost worthless as character barometers or indicators.

Fortunately for us, Emma Revell wrote abundantly, sincerely, never stiltedly in style, to a large circle of friends who cared enough to preserve what she wrote. From the time of her marriage she was always separated from one or another set of loved ones. In Chicago she wrote for D. L. to the family on the hill in Northfield. In Northfield she wrote to the Revells in Chicago or to her beloved English friends, Mrs. Mackinnon, Mrs. Farmer Hall, and her sister Mary. Abroad, she wrote to many friends and relatives "back home."

As we have seen from the letters I have included in this book, what she penned was newsy without being gossipy, affectionate because of her genuine love for the person to whom her letter was addressed and because her

topic generally centered around her husband, her children, and her home.

Perhaps the ease and naturalness of what she wrote prompted a similar type of letter in response. Here I want to give a few examples of the letters the Moodys received from a wide variety of known and unknown men and women.

But first I want to explain why the whole subject of "Letters" is a source of tremendous fascination and interest to me for two reasons that will soon become obvious.

To go back to the spring of 1932. I took my oldest son Ted to Washington, where we spent a considerable amount of time on a rainy afternoon poking around in the Congressional Library. We lingered longest in a wing whose special exhibition was one man's collection of letters, both serious and humorous. It had belonged to Andrew Carnegie. I can remember copying priceless bits from the stationery of Mark Twain and J. M. Barrie.

When we returned to our home in Pennsylvania, I remember going to our book shelves and taking down the "Letters of Charles Kingsley," given to me by Will Moody, and the "Letters of Joyce Kilmer," given to me by Paul Moody, and enjoying them as never before. Not satiated, I began to haunt the town library and there one day, browsing around among such autobiographies as the Daisy of Pless books, I found a musty old volume which looked seldom used. It was called "The Letters of the Empress Frederick," daughter of the late Queen Victoria and mother of Germany's bad boy, the Kaiser William Hohenzollern.

I cannot remember now much of the contents of the letters written to the regal mother in England, but the

introduction to the book was the most exciting I have ever read. It was written by Ponsonby, once secretary to Queen Victoria and later secretary to her son, King Edward Seventh.

Briefly, the introduction told of the visit of Edward Seventh and Ponsonby to the home of the Kaiser and his widowed mother, whom he had virtually made a prisoner. Just before the two guests returned to England, the Empress Frederick, who was dying of cancer, summoned Ponsonby to her room. In the atmosphere of the greatest secrecy and confidence, the invalid told the Englishman that she wanted him to take her mother's letters back to England with him, to keep their destination unknown until certain personages died. She said that her letters would stand outside his bedroom in the hall in boxes marked "China." Before Ponsonby left the room, the Empress was overwhelmed with agony and suffering. He never saw her again.

As soon as possible upon reaching the British Isles, Ponsonby took the "China" to his country place, and there in the garden, under cover of night, he buried deep in the ground letters Queen Victoria had written to her daughter. When the Empress died, the Kaiser instituted a tremendous search for those damning evidences of his character and actions. Twenty-five years passed before the letters again saw the light of day.

* * *

There are two reasons why I have detoured into this story. One is because in 1937 at the time of my grandfather's centennial my mother produced a box from one of her safe deposit collections. It contained letters that had not been opened or looked at for forty years. Delving into them, I felt like Ponsonby with his garden spade

retrieving Queen Victoria's treasures. The second reason for saying all this is that in that Moody collection were letters from Ponsonby himself.

Today I am rich in letters belonging to Emma Revell and her husband, letters left to my father by an old bibliophile, in one of whose books we found a letter on demon-possession written by Rudyard Kipling; and letters written to me when I started the "William Lyon Phelps Collection of Signed First Editions" in honor of the professor's 75th birthday. The Phelps books are housed in a college library, but all the letters I have amassed shall be heirlooms for my children's children.

I shall attempt to follow a chronological order in the selection and so will start with one received by D. L. Moody in 1875.

"Jesus Only

"Pax.

"Llanthony Abbey,

"Abergavenny, March 17, 1875

"My very dear Brother in Jesus Christ our God,

"I must send you one word of affectionate greeting in our Precious Redeemer's name, to say how rejoiced I am to hear and read of your powerful gifts from the Father of Lights, 'good and perfect gifts' indeed, and the blessed and faithful use you are making of them. In these days of tribulation surrounded by rationalism and infidelity without and sectarianism within, yours is a work to confound the one and break down the other; and the saints of Jesus must rejoice exceedingly at 'the showers of blessing' which accompany your progress through

our land. You are but mortal man, and one of our Jesus' plainest marks upon you is your simple humility in spite of the popularity which God wills should attend you.

"I and my people are what you would call 'High-Lows,' for we are extreme Catholic and ritualists and have in our Houses the perpetual adoration of the holy sacrament; but we preach Jesus only as a perfect, finished, and present salvation to all who are willing to receive Him. And the one work of the evangelist is to give knowledge of salvation to His people.

"I have prayed and shall pray for a blessing upon you and will ask your prayers for me at one of your services, that I may learn to 'die daily for Him' who saved me. Brethren, pray for me. The grace of the Lord Jesus Christ be always with you. Amen.

"Your faithful brother in Him,
"Ignatius of Jesus. F. S. B. Monk"

Some of the following letters are not dated and may have been written when the Moodys were in England in 1875 or 1884.

"5 Cromwell House, London, S. W.

"Dear Mr. Moody,

"I sent your books to the Queen and the Princess of Wales through Sir Henry Ponsonby and Lord Colville, saying you were desirous of being allowed to present them to her Majesty and Her Royal Highness, previous to your return to America, and mentioning something of the great work you have

been permitted to do during your present visit. I enclose you the letters I have received accepting the books. Pray do not take the trouble of returning them, as although addressed to me they are intended for you.

"I hope I may be able to see you on Thursday for a moment to say, very reluctantly, Farewell!

"Believe me,

"Sincerely,
"Cairns"

"St. James Palace, June 20th, 1884

"Dear Lord Cairns,

"I have had much pleasure in forwarding the book to Balmoral with your letter. I will let you know when the Queen receives it.

"Yours very truly,

"Henry F. Ponsonby"

"Windsor Castle, June 27, 1884

"Dear Lord Cairns,

"I am commanded by the Queen to thank you for the volume you have been good enough to present to Her Majesty.

"Yours very truly,

"Henry F. Ponsonby"

"Marlborough House, Pall Mall, S.W.,
"July 3, 1884

"Dear Lord Cairns,

"In answer to your letter to me, which accompanied a work by Mr. Moody which you were anxious to present to the Princess of Wales, I am

directed by Her Royal Highness to tell you that she has much pleasure in accepting the book.

"Yours very truly,

"Colville"

There are a series of letters written in 1884 by Lady Cairns, with whose family name we are already familiar. I will not copy them in toto but will use some of the loveliest excerpts.

To Mr. Moody: "Will you kindly select some token of affectionate and grateful regard from me for yourself, Mrs. Moody, or your dear children, as you prefer, and say to them how sorry I was not to see them again before you left. My husband was very, very sorry when he heard you had been in the House of Lords, that he had not known it, as he could have seen you for a moment alone in his own room, but leave-takings are very trying. Mild-may, July 12, will be a remembered day.

"We desire, while expressing our deep gratitude to God for bringing you to this country, and especially to London, and for giving you the power of stirring us up to our much more full knowledge of our Bibles and of the right position of the children of God, we do and must express affectionate and grateful regard for you as a personal friend. Many difficulties which have seemed to me to beset my path of life have been lifted off me lately in a marked way; and you will, I am sure, thank God."

To Mrs. Moody, Lady Cairns wrote about a letter she had received: "The writer is a Mary Sanden, daughter of the excellent old Lady Exeter; and the black edge is for her aunt, Lady Sophia Cecil. I do

not feel I can say goodbye to your husband; so in his own words I may say, 'Goodnight. We shall meet in the morning.'"

From the same lady, "Dear Mrs. Moody: Even at the risk of tormenting you, I write a line to see if Mr. Moody could come to breakfast on Saturday next at nine, or nine-thirty. It would be the greatest pleasure to Lord Cairns and me. We shall have no one here but ourselves.

"If there was a chance of seeing you, I would send the carriage to bring you here. But the hour is so early. We are such very early people, I do not like to think of asking you then. Lord Cairns is at his work always all day and almost all evening. It is nearly midnight, and he is in his room, still very busy. . . ."

"5 Cromwell House, S.W.

"My dear Mrs. Moody,

"I am so anxious to know of your little boy, and Lord Cairns did not like to stop to talk to Mr. Moody on Sunday.

"I fear that I may not get out this week, but I rejoice in sending daily many to Haymarket and really some who were most unlikely. Today I have four in the Royal Box, of whom I am longing to hear. Could you ever come by train to see me? . . ."

"My dear Mr. Moody,

"I have received from you at various times so much help and instruction and blessing that I do not require anything to keep you in my memory and prayers; but I should much like that there was

something to remind you sometimes of me, and I hope you will not think I am straining too much, what I trust I may call your friendship, if I ask you to apply the enclosed in any way that would occasionally bring to your mind

“Yours very sincerely,
“Cairns”

The next letters are from the Duke of Sutherland, whom the Moodys met in the first English campaign.

“Stafford House, Tuesday

“My dear Mr. Moody,

“Will you thank Mrs. Moody for so kindly writing to me. It is a real grief and disappointment that your kind offer to me to come to see me, for which I longed so much, should be on this morning when I have a very important appointment; I fear I might not be back, and so would keep you waiting, for which your time is too valuable. May God bless you! I shall never forget what I have heard from you. If you knew what a life mine is, in ways I was not able to tell you the other day, and what a terrible story mine has been, you would pray much for me. I am deeply interested in the ‘Notes on Genesis.’

“Yours very gratefully,
“Sutherland”

“Stafford House, July 9

“My dear Mr. Moody,

“I do hope you will not leave England without coming to see me, if but for a few minutes. I have tried several times to induce you to do this

before, but I quite understand how precious your time is. Still, if you would name your own day and hour, any time from ten in the morning till seven in the evening, I would be at home to see you. Mine is such a difficult life that I have often longed to have a talk with you. Most of what you say makes me more than happy, as the precious truth that makes us free must. May there not be some who are by circumstances forced to be in the world and yet by God's grace not of it? I fear it is difficult for you to believe this. I must not take up more of your time now. I will only thank you from my heart for all the joy and strength our dear Lord has given me through you, and I pray that your wonderful work may be more and more blessed.

"Yours gratefully,
"Sutherland"

While the Earl of Aberdeen was Governor General of Canada, he and his family made a visit to Northfield. The following is a letter written by his wife:

"Hotel Vendome, Boston, Sept. 7, 1891

"Dear Mrs. Moody,

"It was a very kind thought of yours to give us that little book about the story of the Seminary and Mount Hermon. We were very much interested in reading it coming along here and were particularly struck with the beauty and concision with which the aims of the schools are stated in the Introduction.

"The only sad thing about our visit was the going

away, and I am afraid we have consumed a good deal of time this afternoon in useless regrets that we have not managed our arrangements better.

"But we are very thankful for the two days we have had and all our lives will be richer for the sunny memories which we have carried away—yes, very sunny in spite of the mists.

"With renewed thanks, and hoping very much that we may see you all at Haddo House this winter,

"Believe me,

"Yours very sincerely,

"Ishbel Aberdeen"

Before leaving English letters, I shall include two received by my mother at the time of David Windsor's abdication. She took his smashed career so terribly to heart and felt so deeply sympathetic for his mother that she wrote to her. Sir Kynaston Studd forwarded mother's letter to the Queen through the right channels. December was the climactic month in the regal episode, and my mother's note must have reached England before the New Year.

"Marlborough House, S.W.1. Dec. 31

"Dear Sir [Kynaston Studd],

"I have to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of Dec. 23, with its enclosure from Mrs. Moody Fitt. I duly conveyed her communication to Queen Mary at Sandringham; and I have by now, by Her Majesty's command, written directly to Mrs. Moody Fitt to thank her very much for her charming words of sympathy.

"Queen Mary was much touched to receive the

letter, and Her Majesty is most grateful to you for your trouble in the matter.

“Yours very truly,
“Gerald Chichester”

“To Mrs. Fitt—

“Marlborough House, S. W. 1

“Private

“Dear Madame,

“I have received Queen Mary’s command to convey to you an expression of Her Majesty’s very sincere thanks for your charming letter of Dec. 11th, which reached her through the hands of Sir Kynaston Studd. Queen Mary was greatly touched by your kind sympathy with her.

“Believe me,

“Yours very truly,
“Gerald Chichester,
“Private Secretary”

I believe that Queen Mary became god-mother to one of the Studd grandchildren while Sir Kynaston was Lord Mayor of London.

We shall have to go back to the year 1893 to resume the chronological order of letters written in America. Friends and family are represented. I use first two letters of Mrs. William S. Carroll, written in May, 1894.

“Fifth Avenue Hotel, Madison Square, New York

“My dear Emma [Third],

“Once more I address my dearest girl friend, by the name so long dear to me, and it will be among the treasures of the past. What precious treasures

I have that now belong only to the past, and they are very often added to. I cannot bear to think of the distance which I see gaping between us in the future in every way—the leagues of water and land, as well as in the circumstances which will surround you. I can only hope that the veil which hides the future from our knowledge may not be so impenetrable as it looks; and that some kind fate may send you across the seas while we are there; and that you will come to see me as a daughter coming to the home of her girlhood, bringing your husband with you, so that I may see and rejoice in your happiness. And then, when we again set our faces toward the dear homeland, we may still have you come to us as ever the strong link and tie to the years that are gone.

“I wrote you a few lines yesterday telling you how sorry I am that we are not going to Northfield Saturday. I begrudge every moment that keeps us apart, but I know how busy you are.

“I do not know the train times, but I think it will be the one that will get us to Northfield the soonest. Rose and Grace are impatient to get there.

“I must say here, should I not be able to say it in words, that I tenderly and solemnly feel this step into a new life for you and believe it is all for the best, that you will be very happy as you deserve. You have been and are a good daughter, and you will be a good wife. Certainly you have always been a good friend. For all those things God will bless you.

“Goodbye,
“N. Rose Carroll”

The above letter was written to Emma Moody before her wedding, May 16, and the following letter was written to her mother after the ceremony was over.

“Hotel Altmont, Baltimore, May 19

“My dear Mrs. Moody,

“You have all been much in my mind since the night of the beautiful parting at your house, and I cannot help feeling that I can place myself next to you in my sympathy. Emma has long been like a dear daughter to me; and all her joys and sorrows touch me as if they were my own, and now I rejoice with her and with you because I think she has made a wise choice and will be the happy wife she so well deserves to be and will be a useful and happy woman. I am so glad that it was my privilege to see her in her bridal robes. She was such a lovely bride and looked so happy, and Mr. Fitt seemed so worthy and good that altogether it was one of the most beautiful and satisfactory weddings I have ever seen.

“Today I had the children photographed just as they stood with her at the altar. I brought the flowers, vines, and all, home with us; and they are almost as fresh as they were at first. I never saw flowers keep so well. After the pictures were taken, I took them to Greenmount and laid a bouquet on each grave, feeling comforted that I could do even that much. It seemed almost like a clasp of hands through the veil which hides the seen from the unseen, which, although unseen, may not be so far away.

"Please remember us all with kindest regards to Mr. Moody, Will, and Paul.

"I am glad of the pleasant memories I shall always have of this last visit to Northfield and shall always be interested in any news from there.

"Most sincerely,

"Your friend,
"N. Rose Carroll"

The week of May 16, 1894, Emma Moody had received a cable which read, "Miss Emma Moody Greetings. Blessings. Rainbow." It was sent from Mrs. Farmer Hall of London. Emma Moody had given her the name of "Rainbow" because she was so often smiling through her tears.

Edward M. Denny, whom we have met before at a house party in England in the summer of 1884 (and further back than that when he sent Emma Moody her doll), promised her if she would marry an Irishman that he would give her a wedding present that was worthwhile. He did. The following letter has something to say about his gift.

"9 Bryanstone Square, W., May 14, 1894

"My dear Emma,

"If I wrote to you two days later, I would be obliged to address you as Mrs. Fitt; and though I heartily congratulate you on your marriage, I prefer writing your Christian name. My wife and I beg your kind acceptance of 'The Milton Shield,' which we have forwarded to Northfield by this week's steamer. We hoped it would have gone earlier and so have reached you in time for the wedding, but it was impossible. The shield is a fine example of

English work, and I hope you will find a place for it on your walls.

"We should like to be with you on the sixteenth but shall think of you on that day; and with our united love to your father and mother and very best wishes to you and Mr. Fitt,

"Believe me ever very sincerely yours,
"Edward M. Denny"

The shield still hangs in our dining room. My mother used to take a whole day to clean it, and it is still the rare treasure that it was in 1894. The explanation which accompanies the shield says that the original was executed of Repoussé Iron and Silver and was first exhibited in the Paris Exhibition of 1867. Emma Revell and her husband may have seen the original there. The design illustrates the leading incidents of "Paradise Lost." The passage refers to the lines in Book 6 which begin, "War, then, war."

In 1895 Emma Revell accompanied her husband to Mexico, and I shall include here two letters not used in Part One.

"Dear Mother, "Mexico City, April 1, 1895

"We are still in this strange country, with strange people. The people are a mixture of Aztec and Spanish origin, and they are a funny lot. This is 'Holy Week' here, and besides the services held in the church the people are getting ready to hang Judas next Saturday. The streets near the parks and market places are crowded with men and boys selling the most hideous dolls, some of them with horns; and these are to represent Judas. There are also a lot of wooden rattles you twirl. You hear these

rattles going as they sell them. There are toy wagons with these wooden rattle contrivances and two-wheeled toys for babies, with rattle attached, and all this noise is to represent the crackling of Judas' bones. On Saturday I understand that large effigies of Judas will be made; and the bodies will be filled with fire crackers and be set afire to explode. All this is to show their contempt of Judas, and yet I wondered today how many would not sell Jesus if they could.

"It is funny to buy of these people, and we hear most funny stories about them. Wood is scarce and dear; sometimes they sell it by the pound and sometimes by the stick. A friend of ours bought some a little while ago and paid four cents a stick, and he asked the man who sold it to him how much he would charge if he bought a larger quantity. The man replied that if he took his load he would have to charge him five cents a stick. We heard that a party of tourists was coming to a hotel, and the manager tried to make terms with the hotel proprietor. He was told that the price was four dollars a day, but if he had a large party he would have to charge five dollars a day because a larger party was more work. They are such strange people and do amuse me so much.

"We are entertained in one of the mission houses and are well taken care of. The fruit is abundant and also the flowers. They have strawberries every month in the year. Today we had peaches and plums for dessert at dinner and strawberry short-cake for supper.

"I find it hard to get a place and time to write,

and I think I will not write again until I get to Fort Worth.

“With very much love,

“Your affectionate daughter,

“Emma”

“Santa Rosa, Calif., March 14, 1898

“My dear little Pet [Emma Fourth],

“Grandma has no little girls now where she is to come and see her. No little girls to kiss her, and she wants to see her little Emma and Irene very much. I wonder if you see much of Irene now? Isn't it nice to have her so near you! [Moved from Mount Hermon to the house next door to us in Northfield.] I expect you see little Dwight often and Auntie May.

“There are some big mountains I can see from my window and lots of snow on them. When I was in the cars, I looked out of the windows and saw such funny little animals. They live in little holes in the ground. They are prairie dogs, and they sat and looked at the cars when they went by and then would run to their little homes in the ground. They have a lot of little homes near together; so you see they like company, as well as little girls.

“I hope Emma is a good little girl every day, and I hope she obeys quickly and doesn't fret. I hope too that you help mother.

“Tell Irene that I will write a letter to her next time.

"From Grandma, with kisses from Grandpa and Grandma for Emma, Irene, and Dwight.

"XXXXXXXX [Kisses]"

A letter from Emma Manning in Evanston, Ill., Sept. 7, 1899, says:

"My dear Emma [Third],

"We arrived home in good time. I was sorry that uncle [Fleming] forgot to send a telegram. It was so good to have uncle with us.

"All the family are delighted with the photos. Everyone that comes in has to see them. We have lots of talk of the babies. We found the folks all well and very glad to see us.

"Now I must thank you for the pleasant time we had at your house. Percy and you made us feel so much at home. I love Northfield, but I do not expect to see it again. But it is nice to think about.

"Your mother wrote me that the wedding went off nicely [a cousin's], that the church was prettily decorated. So I know you had to work hard. Have you succeeded in getting girls yet? It seems as bad there as here. I hope you will soon. Do take it easy for a while and let the carpet bugs rest a little."*

After requesting pictures of herself with her two great-grand-daughters she closes her letter, "From your loving Grandmother."

Five days later the little English lady, whom we met at the beginning of this story, died. Like her

* Emma Manning's facetious reference to giving "the carpet bugs a rest" was especially amusing coming from her. She and her own daughter were super-home-makers and house-keepers; but even they laughed at my mother's inveterate, fastidious passion for house-cleaning. I don't mean she made a fetish of it, but in all justice I should say that as a result of her labors all our Oriental rugs are almost like new today. She used to say there were two things she could not stand—a moth and a mortgage.

daughter Emma Revell, she was mercifully spared a last, lingering illness at the end of her life.

“Executive Mansion,
“Washington, D. C., Dec. 26, 1899

“Dear Mrs. Moody,

“I have been grieved to learn of the death of your husband, whose many years of unselfish work for the good of others won for him so high a place in the public regard.

“The effect of Mr. Moody’s great services to mankind will long endure as a fitting monument to his noble character and purposes.

“Please accept the sincere sympathy of Mrs. McKinley and myself in your bereavement, and believe me,

“Very truly yours,
“William McKinley”

“New Haven, Feb. 8, 1900

“Mrs. Dwight L. Moody

“Dear Madam,

“I give myself the privilege—I hope, with your allowance—of offering you and your children the expression of my sympathy in the bereavement which has come upon you and of my high estimate of the Christian service of your husband during his long and most honorable career. He was, indeed, a true man—full of love, of faithfulness, of consecration, of cheerful hope, of earnestness to help and to save, of the genuine Christian spirit. He has passed. and as we cannot doubt, to a blessed reward.

"The men, young and old, here at Yale University always welcomed your husband as he came among us, and his coming was always an inspiration to many hearts. I think he liked the spirit here, and I am sure that the young men of the successive classes liked his spirit. They believed in him and trusted him. To many among them he gave new and nobler impulses for all their future life. To all he spoke as one who had no desire but the desire to do good, to be a helpful friend in the things pertaining to the highest and deepest life. Our University, I am sure, will bear him in appreciation and grateful remembrance in the years to come.

"You have been and are receiving daily rich testimonies of the regard and gratitude from many who were in the intimacy of friendship with your husband and from many, many more who bear him in their thought as connected with the beginning and growth of their Christian lives. It is pleasant to think of the feeling that is cherished toward a man who gave himself so fully to the work of saving others. The inheritance which belongs to his children is a rich inheritance.

"May the blessing of God and the comfort that is in Christ—the blessed hope of the gospel and the peace that endures always—be with you and yours until the end of the earthly life comes and the gate of the heavenly city opens to you.

"With great respect, "I am sincerely yours,
"Timothy Dwight"

[President of Yale University. Letter written in his own handwriting.]

Among the many letters which Emma Revell received from England at the beginning of the new century, I will use just two.

“Rossie Priory, Inchtute, N.B., Jan. 8, 1900

“Dear Mrs. Moody,

“I cannot tell you what is in my heart for you, the deep affection and sympathy and thankfulness. What a difference in all our lives Mr. Moody made perhaps he is learning now. To have been his joy and comfort all these years must (beneath all the sorrow) be yours. We can only pray earnestly for you. Only God can comfort and help the exceeding loneliness it must be.

“Truly your loving friend,
“Alma Kinnaird”

“Ronachan, Jan. 8, 1900

“My dear Mrs. Moody,

“We are here in our old home for a few days, and my chief employment has been in looking over old letters—I can scarcely say reading them, for they are too numerous for that. My chief object is to find dear Mr. Moody’s precious letters and letters referring to him. I am glad to find I have so many, and the few I have read just make us weep. My dear husband is now sorry that he did not accept one of his many kind and pressing invitations to go to visit you all at Northfield. I began on the 22nd, the anniversary of our dear one child’s being

taken from us on the old river Nile; and now it is a month since your precious husband entered Heaven. I had a letter from him from Kansas within three weeks of his removal to the Home above, and we do prize it. He spoke of 'being homesick for Heaven.' "

After writing that she is trying to find all her diaries and letters pertaining to D. L. Moody, she adds,

"Dear Mrs. Moody, please say to Will, if there is any way that I can help him we shall be so glad [with a biography of his father]. I have a book of recollections of 1874 in typewriting. If he would care to have it, I shall gladly send it. It is very simple, perhaps too full of minute details; but it is all true. I have no doubt that he will be overwhelmed with material, for whose life touched Mr. Moody's that was not made rich and full at once?

"Dear, precious friend, what an honor to us to be able to call such an one by the close name 'friend'! Accept our most loving sympathy,

"I am, your very loving friend,

"Jane Mackinnon"

After Emma Moody returned to Chicago in the fall of 1903, her mother wrote to her daily. I will use here the letter sent to Chicago one week from the day Emma Revell died.

"E. Northfield, Mass., Oct. 3, 1903

"Dearest Emma,

"—I am glad you came [went] as early as you did. I had a second letter from Percy this morning.

Thank him for me, but tell him I shall not send for you sooner than I have planned if I keep so well. If at any time I ask Miss Hull to write instead of me, don't be anxious, as she can go into details more than I. I will be sure to write or ask her to for me if I do not feel quite so well. We spend much time driving now. I went over your house, and everything looked so neat and nice. I have the coal put in for the winter and have spoken for gasoline. Had the children for a drive today.

"Much love,

"Mother"

In a letter written twenty-four hours before her death she said, "Young Emma asked me in one of her letters if I missed her and assured me she missed me. Tell her for me that I do miss her very much and shall be glad to see her by the time her birthday comes."

Miss Hull, Emma Revell's companion, wrote Emma Moody on October 6, and I quote parts of that long newsy letter.

"It has been such a full day. We are trying to entertain Uncle Ed in the intervals, and your brother is at the same job with an insurance man in the next room. This has been a beautiful day. I wish you might have some of the drives with us; I know how much you would enjoy it.

"Mrs. Moody wants me to tell you she is feeling perfectly well. She sleeps so well you would be delighted. I suppose I ought not to say so much about the headaches which we seem to have charmed away, but she hasn't had one since I came back."

After telling about all the calls they made on their drives and all the relatives and friends they took with them in the carriage, the placing of Old Paul the Frenchman in the Northampton Asylum that week, and their attempt to keep Emma 4th's dog "Juno" happy and at home, she closes her letter thus:

"Your mother is very well and happy. She said this noon it seemed more than a week since you went away; but she isn't blue, and I am glad of that. I haven't known her to enjoy drives as much as she has lately,

"Lovingly yours,

"C. May Hull"

It is fitting that this chapter on letters should contain one written in 1937 by C. May Hull, now Mrs. Paul D. Moody. It was sent to my mother when "Aunt Charlotte" knew that my mother hoped to start a book about her mother's life.

"3 South St., Middlebury, Vt., August 10, 1937

"Dear, dear Emma,

"I agree with you that anyone's words about your mother would be inadequate. How can one describe the qualities in a person which call out love and respect to such an unusual degree?

"I have always thought she had the most beautiful face I ever knew, so full of peace and restfulness. I am sure that no one ever thought of talking of or thinking about unworthy things in her presence. Her sincerity and integrity and beauty of soul drove away unlovely thoughts. I love to remember the

grace and dignity with which she moved and can see her so plainly in the old house in the old days. I think most often of driving with her mornings; there were always errands she wanted to do, gifts to deliver which represented her thoughtfulness and understanding. There would be a carriage full usually of grandchildren or friends who she knew would enjoy a drive. I think she rarely accomplished as much in a day as she wanted to do, for her list of kindnesses was a very long one. It inspired in me a desire to extend my thought to some one outside the immediate household every day.

"Of course you know her beauty of spirit matched her beauty of person. I wish I had known her in her unsaddened days, because I feel sure her love for your father, and his for her, was perfect. She must have been a perfect genius to manage the extremely full and busy years with such quiet strength, keeping always that radiant nature which made people love her and want to be with her. My every memory of her is a beautiful one."

No book about Emma Revell and her husband can ever be a finished or wholly satisfying story of their lives, for always there are more anecdotes to be recalled by friend and stranger; always letters will find their way to Northfield from distant corners of the earth throwing one more ray of light on the record of their days.

In 1930 a Mrs. H. A. Newell of Hollywood, California, wrote this to Mr. W. R. Moody:

"Dear Sir: I have just been attracted to a notice of a biography of your father just issued. I wish I could have given you the following incidents, for they were

so characteristic of your blessed father. . . . If you have a second edition of your father's biography printed, perhaps these incidents might be of value."

In Mrs. Newell's own words here is her contribution:

"I am a widow of a minister and entirely laid aside through a cruel accident some years ago. When I was a little child, I was sent to Chicago to be treated for a spinal curvature. I had a little friend on the North Side who liked to have me bring my doll and spend an afternoon with her quite often. One cold snowy day my married sister, who lived in Chicago, went calling with a friend. They had a closed carriage and a high-stepping horse. I was taken to my little friend's to remain until called for at four o'clock. The hour of four arrived, but my sister did not come. I felt anxious to return home; and when bundled up, my little friend went with me to the bridge. Then my troubles began. As soon as I would reach the center, a tug would demand that the bridge open. I tried to get across but failed several times. I became very cold. I was about eight years old and a cripple. I finally took out my handkerchief and wiped some unwanted tears. All Chicago seemed going across the bridge. No one helped me to cross. After standing what seemed a long time, a cheery voice rang out just behind me. 'Can't get across? I'll see you over.' A strong arm took me up and the voice said, 'Dear me! You don't weigh anything. Just put your arms about my neck. Now, where do you live? I'll carry you home.'

"In a few minutes we arrived at my sister's door.

She seemed much agitated. She said, 'Our beautiful horse fell and broke his leg, and a policeman shot him. Oh! I'm so glad my little sister has come! To whom am I indebted for this kindness?'

"The answer was, 'Moody—glad to bring the child home.'

"That was my introduction to your dear father."

The second anecdote has to do with a picture, and Mrs. Newell writes:

"When Moody and Sankey held a four-months revival meeting in San Francisco, I was there and attended many of the meetings. A Mrs. Williams and her artist daughter were dear friends of mine . . . and Mr. Moody spent much time with these dear people. About a month before Christmas, Mrs. Williams said one day, 'Mr. Moody, would you like to send your portrait to your wife for a Christmas present?'

"He agreed and sat that evening before the evening service for the first of three sittings. Two weeks before Christmas the portrait was finished and sent to Northfield. Some one was to receive it and have it framed, Mrs. Williams paying for the frame. Mrs. Moody was to be blindfolded on Christmas morning and to be seated at the breakfast table—to open her eyes and behold the fine likeness of her husband. This little scheme was carried out, and I was privileged to hear the letter of thanks which came from Mrs. Moody."

Such letters as Mrs. Newell's make me feel that this is a tale which is only half told.

TEACHER AND NURSE

EMMA REVELL excelled both in the capacity of teacher and nurse, occupations which demand a maximum of patience and tact.

We have watched her as a Sunday school teacher at fifteen, a public school teacher at seventeen, the leader of a class of forty men at twenty, and the loving instructor of her husband as referred to in Will Moody's letter when he wrote: "To you he [D.L.] owed such an education as no one else could have given him." His younger brother, writing on the same theme, used these words: "To my mother I am very sure belongs the credit of having, by precept and example, made my father what he was in one respect, the most courteous man I ever knew. He did not, I admit, draw out chairs for ladies at the table or excel in passing afternoon tea cups. All this side of life was missing in his early bringing-up. But in setting people at their ease, in avoiding the hurting of feelings, in all the finer sensibilities, he was and remains my ideal."

Tommy Coyle, the Mount Hermon boy described in Part One, wrote this of Emma Revell as his teacher, "Mrs. Moody was my Sunday school teacher in the Trinitarian Congregational Church in Northfield. The memory of her gentle patience with that class of squirming, restless boys from the school across the river comes to me across the years. Perhaps we took in more of her spirit and teaching than our seeming inattention might indicate. She seemed to me a goddess, and I think she felt I tried to give her due attention."

Just a fractional hint of her tremendous interest in the students of both schools is given in a letter to Henry W. Rankin, dated January 22, 1890, in which she mentions Frank L. Critchlow's health, his need for outdoor air, and her taking him into the Old Home for the holidays. Next she speaks of a letter from Henry R. Huntting and follows with the marks of a boy named Doolittle at Maine State College. Apparently she was very proud of Doolittle, for she gives his marks for recitation and examinations in chemistry, French, geography, physics, drawing, and deportment [which was 95]. The letter closes with references to the "grasp of the grippe" and states that "we have reason to be very thankful that the health in the schools has kept as well as it has and that our own circle has been spared."

The last service she prepared for, before her death, was the Sunday school class that met at the Old Home the fall of 1903. For forty-three years, from the time she was seventeen until her death at sixty-one, she loved teaching, whether her pupils were her own children or those of other parents.

Neither Emma Revell nor her only daughter were college women. From a variety of angles college was not necessary for them. It might have done serious damage to their originality and independence of thought and furnished few of the answers to the problems that confronted them. College never could have given them so wide a circle of friends, nor such an education as they received from their extensive travels, their wide range of reading, and their contacts with every conceivable type of human being.

Many girls go to college for the purpose of becoming good teachers as their life profession, but all the knowl-

edge and education in the world cannot make a good teacher. Paul Moody has two references to his mother's unusual skill along this line, which I want to insert here. The first is:

"On one occasion she undertook to study Latin grammar for no other reason than to help and encourage me, who even at an early age was displaying marked linguistic inaptitude. She was never too busy amid all her tasks to help me with my studies; and her own brief experience as a school teacher, added to her clear mind, enabled her to do it extremely well with, I confess I must add, inexhaustible patience. French, which was her father's native language, she relearned. She mastered anything which challenged her, as she did in the end the use of her left hand. My father's reliance upon her judgment, in some respects much keener than his, was complete."

The second is:

"My mother was in point of time as well as in importance my first Bible teacher. During my boyhood, particularly on Sunday afternoons, I was set to memorizing certain Psalms and passages from the Gospels. The value of this I did not at the time appreciate to the full; and it was accomplished with persistence on her part, gentle but firm, and much ill-advised and entirely futile opposition on my own. She would drop comments on the passages and elucidate them; and now, when I am past middle age, there are passages which recall her. Since those far-off days I have studied under some well-known and highly learned scholars of the Old and New Testaments here and abroad, but to none do I feel so

indebted as I do to her for whatever understanding I may have. And now I am grateful for the memorizing."

Though Paul Moody has filled pulpits in many country and city churches as well as in college chapels, he has excelled as a Bible teacher. After his graduate work in Edinburgh, he taught Bible at Mount Hermon and again later when President of Middlebury College. In discussing my grandmother's methods, I remember hearing this son's account of a book of Bible stories she used, in which characters were brought up to date as, for example, Noah was called "The Admiral." My mother was always reverting to her technique, especially when herself caring for children at the bedtime hour or on stormy Sunday afternoons. "The Clock of Bible Verses" was one old stand-by as a game. Each participant drew a clock divided like a pie into twelve pieces. At one o'clock everyone wrote "God," and at two o'clock everyone wrote "Jesus Wept," but when it came to verses of more and more words, the idea was to be as original as possible because you scored if you had thought of a verse no one else had used.

Just as all the education in the world does not make a really gifted teacher, so also all the medical training known to science does not necessarily produce an excellent nurse.

Two of the things which interest me most about Emma Revell's decided gift for nursing are these: first, that she conquered violent diseases modern mothers are seldom forced to confront nowadays; and second, that she handed down to some of her descendants a definite medical "bent" in attitude and skill of performance.

She was an expert nurse herself. I suppose every mother, whether she has ever taken first-aid courses or not, becomes an incipient nurse the hour her first child is born. Not only must she master the art of feeding infants, but also she is called upon to preside over the results of the most serious accidents, and sometimes the ravages of worrisome diseases that demand a maximum of courage and care in combating them. In Emma Revell's case, with her own health limitations, it is all the more remarkable that she single-handed brought her three children through the attacks of scarlet fever, diphtheria, and whooping cough, and raised them to be the sturdy, healthy adults that they grew to be. Weak eyes, lung trouble, and other ailments were all conquered by her.

Emma Moody loved to talk about her mother and spoke with the greatest pride of the successful cures her mother had effected. I quote now from the daughter's memoirs:

"No one was mother's equal as a nurse. As I look back upon the many times she nursed us, more and more I marvel at her strength and calmness. Never in any way did she show anxiety; and there were times when she must have been extremely anxious, for both with my brother Will and myself there was enough to worry the doctors. A nurse was never called in, but mother took full charge day and night. As I look back, I cannot recall one impatient word. So many times she must have been put in the most embarrassing positions when we as children were entertained in private homes in Great Britain and America.

"In Glasgow in 1874 we were entertained by the

Allens in their lovely home, 2 Park Gardens. Here, my brother, five years old, came down with scarlet fever and diphtheria. There were any number of children in the Allen family; and we were all rushed off at once to their country home, Hafton on Holy Loch just off the Clyde. Mrs. Allen's mother Mrs. Smith went with us children and the servants.

"Another occasion when mother showed her patience and skill as a nurse stands out clearly in my mind. I was older then and can remember more clearly what happened. We were spending the summer at Aigle, at the foot of the Dent du Midi in Switzerland. Mother would leave my younger brother Paul with the governess, and she and Will and I would take trips into the mountains and be gone several days at a time. It was on such a trip that we went to a certain hospice. We hoped to reach the monastery by night, when Will became ill, his throat covered with white patches. There we were, miles from a railroad or doctor. A lady from Scotland, Miss Williams, had joined us when we left Aigle. She went with me a short distance from the inn and told me she was greatly upset over Will's illness and did not know what we could do so far from help. Her fear terrified me, and I could not get back to the inn soon enough. But mother was so calm in the face of it all. She said, when we returned, 'I have covered Willie's throat with salt pork. He is sleeping now, and that will help.' All was so quietly said, but I knew very well that before the salt pork had been put on, a prayer had gone up to our Lord.

"The next morning Willie had fully recovered, no

trace of sore throat or fever. It was then that mother told us we were in the inn where Napoleon had breakfast one day when he crossed the Alps. Laughingly she said, 'I do not think any one has been here since.'

"We were able to reach the monastery that day and were treated very kindly by the monks, who did all they could do to make us comfortable. I still have a photo of the monks, which we bought.

"Mother's wonderful calmness on that trip has followed us all these years. Perhaps that calmness and poise is the reason so many turned to her in times of trouble, for that face so full of peace had something to give the world could not give."

Emma Moody used to say that her mother was never happier than when people needed her and she could wait on them. According to that theory she must have been happy most of her life, for she was constantly ministering to others.

My mother's reminiscences go as far back as this episode in 1874. "From York [England] we went to Sunderland. According to my mother's diary, Father held meetings there for five weeks. I was put into a private school when they left Sunderland. I had a rather bad accident after they had gone away. Even to this day I can remember how homesick I was for Mother, she who had nursed us through all our ailments. I hurt my arm very badly at the school, tearing the muscles and ligaments. I behaved very badly when the doctor came, and I can remember my terror when told by the doctors that if I did not let them attend to it I might have to have my arm taken off the next morning. I suppose it was

their way of dealing with a naughty child, but the horror of it has never left my memory.

"I must have fallen into an uneasy sleep toward morning of the day following the accident. When I awoke, it was to find that dear face bending over me; and never had it seemed dearer or more precious. I was taken by my mother back to Newcastle-on-Tyne, and from her account I had a hard time for nine weeks. The arm proved harder to respond to treatment than when I broke it at six years of age in Chicago. But Mother was my nurse, and that was all I wanted."

Referring to an experience three years later, she says: "Another hard time for Mother was when Father was holding meetings in Boston in 1877 and we were entertained by Mr. Henry F. Durant, the founder of Wellesley College. Again Will came down with diphtheria; and I was rushed off to Winchester, Massachusetts. My brother must have been very ill at this time from what my mother told me later. She always insisted on being the nurse, and no one else was called in. I often wonder how Mother stood it—going through such terrible experiences in other people's homes."

We have had many other glimpses of Emma Revell as nurse; her husband's letter in the Introduction of this book said: "I never saw her look lovelier than when she was taking care of my mother in her last hours." She was "on night duty" when I came into the world December 16, 1895, and walked the floor with me when I was feverish with teething or held me in her arms when croup made its unwelcome nocturnal call.

Even after the illness had started which cost Emma Revell her life, she was still caring for others—her daughter with the grippe and a nervous break-down; Sister Mary's daughter Ethel, whom she sent for to come over from England when the girl was not strong and needed a change; and for years she watched over the drink habit and the weakening mind of Old Paul Dumonal, the French gardener. Three days before her death she took him to what she felt was a better asylum than the one he had originally been placed in.

Selfless, expert, uncomplaining, patient, she made the perfect nurse!

As for the inheritance she handed down—Will Moody, who had wanted to be a doctor himself, forever gave up that profession when, on his father's deathbed, he received the paternal commission and sacred trust of carrying on the work of the Northfield Schools. D. L.'s words were these, "I have always been an ambitious man—ambitious to leave no wealth or possessions, but to leave lots of work for you [meaning his two sons and son-in-law] to do."

Although Will Moody did not become a doctor himself, still he followed with real pride and concern the career of his Yale classmate, Dr. Harvey Cushing, and that of his own son-in-law Dr. Frank Smith, Emma Charlotte's husband. No one was more thrilled with the medical training of his daughter Mary in the Children's Hospital in Boston or of his daughter Constance in the Roosevelt Hospital in New York. Both girls are applying their medical knowledge in the present war emergency, just as generously and sacrificially as their father gave his time and services to the Walter Reed Hospital in Washington in the last war. In 1942 Constance (Mrs. Charles

Dickerson, who was ordered home in 1941 from Moscow, where her husband was in the diplomatic service), trained about one hundred Nurses' Aids who proved themselves indispensable in all the hospitals of our county.

MOODY PICTURES

THERE IS an old saying, "Judge a man by his friends." It is equally true that a family can be judged by the pictures which adorn their castle or their cabin walls.

Rare is the person who does not have "pin-up" instincts. Personality finds expression in a variety of tastes, ranging from the photographs of cinema favorites attached to the sides of a soldier's hut to the pictures of family groups and home scenes which literally cover the walls, mantles, and tables in the homes of the British Isles.

England, like Scotland, Ireland, and Wales, is a small country of large families, which means that her sons must leave their little island homeland and find their life work in remote places all over the world, places from which they seldom return save for brief furloughs. Next best to having the children at home is the daily chance to look into their faces recorded in photographs taken at varying ages. Emma Revell was not only English, but also she was always separated from loved ones abroad, or, when overseas, from part of her own family in America. It may have been largely due to her influence that the Moodys have had such a passion for pictures.

Though it is not considered stylish in this half of the twentieth century to adorn one's home with pictures, numerous or personal, our family continues to exhibit in this respect the same independence in taste and cus-

tom as Emma Revell exercised in the last quarter of the nineteenth century in the Old Home.

Yes, we have dozens and dozens of pictures ranging in size from the smallest daguerrotype to our largest painting, four by seven feet in dimensions, a painting which once hung over the sideboard in Emma Revell's dining room and now hangs over her old piano in our music room in "Green Pastures," a painting which I trust we will never have to carry out of a burning house!

The scene here depicted is at the very heart of our devotion when at home; and, when we are away from Northfield, it is the cause of our nostalgia. What the artist has transferred to this canvas is—how green is our valley and how blue are our hills and skies, a view which may be seen from the Old Home, D. L. Moody's birthplace, "Round Top" and from the ridge of the east hills behind the village.

It was Odell Shepard who wrote a poem called "I Shall Remember." His verses end with these lines:

Each man must have some memory,
Shining as he grows old,
To light him through the stealing dark
And keep his thoughts from cold.

Shepard was writing about a place called Bibury-in-the-wold; but we who have grown up under the spell of this view with its winding river, meadows, and distant hills can understand exactly what he meant, for our valley does haunt our memory and imagination wherever we go. It has the power to give itself away and become part of the spiritual wealth of everyone who gazes on it admiringly or lovingly. Into the very fibres of our lives has crept this influence, which has been expressed in the

following lines, written for Northfield's servicemen in this war and sent to them with an air-view of the scene I have tried to describe:

This is the valley of your dreams
Beneath a northern sky,
Across whose fields and winding streams
Hill shadows, purple, lie.

This is the village of your dreams:
White houses, old but gay;
From each a light of welcome gleams
To warm your hearts today.

It must be part of the Moody tradition to love the valley and the village which the artist so successfully portrayed in his massive oil painting, for we know how it affected Betsy Holton and succeeding generations. Although Dwight Moody's mother was unbelievably poor in this world's goods and had a hard and bitter struggle in the Northfield of long ago, still she loved this place all the ninety years of her life and felt rich in the "shining memories" it offered her as she grew old.

From the moment that her son felt "he must get away from here and go to the city," its influence began to tug on his heart and mind. Two letters written by him reveal his nostalgia. The first was about his trip west from Boston, where he had his first city job. It says, "When I got to Keene, New Hampshire [about 24 miles north of here] Monday night, I thought I was near you. God knows there was no one under the sun that would have liked to see you more than I should. I thought of the meeting, then the parting, then I thought I would

drive right through and reach my western home as quickly as I can."

Two weeks later Betsy Holton received this message in a second letter written from Chicago by Dwight:

"I think I shall go East as often as once a year." By "East" he meant back to the town he previously was so anxious to leave. Often he wrote the family on the hill begging for "crop" letters, asking questions also about the live stock, the farm, and the town.

After 1875, when the Moodys moved into the Old Home, Northfield came to be the dearest spot on earth to all five of them. Emma Revell, though city-bred, learned to love rural life. I have included in Part One many of her letters which speak of a longing to get back here and of the children's homesickness—their need of "the good clean air of Northfield" as compared to that of the cities in which they often lived for several months.

And the older each member of the family grew, the more his thoughts centered in this place, each year adding to his precious memories. During winter campaigns D. L. would count the days until he would be on a train or boat headed for home. Concerning this devotion, Paul Moody has written: "His [D.L.'s] letters to the members of his family, when he was away, were full of references to his fondness for Northfield. As winter wore away and he became conscious of the return of spring, they were pathetic in their expression of genuine homesickness. He was counting the weeks and the days until he could get back, lay off his dark clothes, and give full rein to his absorbing passion for watching things grow."

As for my mother, I am sure she could never understand how one of us could be wholly happy away from

here. For her it was always the same sentiment expressed by her father on the shipwrecked "Spree," "Let it be Northfield or heaven!"

But to get back to the music room in Emma Moody's home, "Green Pastures," and more specifically to the wall space opposite the oil painting where we have lingered overlong. In the center of this wall is a large copy of the best picture ever taken of Sir Wilfred Grenfell, flanked on each side by excellent likenesses of Emma Revell's two sons. Above this trio hangs a beautifully tinted portrait of Henry Drummond. On a third wall, alone, hangs the Edward Clifford painting of D. L. Moody, already described elsewhere, made in 1884. On the remaining wall are two exquisite bas-reliefs executed by a personal friend, Finis MacLeod of South Hadley, Massachusetts. One is of Grenfell and the other of my daughter Virginia.

In our dining room, over the sideboard, the Milton Shield interests old and young both for the beauty of its silver design and also for its historic significance and sentimental associations. On another wall, as well as in the adjoining drawing room, may be seen two of Mr. Moody's famous oil paintings so amusingly described in Paul Moody's chapter called "In The Home." He wrote, "If he [father] liked to raise hens and vegetables on a large scale, it was because he liked to do everything on a large scale." After mentioning rugs which D. L. bought in quantities "enough to set up a retail rug business," and china, "which he bought by barrels," the author says, "Extravagance annoyed him, but he was equally unappreciative of the cheap or shoddy. His surroundings made a difference to him, and he was far from indifferent to them at home. . . . On another occasion

out West, he saw some paintings, and fully a dozen must have been shipped on (east); and our home and my brother's and my sister's houses were equipped with oil paintings. . . . Apparently he couldn't be bothered selecting, and he cut the Gordian knot by taking the lot."

In the drawing room of our home also hangs a French painting of a woman's head, picked out by Morris K. Jessup, then head of the Metropolitan Museum in New York, at the request of D. L. Moody. It was his gift to his only daughter on her twenty-first birthday and likewise my mother's twenty-first birthday gift to her only granddaughter, Virginia. In one corner of this room hangs part of my collection of unusual Madonnas, gathered here and abroad, and in the center of an adjoining wall space hangs a beautiful colored picture of Emma Revell with Irene and Emma IV. As though clustering about her, as children did in real life, pictures of her grandchildren and great-grandchildren surround her.

On the walls of Paul Moody's own study one used to find portraits of Bishop Brent, Father Duffy, General Pershing, and framed letters such as the one he received from General McArthur.

On Will Moody's walls would be personal photographs of Theodore Roosevelt and Admiral Lord Fisher of the British Navy in World War I. Over his wife's piano hangs today some framed manuscript music of Edward McDowell's. Knowing that May Moody was a composer herself, as well as an accomplished pianist and singer, Mrs. McDowell gave her friend some of her husband's original music.

I do not wish to give the false impression that all the Moody walls are covered with pictures or that more than a fraction of the family photographs are out. My

mother had a flat-topped mahogany desk, which had five drawers front and back; and there today one can find a record of the Carroll family in one drawer, in another my father's Irish relatives, in another my Vassar pictures, and so on. Then there are stacks of albums dating from the gilt-edged golden clasp kind right up to the most modern Brentano types, one of which she kept for each of my four children. Such books represent over eighty years of period styles in carriages, clothes, games, and customs; they are invaluable, especially if dated, in compiling a book such as this one.

Much of the Moody material has been deposited in the new Memorial Museum at the rear of D. L.'s birthplace. There you will see a large quantity of photographs of Emma Revell's husband, authentic and otherwise. Regarding the "fake photos," her son-in-law wrote: "A photograph was taken of him (D. L.) at the time he left Northfield as a lad of seventeen. Half a dozen more photos were taken in the '60's in Chicago. But after he became prominent in Christian work, he would not be photographed again, partly because he shrank from publicity and partly because in the English campaigns fake pictures of him were sold by peddlers on the streets. Only twice did he yield to sit again. Once was in 1882, when he placed his daughter in a Paris boarding school. She insisted on his being photographed for her sake. He got the plates from the photographer and broke them at the hotel in the presence of the family. The second time was in 1894, when his daughter was to be married and was to live in Chicago. He went "up town" to a New York studio where he was unknown, had three poses taken, ordered a dozen copies of each, and brought them home to Mrs. Moody with the plates. Those were his

last pictures taken alone, but after he had grandchildren he was willing to be taken in family groups." In an album, above a picture of Betsy Holton, D. L. Moody, Will, and little Irene, Emma Moody (my mother) wrote, "When two little girls, and later a little boy, came into his life, he willingly had these done."

From the pictures of Emma Revell hanging in the homes of her children, in old albums, in a chronological series displayed in the Memorial Museum, one could almost construct her life history. We see her in Chicago as a school girl, wife and mother; in London and Paris during several visits overseas; in Northfield at the time of her daughter's marriage and with her grandchildren; and in New York when Rockwood made her last portrait in 1903. Always there is the same beautiful facial expression and atmosphere of peace and serenity about her person.

WE HAVE A RENDEZVOUS

THIS BOOK would be incomplete if I failed to discuss the Moody family's attitude toward death.

In our present world of war we are forced to face this issue constantly in our daily living. We can sense a growing awareness of its imminent possibilities for sons, fathers, and husbands of our friends and neighbors. It persists in being daily food for thought, an almost hourly challenge to our faith.

No one relishes the thought of dying; and most of us confuse dying, which may be a prolonged process, with death, which is instantaneous.

I can never remember anyone in our family expressing the slightest fear of death. We have always talked about it freely as an incident in eternal life, just as common to all as birth, and just as quickly completed as any other single act. Each individual among us, from the youngest to the oldest, has had a personality so vital that it has been far easier to believe that his or her spirit continued released and living, rather than to believe that it was for ever extinguished and exterminated. Why, you can no more end a spirit than you could eradicate the love of beauty and decency from the earth!

To us it has seemed as simple as this: One minute the loved one was here in the room with us, and the next he has passed into another room, near enough to make himself always felt. Leaving the body behind has been like laying down a favorite and well-worn jacket or shawl when leaving our presence.

In so many families weak-minded and evasive adults hedge and stall, partly from ignorance, often from a lack of conviction, and sometimes from laziness. They never let this tabooed subject be aired in the presence of the children in the family. Because of this attitude, I once arranged a course for our church mothers' meetings, so dear to the hearts of all the Moody women. One discussion in the series of question-topics was "What Shall I Tell My Children about Death?" Every woman at the meeting admitted that it was the first time she had ever heard a group discussion of this problem; and because the experiment was handled by a careful, tactful, understanding leader, she said that it was one of the most helpful experiences of her life.

From the time that Emma Revell was in her twenties we have proof from letters written in her first great sorrow that she was upheld by a great reservoir of trust and forward-looking faith. In June, 1866, she wrote to her mother-in-law in Northfield:

"My dear Mother,

"I suppose Mr. Moody has written to you of my father's death. He was so afraid of spoiling my pleasure that though he wanted to see me so much he would not send for me until the doctor said there was no hope.

"He told Mother he would not see me here, but he would in heaven. Old men wept like children when they knew my father must die. I never knew before how many friends he had and how they loved him. He was so good. I have thought of the passage, 'Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?' I know He does, and yet I cannot help thinking of

Father. It is my first great trial. May it bring me nearer my Saviour!"

Perhaps the family idea of death is a natural inheritance handed down on both sides of the family.

Sam Moody came to Chicago to visit the young couple; and after he returned to Northfield, his sister-in-law wrote this to him:

"Dear Sam,

"I told you I would write you about my father's death. Mother says he spoke of death as though he were on a short journey and would meet them again soon. He was taken sick two weeks before he came home; and though so bad that he had to be put in a buggy and carried to the boat, he stayed until the boat was launched and his work finished. He said he thought he must come home before but was so sorry to disappoint the gentleman for whom he was building.

"His mind dwelt not only on his earthly but also on his heavenly home. He said he would soon be where there was no night nor pain. The doctor says there was not a part of his body not in agony, yet through all there was not a murmur that escaped his lips. The last words he uttered were, 'Peace, perfect peace!' You cannot tell how I miss him—and then again, I am glad he cannot suffer any more. I am thankful he was so prepared to go, so happy. It is good to know that our heavenly Father doeth all things well. 'Behind a frowning providence He hides a smiling face.'"

D. L. Moody's only grandson and namesake was born

on November 7, 1897, and died November 30, 1898. He wrote to the child's parents at that time:

"I know Dwight is having a good time, and we should rejoice with him. He was the last to come into our circle, and he is the first to go up there! So safe, so free from all the sorrow we are passing through. God does not give us such strong love for each other for a few days or years, but it is going to last forever, love will keep increasing. The Master had need of him, or He would not have called him; and you should feel highly honored that you had anything in your home that He wanted.

"The more I think of him, the more I think he was sent to us only to draw us all closer to each other—the thought that the Saviour will take such good care of him, no going astray, no sickness, no death. Dear, dear little fellow! I love to think of him so sweet, so safe, so lovely!"

The following months were filled with the gravest anxiety over Dwight's sister Irene, whose "unusually persistent attack of pneumonia" was followed by a fatal case of tuberculosis. She died in August, 1899, and Mr. Moody four months later, in December of that year.

Again to the sorrowing parents, who had lost two children but were expecting a third baby that November, the agonized grandfather, "who hid his own deep affliction in his unselfish efforts to cheer and comfort the others," wrote:

"I have been thinking this morning about the aged prophet waiting in the valley of the Jordan,

so many years ago, for the chariot of God to take him home. Again the chariot of God came down to the Connecticut Valley yesterday morning about half-past six and took our little Irene home.

"The one was taken at the end of years of active service, the other at the early dawn of youth. But the service of the prophet was no more complete than that of the little handmaid of the Lord, for God called both, and He never interrupts the service of His own.

"Irene has finished her course; her work was well wrought on earth. She has accomplished more than many in their three score years and ten. We would not have her back, although her voice was the sweetest I ever heard on earth. She never met me once, since she was three months old, until the last few days of pain, without a smile."

At the end of this letter to Will and May Moody he wrote, "She was very fond of riding with me, and on Monday morning, twenty-four hours before she fell asleep, she asked me to take her driving; and at six-thirty we were out together. She never looked more beautiful. She was too fair for this earth. I thank God this morning for the hope of immortality."

D. L. Moody was such a devoted friend that the illness or death of any personal friends of his was a keen loss to him. From Kansas City, November 12, 1899, he wrote to Mrs. Peter Mackinnon, his wife's dearest friend in Scotland:

"I cannot tell you how much I miss Drummond, and it does not seem possible I will not see him again on earth.

"What a grand time we will all have when we get to heaven! Only think what a lot have gone home since 1874 when we first met! I get homesick for them sometimes; and yet I would not be off until the work is finished that the Lord has given me to do, and the work is sweeter now than ever. I think I have some streams going that will flow on forever. What a joy to be in the Harvest Field and have a hand in God's work!"

At the time of his own death he said, "Earth is receding; heaven is approaching. God is calling me. Do not call me back!" [Like the words of "Goin' Home"—"Work all done, care laid by."]

* * *

I think I have thought about death all my life and without fear because of the way I was first confronted with it. I have said that close upon the death of my two playmates, Irene and Dwight, came the home-going of my grandfather. When I was carried into the room of my beloved companion to see him for the last time, there was nothing gruesome or mysterious about it. I simply went and said "Goodbye" for a short time to one who was going on a short journey, just as I had done upon several other occasions in my short life of four years. Because I was never shut out of his room, I suppose I was prompted this summer, when my own mother was dying, never to keep my children away from her. They came and went through her room just as they had always done. When they returned from any expedition outside our own yard, they always reported at once to her, bringing all the town news she so dearly loved and missed as an invalid.

When I was told after December 22, 1899, that I would not see my grandfather again here, the conversation took this trend.

"Has Grandpa gone to Jesus' house?"

"Yes."

"Where Dwight and Irene are?"

"Yes."

"Well, I want to go there too; and when I see Grandpa, I'll just hug him and we'll play together."

At the time of his death I begged, "Just let me go into the room where he was."

Friends came to take me driving during those hard days for the adults in the Old Home; and on one such drive with a cousin I remarked, "Do you know my Grandpa has gone to Jesus' House? Grandpa is well now. It never gets dark there because people don't get tired, so they don't have to go to bed. It's 'most Christmas. I 'speck' little Dwight and Irene will play blocks all day long, and won't they have a good time!"

The Moodys have made many mistakes, but one regret they will never have is the memory of letting their children grow up in the fear and horror of death.

About 1908, Florrie, the maid referred to in Part One, died. Paul Moody's older daughter Charlotte was a tiny girl at the time. When my mother tried to break the news to her that Florrie had been removed from our ranks, Charlotte took the description of heaven right out of my mother's hands. When my mother tried to picture it as a beautiful place to which the maid had gone, the child told her what flowers grew there and how blue the larkspur was!

When Emma Revell's only daughter died in September, 1942, for two days before her death she begged for

her mother and father to "come for her." She said to my father, "It would be lovely to go! Don't tell me that I am not going! May Moody will understand this. Father, Mother, Irene, Dwight, Virginia [Will Moody's sixth daughter, who died in 1914 at the age of five]—all over there. It will be beautiful. Father, come for me; I am so tired! Irene, you darling little thing" [as though she saw the child, just as her father had]. Again, "I am such a fool to fight to live. I don't blame Emma or the children or any young person who wants to live. You have to train them for heaven. Write Ted and tell him to meet me there. Don't try to keep me! I'd be so glad to go." [Her oldest grandson left for college four days before her death, not knowing the end was so near.]

The morning following her death, David, one of my twin sons, twelve years old, went for the mail. In the post office he met a friend who had frequently brought my mother flowers during the summer months. Seeing the boy, she asked:

"How is your grandmother? Is she better?"

And the answer she received was:

"Not better, but happier than she has ever been. She died last night."

There are many other examples of what death has done to us. I have a copy of the letter Mrs. Will Moody wrote the morning after her little Ginny (Virginia) died, explaining to her Sunday school class what had happened and why she would not be with them. The following quotations are from the letter Will Moody wrote to Emma Revell after his father's death:

"Father's first birthday in heaven is going to be a great day. How rejoicingly exultant he must be in

meeting all the old-time friends. I think I can see him hand in hand with the children [his Irene and Dwight] going from place to place to commune with those heroes he loved so well—Moses, Joshua, Abraham, Enoch, Joseph of Arimathea, the Blind Beggar, Paul, Stephen, and Luther.”

The postscript of the letter is this:

“You will receive this on the anniversary of our trip to Buffalo [the year before]. Don’t let your mind rest on dates and incidents this side! The under side of the tapestry is indeed all loose ends and broken threads, but the other side reveals the perfect pattern of God’s will. He lived to complete a beautiful career; and it is the inspiration of my life that my career may be found, by God’s providence, to blend in a small way with the pattern in which Father is to be seen on the other side.”

Lest the reaction of some reader may be, “Oh, it’s all very well for the Moody family to think as they do about death! They have been brought up on religion, but other people cannot see it that way,” I want to insert here four quotations about death, thoughts of “other people.”

The first is part of a letter written by a Scottish aviator to his parents, a letter to be handed to them if he should be killed, a letter written when he was in the best of health and spirits. It reads:

“I hope you will never have to see this letter. Let me begin by thanking you and Daddy for being the grandest parents a boy ever had and for giving me such a wonderful home. I was always happy in that

home with you all. All through your lives, Daddy and you have made one willing sacrifice after another for your children and would have it so. And now I have a chance to make just one in return. And it is not only for you people I love and home, but for all those things which went to make up for our happiness, freedom, and peace. We had to preserve those things and we shall.

"Well, Daddy and Mother, my dearest dears, there is just one thing left to say. Cast your mind back, as I am doing, and remember those good old days! What memories we have! Holidays as a family, Hafton for Christmas, our daily lives together, so full of understanding and trust. Thank you for that trust! It was something to try to live up to.

"Now believe with me, *this is not the end*; we shall meet again in just a little while. We may have met for the last time on this little earth, but there will be another meeting place where time won't matter and wars just won't happen.

"Remember the happiness of my life and all the fun I've had, and remember that what we are fighting for is well worth dying for. Goodnight, and God bless and keep you!

"All my love, —————."

Two months after this letter was written, the Scottish boy's plane crashed into another plane, through no fault of his. On the marker above his grave his father had these words of Charles Lamb inscribed: "Shall we not meet as heretofore, some summer morning?"

The second letter I shall quote from was written by an American boy to a friend whose brother was killed.

"Some one has gone from our lives and from the lives of every one John ever knew; and it leaves a big empty feeling in our stomachs, doesn't it, when we think that when we play hockey, ski, or sing the old songs, it won't be the same any more? I am very sad, and I know that you are too; but I know that after the sadness we must try not to hate God for taking John away. I don't know how to express it to you, but I do know that there is a God who is good to us, especially in our darkest moments. You can depend upon it that John often turned to God when he had difficulties. Certainly we can't understand why God took John, but here we must turn to God for help. 'What shall we do?' we ask God. Somehow, when we ask God a question, He is like a kindly old schoolmaster who prompts the faltering student, making us give the answer to our own question by making us think clearly.

"Johnny was fighting so that we all could continue to pray to God, vote, go to school, play football, and swim the way we always have. He wouldn't like it at all if you or I, because he has gone, should suddenly start to question God."

Near the close of the letter the American boy writes,

"We mustn't stop singing any more than Johnny's students would stop flying. Those boys he taught will go out and fight for him, using the skill he gave them. He has done a great part for victory. By doing our part a little better, we can also help to fill the empty places in your father's and mother's hearts. I know this is a long and wordy letter. When

I was your age my uncle died, and I couldn't understand it. Nobody talked to me at all about it, and I needed somebody to talk to. If I were there with you, I could say all of this with my eyes to you, old fellow, but I just wanted to tell you, so I wrote."

The third quotation is taken from the heading to the College Honor Roll in "The Middlebury News Letter":

They shall grow not old, as we that are left grow old;
Age shall not weary them, nor the years condemn.
At the going down of the sun and in the morning
We will remember them.

I turn for a fourth example of what I mean to the writings of Emily Dickinson, one of the greatest American poets, who was born in Amherst, Massachusetts, in 1830.

I never saw a moor;
I never saw the sea;
Yet know I how the heather looks
And what a wave must be.

I never spoke with God,
Nor visited in heaven;
Yet certain am I of the spot
As if the chart were given.

When Emma Revell died, a friend of hers returned the following poem to the family, saying, "Mrs. Moody sent this to me at the time of my daughter's death."

A NEW THANKSGIVING

In counting all the precious boons
For which the grateful feast is spread,
Oh let us not forget that chief
Among our treasures are the dead!
Let us give thanks that they have lived
And on our lives such radiance poured
That with the sunshine of the past
Our later, lonelier years are stored,
And that removed from longer share
In these brief festivals of earth
We feel their living presence still,
The angels of our home and hearth.
A light surpassing sun and star,
A breath more sweet than bursting flowers,
The ministry of souls beloved,
Gone hence, and yet forever ours.
O Father! let our dearest thanks
Be for the feast immortal said,
That death has set heaven's lamps aflame,
And Thou art nearer through our dead.

—Frances L. Mace

What I have been writing about is the faith of our fathers for generations. It is not strange that it should be our faith in 1943.

I believe that when Emma Revell stood beside Dwight L. Moody in her Chicago home in 1862 and repeated the words of the marriage service, her response might truthfully have been, "Nor death shall us part"—that her daughter's words ring true, "Forever together, now, and with Him."

MOODY STILL LIVES

ARTHUR PERCY FITT



Readers of *Heavenly Destiny* will find *Moody Still Lives* interesting as a companion volume. Also written from an intimate family viewpoint, the life and work of the 19th Century's great evangelist and founder of schools is here pictured by his son-in-law and co-worker. It thus serves to enlarge without duplication the reader's understanding of Mrs. D. L. Moody by portraying her husband's world-wide activity and acclaim.

Both centennial books, *Moody Still Lives* reviewed in 1937 D. L. Moody's public career, while *Heavenly Destiny* in 1943 looks back from Mrs. Moody's 100th birthday especially to the family's homelife, their travels and their friends. 159 pages, illustrated, cloth, \$1.50.



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